BRITANNIA and EVE

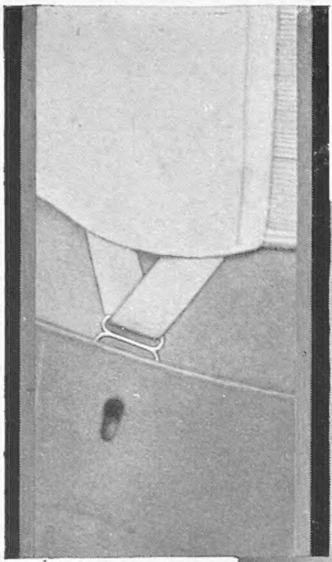
CHRISTMAS
NUMBER
1933

1/-

F. E. VERNEY
MAY EDGINTON
JAMES F. DWYER
HANNEN SWAFFER
MARGUERITE STEEN
CONINGSBY DAWSON
STRANGE CHAPTERS IN HISTORY
by F. MATANIA, R.I.

COMPLETE HOME AND FASHION SECTION
IN THIS ISSUE

GREATER BEAUTY FOR THE BACKLESS MODE



INVISIBLE SUSPENDER FEATURE which may be purchased at a little extra cost with every Berlei Foundation. The flat disc-like button is held so closely to the leg that not a wrinkle or seam betrays the suspender

THE BACKLESS GOWN—its extreme brevity at the back so essential a note now—inspired this beautiful backless model by Berlei . . . It answers in a breath the dual demand of perfect backlessness with the complete perfection of line given only by a True-to-Type* *one-piece* foundation.

MODEL 4085.—A PERFECTLY BACKLESS BERLEI for Average figures. Designed in Peach Faille with Lace cup-bust, ideal to create the new evening silhouette.
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Berlei

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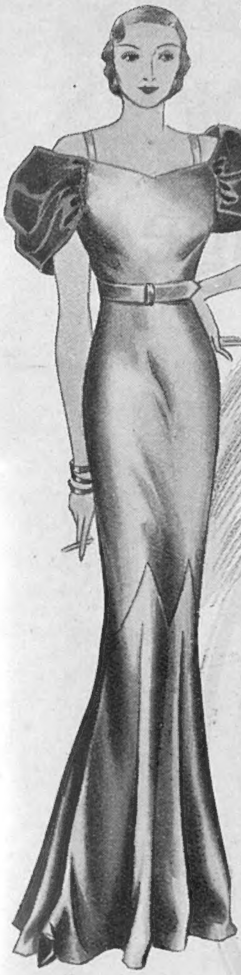
at the top of your christmas list—put corot

now, right now . . . before the thoughts of gifts and entertaining take too prominent a place in the scheme of things, **spare a little minute to the consideration of the clothes** that you'll need for the afternoon and evening parties of this season.

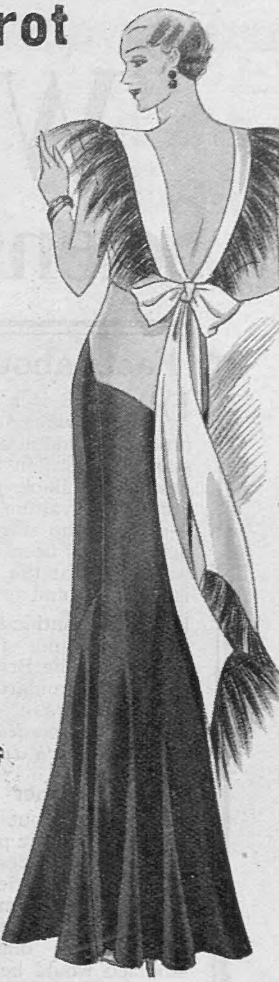
there's a corot frock that we know will fit right into the picture . . . and at a price that's just as suitable.

call at the showrooms one morning and see a few of the many models that comprise our collection.

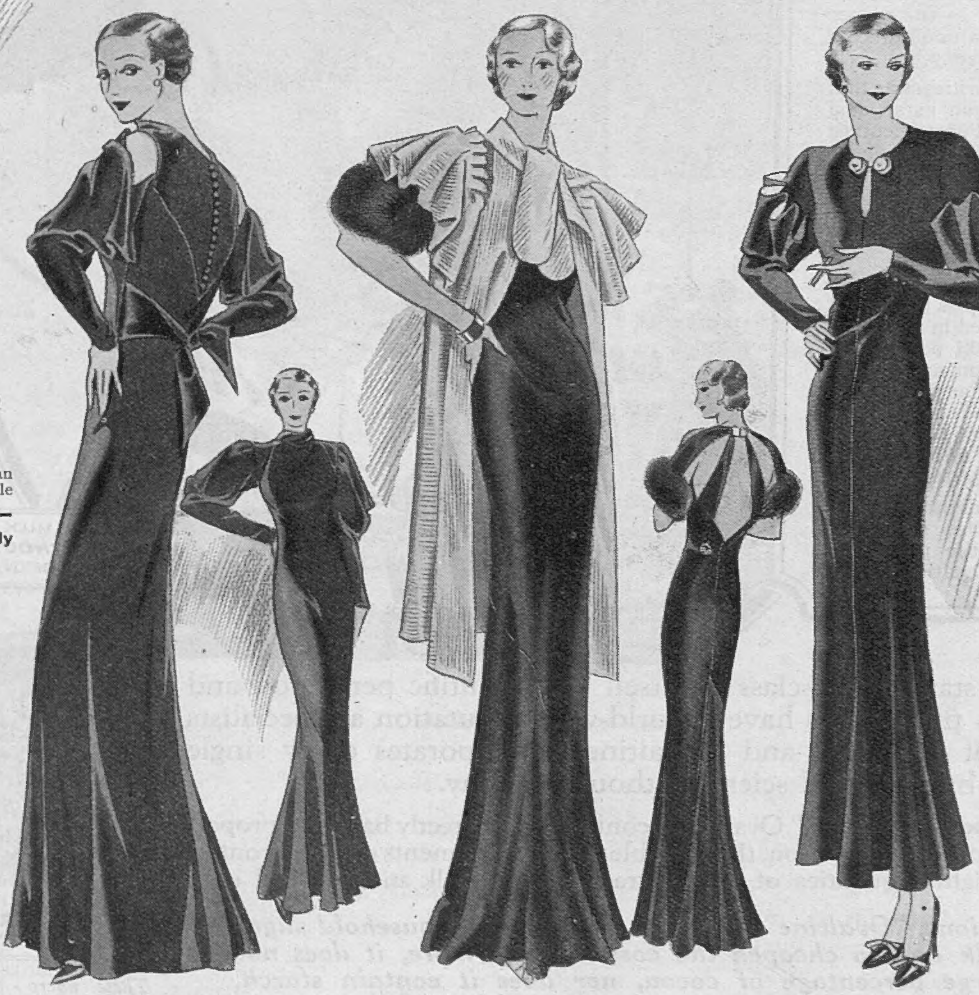
this is a moment when **you'll also be glad to have details of the instalment account system** in vogue . . . it will help your bank balance to cope more easily with that christmas list.



"on the balcony"
draped velvet sleeves are an effective contrast on a ripple satin evening gown.
cash 5 gns. 15/- monthly



"monkey glands"
an effective alliance of black satin and white crêpe takes added glamour by reason of monkey fur.
cash 6½ gns. 19/6 monthly



"that's a good girl"
the perfect dinner, cinema or informal party gown is new in sand crêpe with its high neckline and buttoned back.
cash 4½ gns. 13/6 monthly

"the first love"
an elaborately cut out back, sleeve effects banded with fur and a jacket of ribbed white silk make an evening gown of black snakeskin satin rather unusual.
cash 8½ gns. 25/6 monthly

"firelight fancies"
slim fitting lines and cartridge sleeves showing a contrast lining are notable points about a princesse type gown in art morocain.
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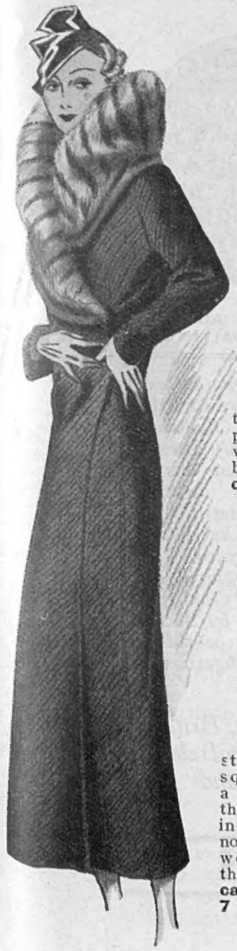

"make it snappy"
stranded lock squirrel makes a long roll collar that tops a coat in one of the new novelty woollen weaves, lined throughout.
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please send, without obligation, corot winter fashion guide and full details.

name...

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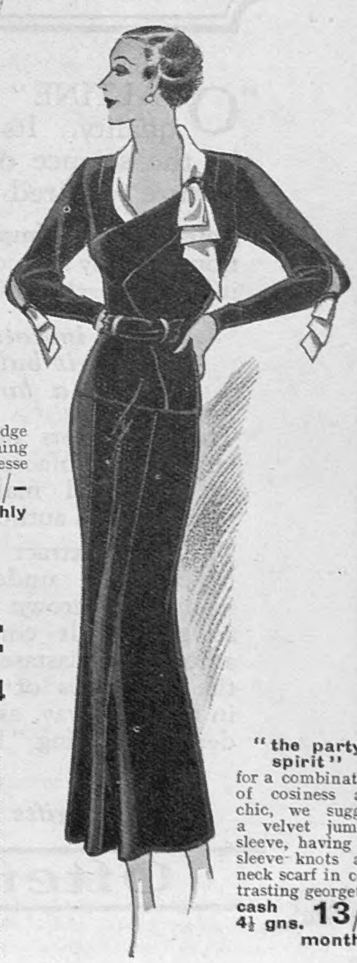

"the party spirit"
for a combination of cosiness and chic, we suggest a velvet jumper sleeve, having its sleeve knots and neck scarf in contrasting georgette.
cash 4½ gns. 13/6 monthly

Why 'Ovaltine' is the Scientifically Perfect Food Beverage

Facts about Diastase

DIASTASE is a natural constituent of malt which during the "Ovaltine" process of manufacture converts any starch present in the ingredients into easily assimilable nourishment. The fact that "Ovaltine"—unlike imitations—contains no starch proves that the diastase has been used in the proper way and that the "Ovaltine" process is perfect and complete.

Eminent scientific authorities state that diastase cannot function in an acid medium. The British Pharmaceutical Codex—a standard work—also states that "*diastase becomes inactive in an acid medium such as obtains in the stomach during digestion.*"

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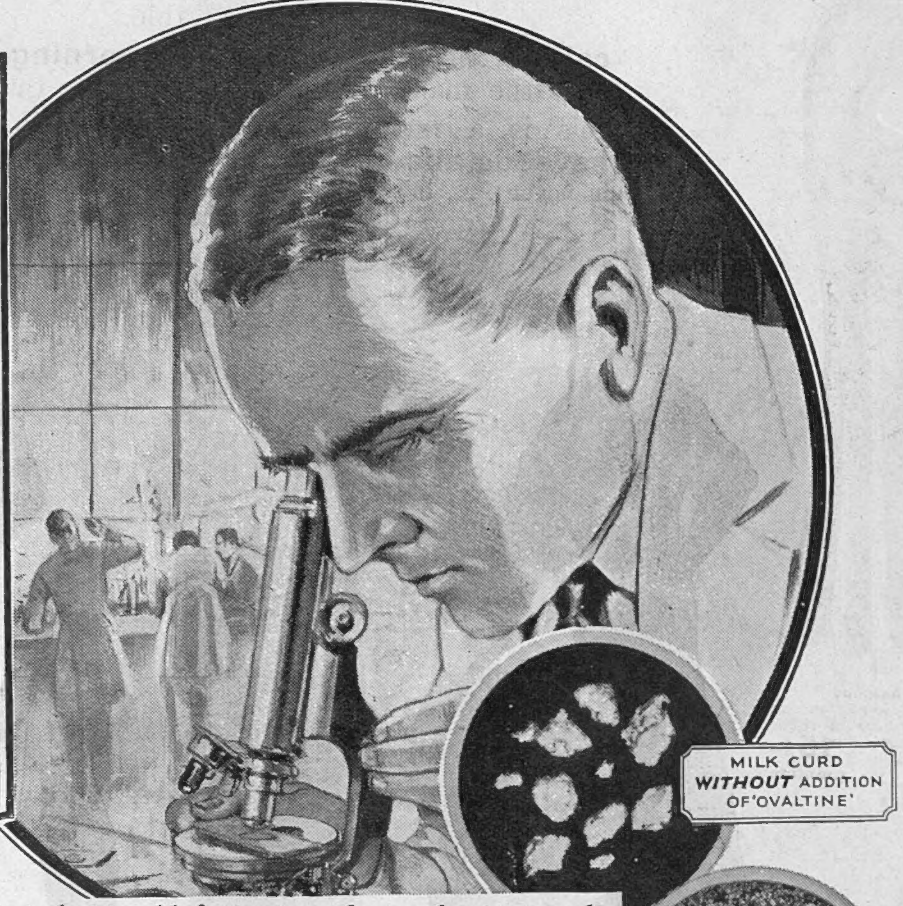
Tests carried out in accordance with modern scientific principles prove that malt diastase is destroyed in a medium containing as little as 0.1 per cent. of acid. As the normal stomach contains up to 0.25 per cent. of acid it is quite obvious that diastase entering the stomach would be quickly destroyed. *Diastase can therefore have no value in any part of the digestive system.*

It is thus demonstrated that the best way to employ diastase in a food beverage is during the process of manufacture—as in "Ovaltine."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Unlike imitations, "Ovaltine" does not contain any household sugar to give it bulk and to cheapen the cost. Furthermore, it does not contain a large percentage of cocoa, nor does it contain starch.

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The malt extract used in "Ovaltine" is prepared under scientific control from home-grown barley—there is none as good. It contains the necessary amount of diastase—no more, no less—the properties of which are employed in the best way, as explained above under the heading "Facts about Diastase."

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"Ovaltine" sells on merit alone.
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P077

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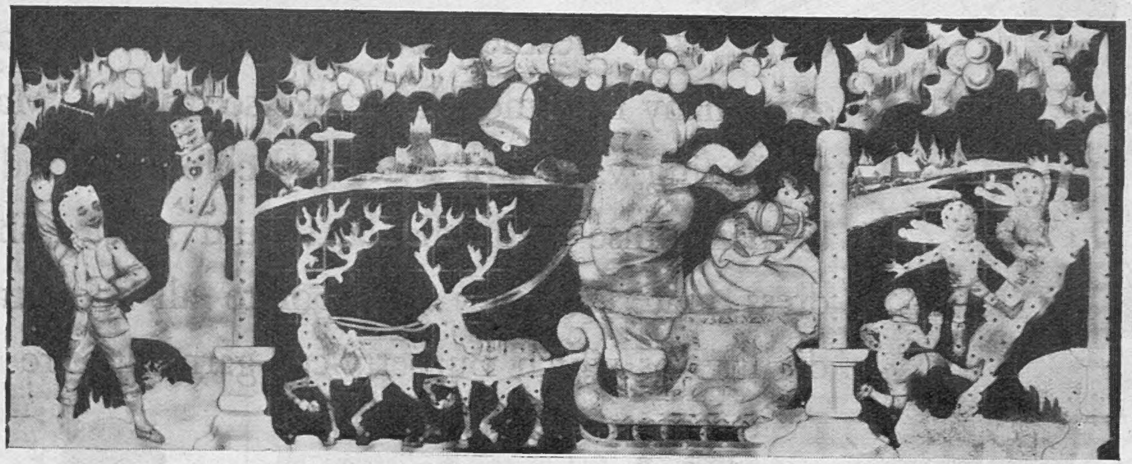
Britannia and Eve

Vol. 7 No. 6 December, 1933



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All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia & Eve," 346, Strand, W.C.2, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia & Eve" will be found in the "Index to Advertisers" on page 146. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

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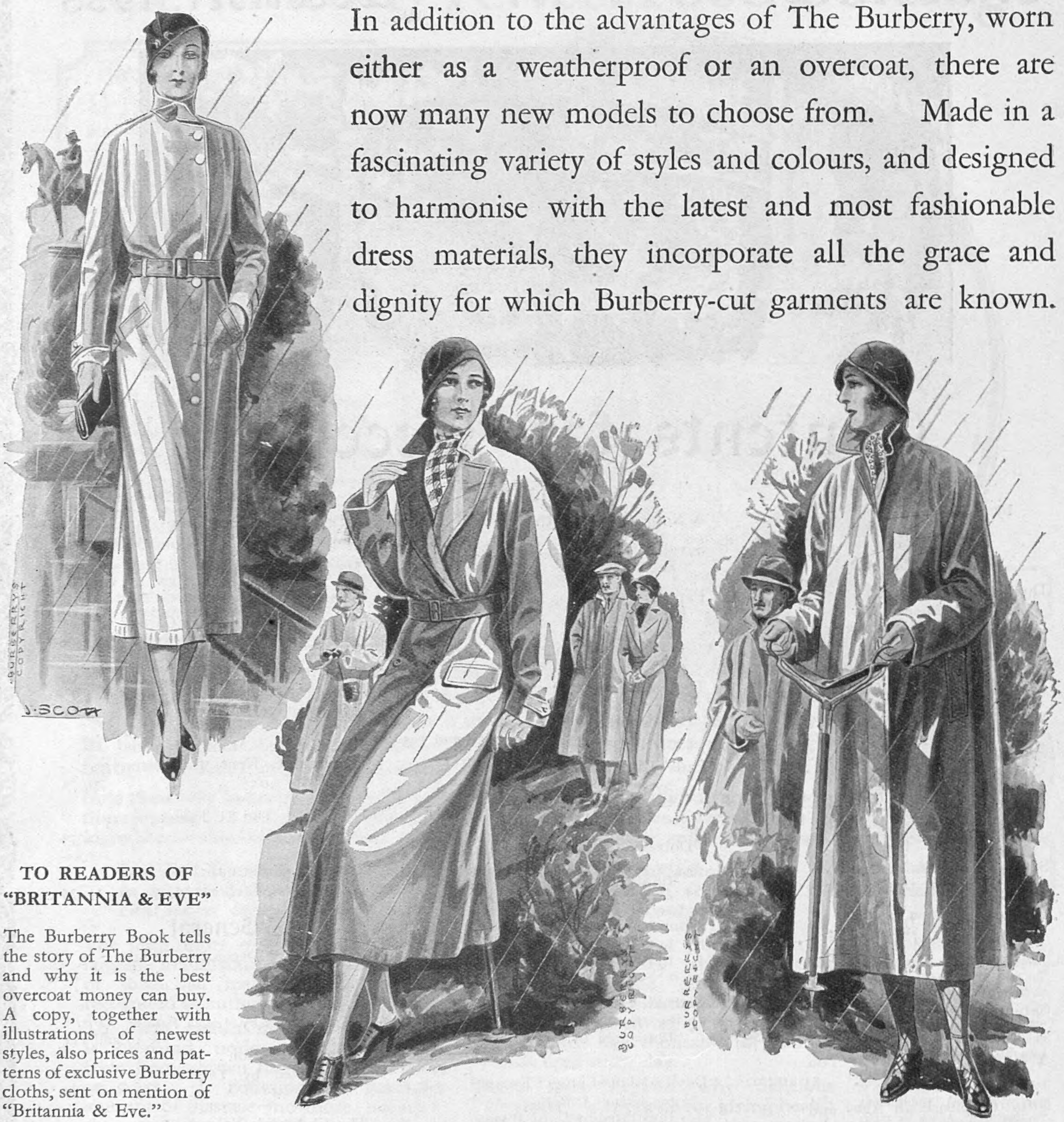
An important announcement

In addition to the advantages of The Burberry, worn either as a weatherproof or an overcoat, there are now many new models to choose from. Made in a fascinating variety of styles and colours, and designed to harmonise with the latest and most fashionable dress materials, they incorporate all the grace and dignity for which Burberry-cut garments are known.



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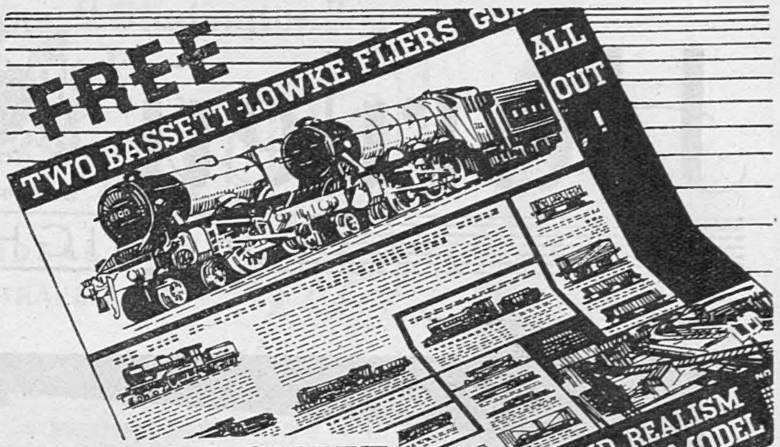
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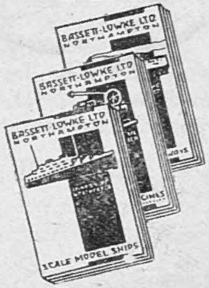
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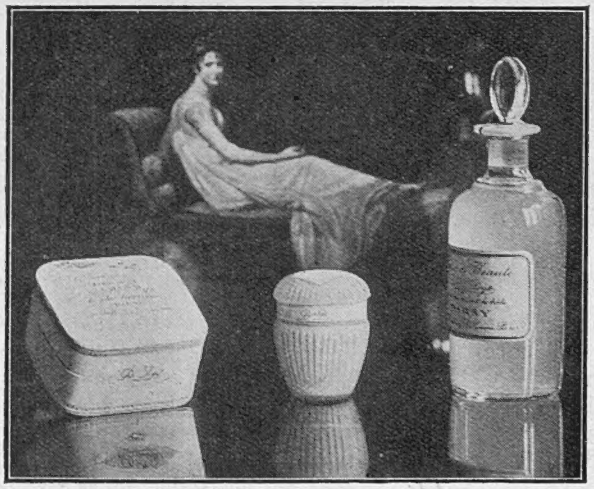
THE WONDERFUL PREPARATIONS OF DR. DYS

THE first witty trait in a woman is the youthfulness in her face.



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are the oldest established beauty preparations. (Over 60 years' successful reputation.)

ROSÉE DE BEAUTÉ: tonic properties, incomparable for the skin and cleansing the pores.

CRÈME DU DR. DYS: curative, fixes the powder, to be used after the Rosée de Beauté.

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The use of these preparations is described in a brochure sent post free by the London Agent:

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Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates.
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FOR POLISHING FLOORS, LINO AND FURNITURE
MANSION POLISH
EXCELLENT FOR THE LEATHER & COACHWORK OF MOTORS PERAMBULATORS ETC
GIVE YOUR HOME THE
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FOR DARK WOODS USE DARK MANSION

In Tins 3d., 6d., 10½d., and 1/9. Also large household tin containing 2 lbs. nett, 3/-

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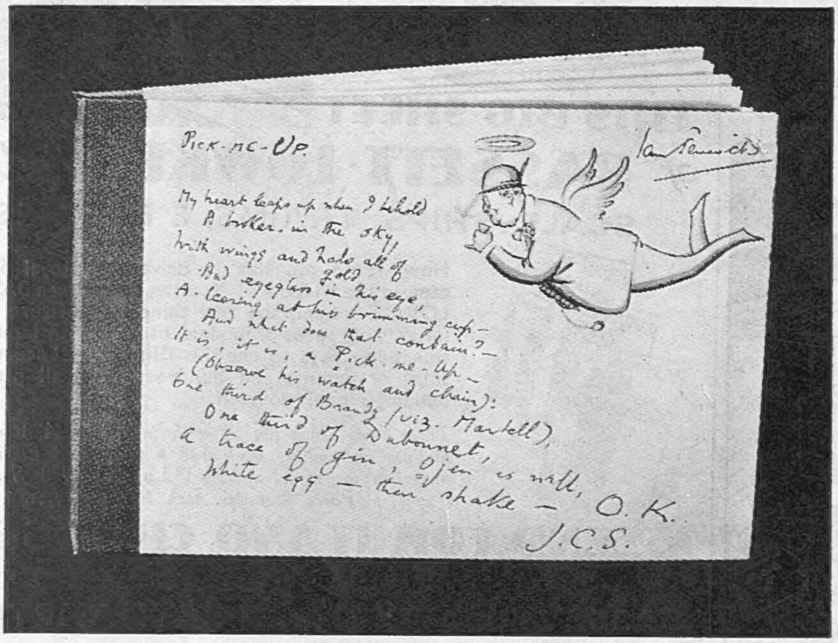
OF KNIGHTSBRIDGE



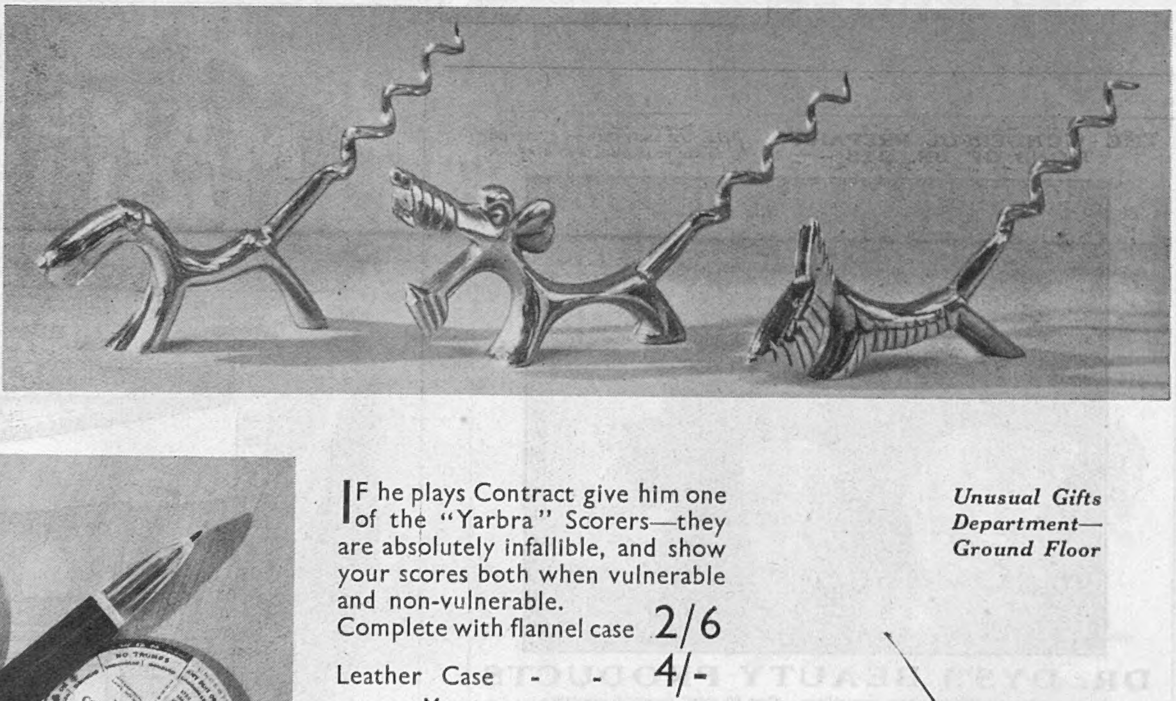
Pick-me-Up.

My heart leaps up when I behold
A bowler in the sky,
With wings and halo all of gold
And eyeglass in his eye,
A-leering at his brimming cup—
And what does that contain?—
It is, it is, a Pick-me-Up—
(Observe his watch and chain):
One third of Brandy (viz. Martell),
One third of Dubonnet,
A trace of gin, Ojen as well,
White egg — then shake — O.K.
J.C.S.

Please all your MEN with gifts from Harvey Nichols.

ON the left is the newest and most amusing Cocktail book ever published, full of the most potent recipes for drinks, gathered from all over the world by "J. C. S." For sheer stimulation and gaiety give him this book, illustrated by Ian Fenwick. It costs 3/6

ONCE the drinks are to hand, don't let him be without a corkscrew. These quaint animal corkscrews are heavily chromium-plated, beautifully balanced and so decorative that they can well be kept out on the cocktail cabinet. "Derby Winner," "Barking Dog" and "Scottie" Price - - 5/-



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NON VULNERABLE
NO TRUMPS
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IF he plays Contract give him one of the "Yarbra" Scorers—they are absolutely infallible, and show your scores both when vulnerable and non-vulnerable.

Complete with flannel case 2/6

Leather Case - - 4/-

Monograms are extra.

AND finally, the Torch Pencil, besides being new and amusing, would be awfully useful for map-reading on dark nights, when everyone is hurrying home to bed. It lights as you turn up the lead. In black only. Price 8/6

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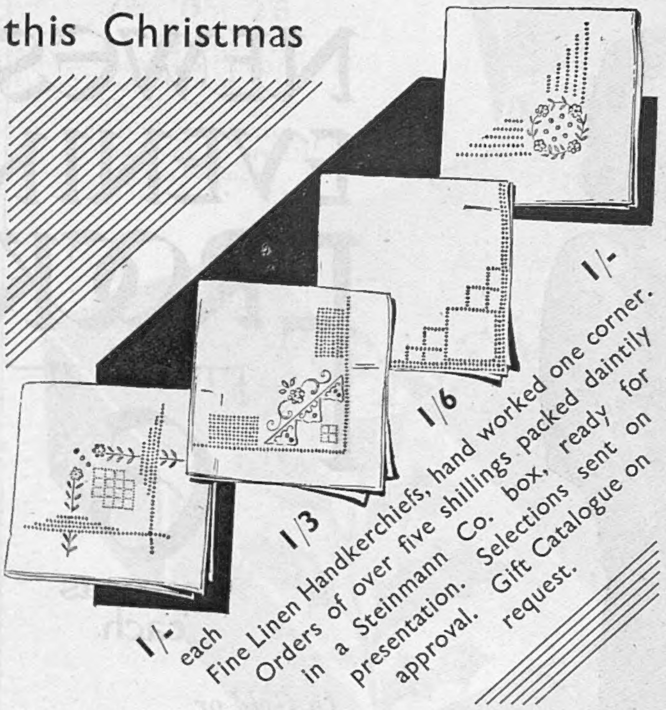

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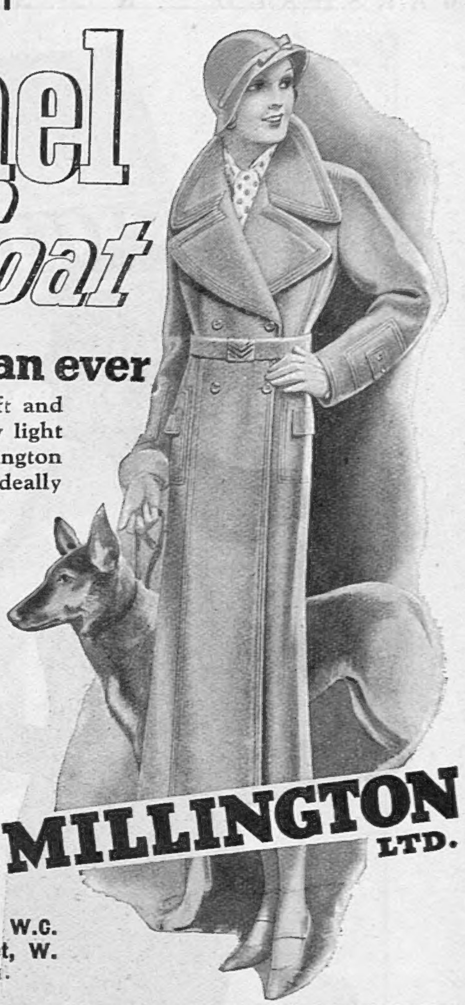
Camel Coat

IDEAL FOR TRAVELLING.



.. more chic than ever

So newly fashionable, so soft and lovely to the touch; superbly light in weight, this latest Studington Camel Coat is of course ideally snug and comfortable in all weathers. For the moors and country wear you may have it fashioned with a "Kynock" Tartan lining, revealing a touch of colour on the lapels; a matching scarf adds the final distinctive note.

6½ gns. & 7½ gns.

Write for patterns, catalogue and self-measurement form.

STUDD & MILLINGTON LTD.

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Abbey House, Victoria Street, S.W.1.
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1/6 and 2/6 a bottle.

Write for a copy of the interesting and informative Larola Booklet, "The Cult of Beauty." Sent free.

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Larola

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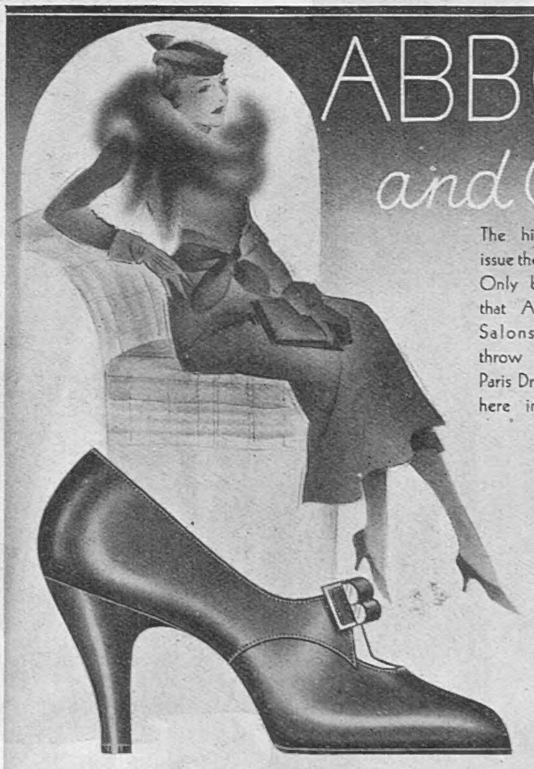
ABBOTT and Eve



The high priests of fashion issue their decrees in whispers. Only by virtue of the fact that ABBOTT'S have Ten Salons within a stone's throw of the most exalted Paris Dress Houses, can Eve—here in London—be sure that her shoes are up to the second in design and perfect taste.

No. 01038.
Black Glacé Instep Open Court, striking buckle effect, piped White; ditto in Blue Glacé.

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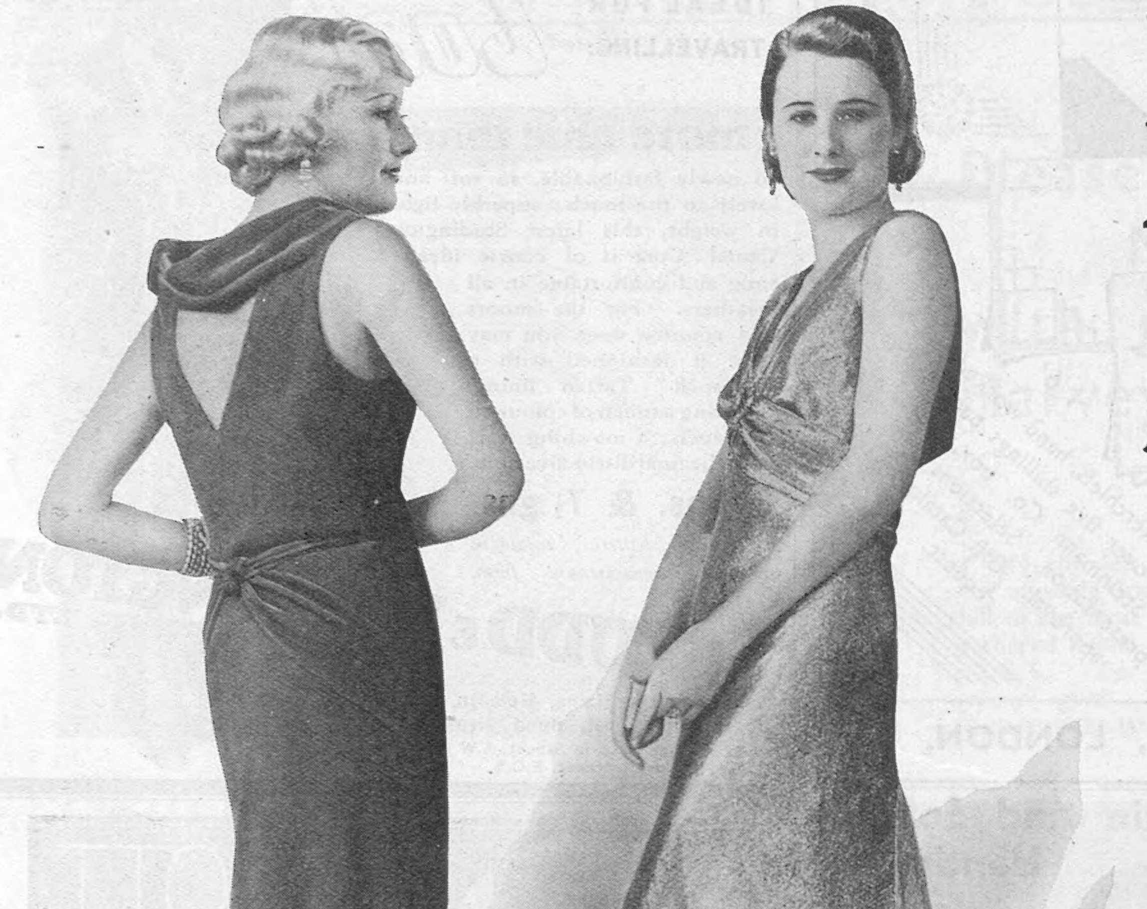

The NEWEST EVENING FROCKS

priced at

6

Guineas
each

*In Gold or
Silver Tissue*

A CHARMING and youthful Evening Gown is shown on the right-hand figure. This is copied from an original model in Gold or Silver Tissue. Made with Grecian-effect bodice and a becoming full skirt. Priced at six guineas, this Gown represents good value and is obtainable in 38, 40, and 42 inch hip sizes.

*The Vogue of
Ring Velvet*

ON the left-hand model we show a charming Ring Velvet Evening Gown featuring the slight train and swathed neck. In Blue, Brown, Green, Wine and Black. Obtainable in 38, 40, 42 and 43 inch hip sizes, this Frock is moderately priced at six guineas.

Sent on Approval.

INEXPENSIVE GOWN
SALON FIRST FLOOR

Marshall & Snelgrove
Mayfair 6600 *Debenhams Ltd.*
Vere Street and Oxford Street,
LONDON · W · 1

PACKED IN BOXES OF
200-10/-
150, 100, 50
7/6 5/- 2/6

Alongside are shown the "200" and "50" Boxes. The "150" and "100" are exactly the same in style and appearance.

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Craven "A"
CIGARETTES
Greetings
Craven "A"
CIGARETTES
Two Hundred
Craven "A"
With Best Wishes
from

The Craven "A" Christmas Packings in all sizes have an outer wrapper of moisture-proof "Cellophane"

Craven "A" in Christmas Packings—a happy Gift

Send or give Craven "A" in the cheery, seasonable, red-and-gold packings. Conveniently arranged for immediate presentation and sturdy to withstand transit by post. There are four sizes—"50" (2/6), "100" (5/-), "150" (7/6), and "200" (10/-), and it will be difficult to better any one of these as a pleasing, inexpensive "thought" for Christmas.

It is probable no other Cigarette has ever received such individual and collective endorsement as Craven "A" records reveal; (certainly no Cigarette was ever made with greater care, or under more ideal conditions). Your friends — you too — will appreciate the coolness, smoothness and the satisfying flavour of Craven "A" — kindly to the throat.

The smallest photograph shows the reverse side of the "50" box. In the space provided you can add your name to make the Gift complete in itself. The "100", "150" and "200" boxes are packed and wrapped in the same convenient way.

CRAVEN "A"

Made specially to prevent sore throats

C.A 30

CHRISTMAS
1933
EAU DE COLOGNE
No. 4711
GLOCKENGASSE
Face Powder

G I F T S   O F   G E N U I N E   Q U A L I T Y

In a wide choice suitable for Christmas Gifts. There are wickered bottles at 7/6d., 14/-, 27/6d., and 52/6d.: Fancy shapes 9/6d., 13/6d., 25/-, and 36/-. Original shape full size 8/9d., half size 4/9d.: Small bottles for handbag 2/6d., and 4/9d.
Also Presentation Cases containing "4711" Genuine Eau-de-Cologne, with various "4711" Blue and Gold Toiletries, from 2/9d. to 26/6d.

No. 4711

Genuine Eau de Cologne

Britannia and Eve

1833 Calendar for December 1933

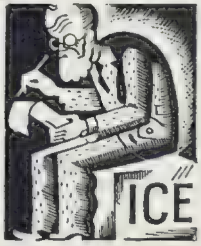
BEER
corona
NICHOLAS

1st, FRIDAY.
The birthday in 1844 of the late Queen Mother, ALEXANDRA, who inspired the greatest song of welcome in history, Tennyson's
"The Sea King's daughter from over the sea,
We are all of us Danes in our welcome of thee,
Alexandra!"
She achieved a popularity that lasted until her death, at the age of 81, in 1925.
The COBBLER OF KÖPENICK, who hoaxed the First Guard Regiment, arrested the Burgomaster, imprisoned the accountants and stole all available cash, sentenced to four years' imprisonment in 1906.

2nd, SATURDAY—*Sun rises* 7.46. *Sun sets* 3.52. *Lighting up time* 4,52 *G.M.T.*
LOUIS NAPOLEON, Prince President of France, effected a *coup d'état* in 1848 to elect a president for 10 years. The Legislative Assembly was dissolved, Paris declared in a state of siege, and the Senate decreed. Four years later, on the same date, Louis took the title of Napoleon III and was proclaimed Emperor of the French. Both events took place on the anniversary of Napoleon's most classic victory, Austerlitz.

3rd, SUNDAY.

4th, MONDAY.
PROFESSOR JOHN TYNDALL, one of the great physicists of all time, died, 1893. He was a collaborator of the great HUXLEY, and wrote both on the ice of glaciers and on heat.
The LAW COURTS in the Strand—they are in Westminster and not in the City—were opened by Queen Victoria in 1882.



5th, TUESDAY.
EARL JELLICOE, Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Fleet at the outbreak of the Great War, born 1857. His tactics, bitterly criticised at the Battle of Jutland, were preeminently justified by the end of the War.

6th, WEDNESDAY.
The ACT of ALGECIRAS ratified in the French Chamber, 1906. This crisis involved Britain and Germany and, but for the strong line we took, would have set France and Germany at one another's throats eight years before the Great War was declared. The crisis was caused by Germany endeavouring to interfere in French Morocco

7th, THURSDAY.
FERDINAND DE LESSEPS died, 1893. This brilliant engineer built the Suez Canal and formed a company to repeat his triumph on the Isthmus of Panama. Malaria defeated the project. A first-class financial scandal eventuated, and de Lesseps was sent to prison.

8th, FRIDAY.
THOMAS DE QUINCEY, one of the great masters of English prose and a taker of drugs, died in 1859. His "Confessions of an English Opium Eater" are still famous for their astounding descriptions of the sensations he experienced after chewing laudanum.
HERBERT SPENCER died just thirty years ago. He was one of the great agnostic philosophers who were bred by the Victorian age.

9th, SATURDAY—*Sun rises* 7.55. *Sun sets* 3.49. *Lighting up time* 4.49 *G.M.T.*
HERR AHLWARDT, a member of the German Chamber, was sentenced to five months' imprisonment for libels against Löwe and Co., Jewish rifle manufacturers, 1892. He would not have been imprisoned for this offence to-day.

10th, SUNDAY.

11th, MONDAY.
THE GERMAN EMPEROR, who had been visiting his uncle, King Edward VII, left Britain in 1908.

12th, TUESDAY.
A BILL FOR THE PRESERVATION OF THE POPE'S RIGHTS was introduced into the Italian Chamber, 1870. The transfer of the capital of United Italy from Florence to Rome was also determined. In consequence of the assumption of the Holy City by the Civil Power, Pius IX condemned the Papacy to voluntary exile in the Vatican, from which the present Vicar of Christ emerged only two or three years ago when Mussolini made enough concessions to answer the Roman Question which had split Italy for 50 years.
ROBERT BROWNING, the most vigorous of Victorian poets, and the most obscure of any, died 1889.

13th, WEDNESDAY.
LONDON was made conscious of a wave of poverty and distress in 1902, following the BOER WAR. Funds were started to relieve the thousands of unemployed.

14th, THURSDAY.
H.R.H. THE DUKE OF YORK, second son of the King, father of the Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret Rose, born 1895.

15th, FRIDAY.
The thirty-fourth anniversary of the BATTLE of COLENSO, the climax of "Black Week" in 1899, when British arms sustained three reverses in South Africa. Lord Roberts's only son made an heroic attempt to save the guns, but lost his life. He was awarded, posthumously, the Victoria Cross.

16th, SATURDAY—*Sun rises* 8.2. *Sun sets* 3.49. *Lighting up time* 4.49 *G.M.T.*
HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE, brother of Max Beerbohm,, the satirist in pen and pencil, born in 1853. He produced Shakespeare more magnificently than it had ever been seen before.

17th, SUNDAY.

18th, MONDAY.
MARIE LOUISE, Austrian widow of the Great Napoleon, died in 1847. Her son, the Duc de Reichstadt and the King of Rome, known ironically as Napoleon II, predeceased her by many years, as did her husband, of whose mother the epitaph was written, "Here lies the mother of Kings."

19th, TUESDAY.
J. M. W. TURNER died 1851, at the age of 76. He had the most majestic colour sense of any classic British artist. When taxed with laying the pigments on too brilliantly, a critic said "I have never seen such a sunset." "No," replied Turner, "but wouldn't you like to?" He painted his sky in "The Fighting Téméraire" with a palette-knife.

20th, WEDNESDAY.
LOUIS NAPOLEON, nephew of the great war god, elected president of the French, 1848.
PRINCE GEORGE, youngest surviving son of the King and Queen, born 1902.

21st, THURSDAY.
Trial of dynamitards in Germany, 1884. They attempted to blow up the Emperor.
A French vote in 1885 was so close that the Government commanded only a majority of four.

22nd, FRIDAY.
CHARLES CALVERLEY, a great humorous poet, born 1831. He carried on the tradition of Thomas Hood, but had not his power. He is now chiefly known by his "Ode to Tobacco," written in the metre of "The Charge of the Light Brigade."

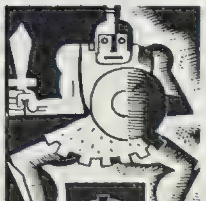
23rd, SATURDAY—*Sun rises* 8.6. *Sun sets* 3.52. *Lighting up time* 4.52 *G.M.T.*
Ninety-nine years ago hansom cabs were patented.
ALFRED DREYFUS wrongly convicted of selling military secrets to Germany, 1894. A scandal which rang through Europe and split France into two camps. Dreyfus was sent to Devil's Island and acquitted after five years.
PRINCE CONSORT buried, 1861.

24th, SUNDAY.

25th, MONDAY. *Christmas Day. Quarter Day.*
An unofficial truce observed on the Western Front, 1914, and severely reprimanded by high command on both sides.

26th, TUESDAY. *Boxing Day.*

27th, WEDNESDAY.



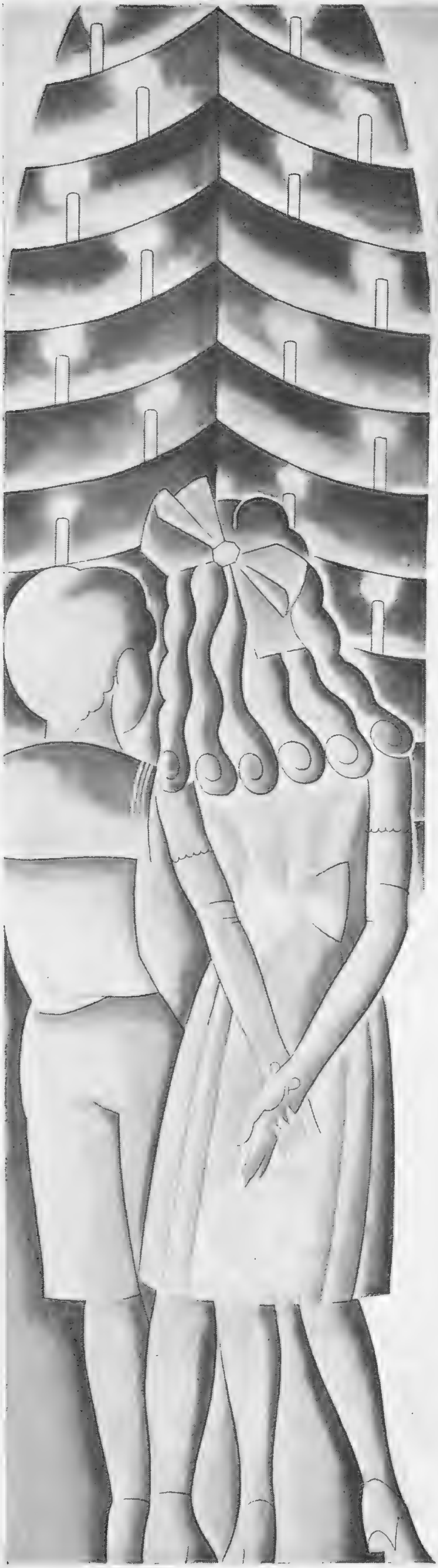
MARQUIS ITO, Japanese statesman, received by King Edward, 1901. Beginning of Anglo-Japanese friendship.

28th, THURSDAY.
LORD MACAULAY died 1859. The greatest of Whig historians and a brilliant essayist, who never let his facts interfere with his views. A schoolboy poet, notably with "Horatius" and the other "Lays of Ancient Rome."
THE TAY BRIDGE DISASTER—3,000 ft. gap blown in it by gale while mail train passed over it; 70-80 lives lost, 1879

29th, FRIDAY.
Freedom of the Press restored in France, 1875. Paris, Versailles, Lyons, and Marseilles only in a state of siege—raised elsewhere.

30th, SATURDAY.
The Mansion House Fund for unemployment receives £1,000 from Lord Mayor, making it £35,320, 1902.

31st, SUNDAY.



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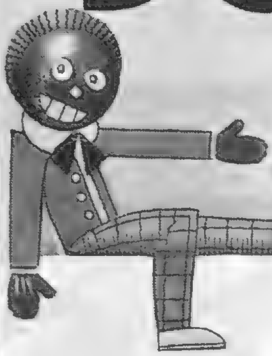


BY MAY

Decorations

THERE was once upon a time a very little boy; there was once upon a time a very little girl; on December the twenty-fourth they cried: "To-morrow will be Christmas."

Do you remember?

As you lunch, dine, dance, talk, among the Scribes and the Pharisees—in other words, the Highbrows and the Professional Forgetters—do you quietly wish that the old credulity, the old rapture, the old simplicity, the vernal hope, could again warm you and vitalise you, wrapping around your frozen and doubting soul their magic mantle? If so, you are not forever lost: Christmas may regain you yet.

You Sceptics and you Bored are the greatest bores of all at Christmas. Millions of us would cheerfully see you anæsthetised into final oblivion during that week commencing round about the eighteenth of December when men complain to each other: "I dread this damned, dreary superstition; hand in the pocket all the time—giving and giving!" While their female counterparts add: "One can do simply nothing till this awful Christmas is over," as if Christmas were not the time for doing and doing and doing, till every minute is crammed in each one of its inadequate sixty seconds.

Sometimes, as this great festival of all women and children approaches, I have wondered what is, exactly, the secret canker at the heart of such people. For there can be scarcely a man in the world who, inveighing bitterly himself against this "ghastly time," does not feel a little shock, a little scare, on hearing some lovely girl agree with him: "Can't do anything till this infernal Christmas bore is over."

And there is not a real woman in the world who does not resent a modern man's rejection of the greatest Adoration day—of women and children—of all time.

All over Christmas-keeping countries there are women saying in their hearts: "I want garlands, and giving, and feasting, and songs, and family love . . . but father—husband—brother—son . . . will spoil it."

And all over Christmas-keeping countries there are these cynical-sounding men deploring secretly what they take to be a similar cynicism in women. But in each of them it is not so often cynicism as disappointment.

It is believed by women that most men are the Peter Pans of the world; whereas it is really women who never grow up.

They know that not only can the world afford to live one great fairy tale a year—the Feast of the Woman and the Child—but it cannot afford to give it up. Abandonment would be, not a personal, but a cosmic bereavement.

There is just this one day in all the long year for which mankind's heart is besieged and its pockets emptied; and its title must never be crossed off the calendar. It must never become just December the 25th, and no more.

Yet regularly I hear a very sad and stupid thing said of Christmas Day by the Professional Despisers:

"*It is just a silly orgy,*" they say, "*of giving things nobody wants to people who send one things one doesn't want oneself.*"

That is indeed a very silly orgy; because there should be not one gift given without significance, whether that significance is thought, or memory, or souvenir, or kindness, or trouble taken; or need; or

A Seasonable Plea for
Time of the Year for the

EMEMBER ?

EDGINTON

by Weightman

just love. Which does not argue that there should be fewer gifts, but that each gift should mean more.

This is sentiment unashamed. What else should it be ? Sentiment—of one sort or another—keeps the world truly alive ; raises up leaders and saints ; crowns kings ; wins battles ; governs countries ; writes history ; paints pictures ; scores music ; builds churches ; feeds the hungry ; loves the forlorn.

It is even inverted sentiment which inspires our Christmas enemy, the Professional Despiser. For this man or woman is a mean, or bitter, or disillusioned soul, unable to gentle himself to the needs of the small or the poor, as he is unable to sing ; unable to feast ; unable to love.

THERE was once—not long ago—a certain young woman who had a carefully selected score of so-called friends—all high in the brow, introversive as to conversation, vague as to any duties arising from the beautiful bonds of friendship, and acridly sceptical about all such people who came under the heading of Relations. Aunts and uncles were to them extinct species ; sisters and brothers were as strangers ; while mothers were simply anachronisms.

Their idea of a lucky fellow—they always said—was one who belonged to nobody and who had no belongings. Each Belonging, whether human or inanimate—they said, as they met together sometimes over cocoa, and sometimes over vodka ; they were as impartial as that—was a fetter forged upon himself by a coward. They did not, of course, say it quite so simply as this ; they quoted from tortuously-minded technicians on the Art of Life, and arbitrarily produced such backing for all their pet opinions.

So the young woman and her friends parted ostentatiously from each other, to avoid, to fly from, the festive time, each to some dug-out known to himself or herself where Christmas would not even be a name. They abjured all the merry weaknesses of the season ; fled from holly, fled from mistletoe, from turkey and mincemeat, from sentimental old children, and jolly little rich children, and wistful little poor children ; from the lonely ones in hospital wards ; from the carols in churches ; and the more or less silver-voiced waits outside the doors of happy houses.

" A little Breton fishing village, my dear . . . " protested one, " where I can forget it all." And another : " I shall just stay in bed, my dear, and anæsthetise myself with the poems of So-and-so." And another : " Oh, my dear, I'm telling no one where I shall hide : I simply won't be pestered ; I hate to be loved." And so on.

It was the young woman herself who was staying in bed under a poetical anæsthetic ; for as a matter of fact she had nowhere else to go. Having established the fact that she belonged to nobody but herself, she might have been in somewhat of a dilemma had she really cared about Christmas.

But lying there, in not-so-very-much of a studio, with but a cup of tea and something—rather stale—from the *delicatessen* shop, available for her refreshment, she began to listen for the doorbell, because soon postmen and auxiliary postmen would be beginning all that horrible business of the nasty little greeting cards, and those presents that Relations would not stop sending.

However, the postmen and the auxiliary postmen left her most meticulously and courteously alone.

Sentiment at the Worst "Professional Despisers"

Up till now the *bourgeoisie* had at least tried hard every year to persuade her to join the imbecile revels. Aunts, cousins, cheerful old uncles, had all cried: "Come on!"

But now she, who had made an art of forgetting, was forgotten.

This Professional Despiser burst into tears.

As she lay weeping, in her oldest and frowsiest pyjamas—which she had donned by way of a gesture—her telephone rang. She leaped out of bed.

It was the Highest Brow.

"I just—er—thought I'd try . . ."

"I thought you were in Brittany!"

"Er—as a matter of fact, like you, I decided to see it out alone."

"Come round at once!"

Although the Highest Brow lost no time about it, she had changed into her most beautiful pyjamas—party, and not slumber, wear—and adorned herself with her best and biggest ear-rings by the time he arrived.

But still they had nowhere to go for Christmas, there was not half a crown between them—for they were superior to the material things of life—and there was only her tea and stale *delicatessen*.

This would be a sad tale only that it has the most conventionally happy ending.

"Er—no doubt there will be a children's party at my sister's, at—at Wimbledon," said the Highest Brow, faltering a little over the atrocious words. "Children are most informal; and even though I'm not asked this year—and should certainly have refused if I had been—we might . . ."

So they did.

They are married now; and in their nursery Christmas is kept in full regalia.

AMONG the subtlest enemies of Christmas are the modern analysts of the generous impulse. They have founded a theory that all giving is really selfishness; that it is vanity; that it is an inferiority or a superiority complex and that both complexes are the same thing in the end. They point to the charities for which a rich man writes his cheque at Christmas, reminded thereto by his secretary, and they explain that his liberal deed is prompted by . . . .

I do not care what prompts it. Do you? Does it matter? Is it with the soul of the rich man that we are concerned? We are not. All we need concern ourselves about is that some hospital ward has flowers and fruit; that the babies in some orphanage benefited by a toy apiece; that a few old-age pensioners had a round of beef, or a pheasant, or a rich plum pudding as the result of his minute with his cheque-book.

These analysts of occasions concern themselves with the entirely supposititious cause rather than with the important result; wherein they are entirely futile.

The real and useful psychologists are the anxious organisers of countless charities who know that now every man's heart will be softened if the world has not hardened it too thoroughly for any repentance, and who are briskly aware that if their appeals miss this day, the cheque-book will have been locked away again.

Give the gift. Give and give and give.

If the gift is right—and often if it is wrong—the motive is right.

There are countless Professional Good Women—at whom the easily numbered Beautiful and Bad Women sneer—who at this very moment are turning out old clothes, old toys, old magazines, any surplus article for which neither they nor their families have any more use; they are packing these things up and sending them off to organisations for the aid of very poor people; and does it matter if they have given only what they can spare; in fact, things of which they really want to rid themselves? Does it matter if a smugness shines on their rather unattractive countenances?

It does not.

I point out here to the Analysts of Occasions that the giver's emotions are entirely his own affair. All that counts to the hordes of empty stomachs, starved hearts, and outstretched hands, is that somehow the gift should reach them.

So let us applaud the thrifty woman who carefully mends and gives away her old dress at Christmas, and condemn the apparently lavish-hearted one who throws the thing away.

Thrift has a meagre gesture; waste has a generous one. But it is thrift—and not always their own—which over and over again saves the breaking hearts of the very poor.

You see, the whole point is: *Remember.*

All over the world there is someone somewhere crying out for some thing that you can give. *Remember.*

You do not give to save your own soul; but to put a warm coat on a beggar's back; to put tea into an empty pot; and coal in an empty grate; and to give a sight of a Christmas tree to an entranced child.

You—the giver—*you do not count.*

But as the years go by, if you do not count the gifts you give, it will not be very long before you would not be able to count the gifts you will receive; though by then you will know that the most unprofitable counting of all is the reckoning of receipts at Christmas.

Every giver is a king; but every recipient is his temporary brother.

Time is so short! There is no reason at all to be afraid of Christmas, its weakenings, its softnesses, its forgivenesses, its generosities, its remembrances. For it is only one of three hundred and sixty-five days. Then it has fled again. We are once more our prosaic, practical and sceptical selves; buttoning up our pockets, steeling our hearts; correcting that eye of faith which for a moment we turned upon our fellow-mortals.

And the world goes on.

There is an elderly woman who belongs to the most splendid of all professions: she is a hospital nurse. But because she is ageing—like the rest of us—profit and security pass her by.

She bears no grudge to life. She is eking out her slender opportunities and rewards. She can only hope that somehow—somewhere—someone will remember her and the increasing desperation of her needs.

Does she repine? No. As Christmas comes near, is she bitter about her own wants and necessities? No.

She has been too busy for that.

Her emoluments are fitful and precarious. "Who wants an old woman?" says she. And she has next to no money; her chief possessions are time and memories.

On New Year's Day she begins to make her gifts for the next 25th of December, for she could not afford to buy them. All the year she is knitting, or crocheting, or sewing. Between patients—who grow scarcer; for—as she says—who wants a lone old woman so far past her prime?—and in her solitary bed-sitting-room she plans and makes the gifts for those whom—strangely—she still loves, and who, she hopes, still love her. A teacloth for Mary, a handkerchief for John—a funny plush toy for a baby, a shawl for sister, an impossible embroidered tobacco pouch for Old Uncle—so it goes on.

This woman—and there are thousands like her—who does not average more than a pound a week—keeps up the spirit, the dignity, the generosity, the gaiety, the sweet love, of Christmas.

The bit of embroidery, the bit of plush, the bit of gummed cardboard - and - paint - representing - something - or - other—this is no rubbish, but treasure untold! It is her proud and only way of telling us that she remembers . . . .

And will we not remember too?

She is desperate; she is lonely; she must be frightened.

Answer her S.O.S. at Christmas.

Some day you, too, may send out that lone call into the blue.

All over the world—anywhere in the world—someone is calling to you and to me.

"This day last year," thinks the soldier, "I was at home. . . ."

"Do they still talk of me?" wonders the man behind the bars.

"Let us all try to meet," write the scattered members of large families.

"There is so much to do," boast the happy mothers.

"There used to be so much to do," the lonelier ones say silently.

"Will someone remember?" thinks the remittance man thousands of miles away.

And shame—that only some unexpected loving letter will assuage—grips him like a body pain. "Forgive," he thinks. "Forgive. Just for to-day."

A little splendour—just for to-day!

The newest baby sees with angelic wonder and delight—clutching at it through the window pane—its first snowflake.

"To-morrow will be Christmas," say the little girls and boys, entirely credulous of miracles; and the old, old girls and boys make dreams come true for them—if they remember.

If there are many ways of enjoying Christmas, there is one ingredient which must enter all of them. What is it? It is the simplest and the most elusive ingredient of all: just this—*to be happy*.

You are already applying the celebrated catch-phrase: "*Yes. But 'ow?*"

There is only one constituent in this necessary ingredient: It is the art of giving. Just that. If you have not the wish and the art of giving, you may as well hibernate, forgetting and forgotten, till Christmas is over. If you do not know how to give, if you have not the urge to give, you are a lost and homeless soul on the Day of Adoration.

You cannot be happy.

And if you cannot be happy, you cannot keep Christmas; you do not know the spirit of Christmas.

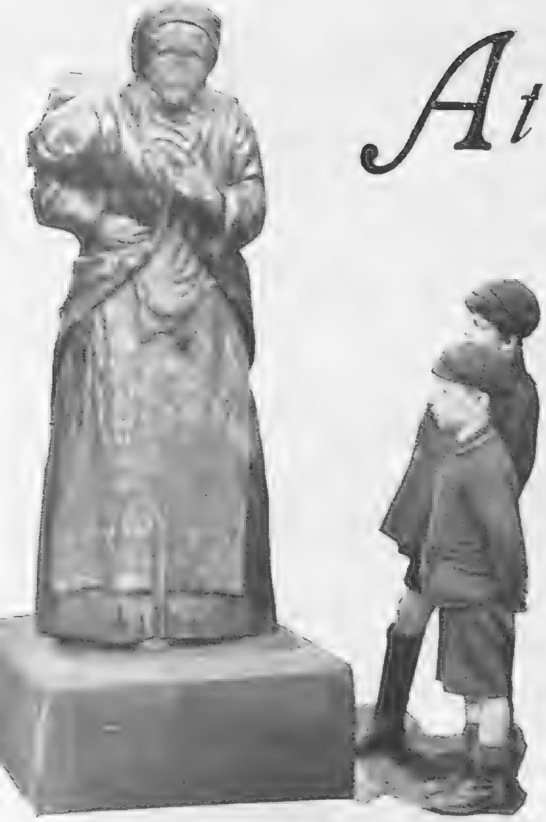
You must not apply logic to your giving. You must not dislike the carol singers; or grudge the charity collections; or grouse because the cook and the parlourmaid, the butler and the chauffeur, the tweenie and the charwoman are all in a blissful dream and full of festive plans. This is the great beneficent disruption of the pedants' year; this is the breaking of sour habit; the singing of songs; the playing of harps; the putting-on of your spiritual wings.

This is the annual youth restorer.

This is the day of all days when every man should open his private history-book, and prepare himself to predict a gorgeous year.

"*Yes. But 'ow?*"

Dear ladies and gentlemen, with charity; with faith; with love.



At the Sign of the Wooden Dolly

What better Landmark and Figurehead of the North Shields Waterside could Old Man Tyne select than this battered goddess in the guise of a Cullercoats fishwife with her creel?

By C. Fox Smith

LOOKED at from the spectacular point of view, the great ports of the world are sometimes just a trifle disappointing. Take London, for example—those marshy, level shores of Father Thames, with their factories and power stations and queer squat gleaming oil tanks, have, it is true, an odd sort of fascination of their own. They are part of it all, somehow. Part of that wealth and squalor and romance which is London River. But the charm is largely one of association. There is nothing in the least scenic about it—any more than there is about the approach to Liverpool, by way of that most humdrum of headlands, Point Lynas, and the regular rows of brick boxes along the New Brighton shore.

So far as beauty is concerned, Tyne, coaly though he may be, compared with either Thames or Mersey, has it every time. It is a noble coast, that which lies between Tyne and Tees, with its stern sandstone cliffs, tawny as sleeping lions, fronting the tempests of the North Sea, and little glens where noisy becks leap laughing down their stones to meet the tide that tumbles flashing on the sand. Industry, there is no denying the fact, has marred its beauty. But industry, though it may mar, does not, somehow, banish beauty as pleasure does. The Place Spirit does not flee affrighted even from grimy coal staithes and the gaunt outlines of colliery workings, as she does from the petrol pumps and eruptions of red bungalows on the seaward rim of the South Downs.

As for the mouth of the Tyne, it is one of the finest harbour entrances I know—even compared with lovely Plymouth, and lovelier Falmouth, and Vancouver with its snow mountains behind it. And it must have been finer still before the North Pier was built, as the old pictures show it with the seas breaking on the cliffs and tossing their spray almost as high as the stately fragments of the ancient Priory, then, as it still is, a sea mark visible for miles. But it must also have been much more dangerous; and since the Pier was finished—the job, what with the North Sea knocking it down nearly as fast as they built it up, took the best part of half a century—the famous rocks known to sailormen far and near as the "Black Middens," together with their neighbours of the "Spanish Battery," have been robbed of many of their terrors.

The Black Middens used to be much the same to ships making the Tyne as the Manacles are to those bound for Falmouth, or the Goodwins to the traffic up and down Channel—a place "very dangerous and fatal, where the carcasses of many a tall ship lie buried." The origin of the homely metaphor "Black Middens" is obvious enough; for the rocks, practically hidden at high water, look when the tide is down for all the world like a rubbish tip shot out across the foreshore. But why "Spanish Battery"? There is a battery certainly, just above the spot, but it is an ordinary affair with "W.D." and broad arrows on it. Nothing about it even remotely suggests sunny Spain. Probably the solution of the riddle is to be found in the ancient Trinity House of Newcastle, a venerable body which—like London's Trinity House—controlled for centuries the business of buoying and lighting the coast, licensing pilots and fining master mariners for undue indulgence in strong waters and strong language. There is preserved there an anchor, ancient, rusty, and of a peculiar stockless pattern, which is traditionally believed to have come from a ship of the Spanish Armada. What more likely than that some helpless, wind-hounded galleon drove ashore on the dreaded Middens, where, if Falconer's "Shipwreck" is to be taken as evidence, the Tynesiders probably did not lose much time in picking her as bare as gulls pick a floating carcass.

Northumbrians had a name for wrecking in the old days. The tale is told of them (as of nearly every seaboard community from Land's End to John o' Groat's) that their children used to fold their infant hands o' nights and pray: "God bless Mum and Dad, an' send a fine ship ashore afore mornin'!" Anyhow, the Tynemouth folk made handsome amends for any shortcomings of the kind during the last century, for the old brown lookout station on the cliffs of the Volunteer Life Brigade contains a brave, if mournful, display of figureheads and trailboards from ships wrecked on the

The Fish Quay, North Shields

The entrance

A VIEW of the Tyne from the air

FISHERMEN'S Cottages, Cullercoats. There are still a few of the fishermen's cottages to be seen, from whose doors the fishwives invite the passer-by in persuasive tones to "Buy a nice craab, hinny"

Middens, their crews having been mostly rescued by means of the rocket apparatus or the lifeboat which used to be housed at the foot of the cliff.

A STRANGER to North Shields might almost be excused for coming to the conclusion that finance is the main preoccupation of its inhabitants. If you have occasion to ask the way anywhere, nine out of ten of the directions given you are pretty sure to contain references to this, that or the other "baank." The Banks of Tyne—Newcastle has them as well as Shields—are not, however, such as are associated with the names of Messrs. Barclay, Lloyd and Hoare. A "bank" is simply the local term for one of the steep streets—and very steep indeed some of them are—which lead down from the upper town to the lower, the "Low Lights," as the neighbourhood is called; the name being derived from the lower of the two leading lights, whose white tops rise one behind the other above the huddled roofs of the town, and provide by day and night bearings for incoming vessels for a clear run into harbour.

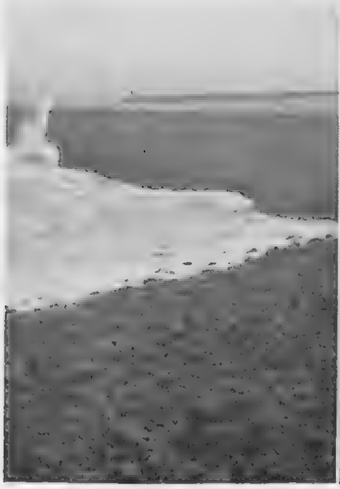
Tanner's Bank takes you down to the Fish Quay—a thoroughfare full of every kind of marine odour and a few land ones, and busy with fish-laden vehicles and salty-looking personages of both sexes. Among the latter are to be seen a few Cullercoats fishwives with their creels on their shoulders, wearing the characteristic costume of short blue jacket, voluminous serge petticoats, and kerchief wrapped round the head. But the fish they cry along the streets is not now "lives o' men" as it was in the old days. The trawlers have changed all that. The picturesque cobles, so satisfying to the eye with the gaily-painted gunwale strake that indicates their Norse ancestry, their high bows and powerful sheer, mostly have an engine in them now, and—when they are not engaged in the summer as pleasure craft—they are chiefly used in crabbing and other longshore fishing. The boarding houses and private hotels along the front have almost swamped the old village of Cullercoats; but there are still a few of the old fishermen's cottages to be seen, from whose doors the fishwives invite the passer-by in persuasive tones to "Buy a nice craab, hinny"—with the peculiar rising inflection at the end of the phrase which strikes so unusually on a stranger's ear.

THE Fish Quay is crowded with trawlers and drifters, their funnels rusty and sea-stained, their decks littered with fish-scales, fish-heads, fragments of melting ice, and heaps of torn gear awaiting the menders' attention. There is not much time in a modern trawler for the niceties of "sailorizing"; but though the scene lacks naturally a good deal of the picturesqueness of a fishing port where sail still holds sway, these sturdy, unbeautiful, utilitarian little vessels are not without a certain rough attractiveness of their own. Some have already landed their catch, for the fish market begins at midnight, and business goes on steadily until towards noon. Their crews, weary, red-eyed from want of sleep, with hands raw and cut from handling wire gear, have gone ashore, and the menders, most of whom are elderly men who are getting past going to sea, are already busy putting things to rights for the next night's work. It is seldom a trawler comes in without plenty of jobs of the sort, meshes ripped away from headline or footrope, or torn by the weight of the catch or through encountering some unseen obstruction. No machine has yet been invented which will mend nets satisfactorily. So it still remains one of the oldest of handicrafts, and it is interesting to watch the quick movements of the seeming-stiff and horny fingers of a skilful repairer as he slips the metal shuttle in and out of the meshes, evolving with surprising swiftness something like order out of the raffle of holes and loose ends before him.

Other boats, the latest comers, are still unloading, and men are hard at it twitching off unnumbered fish heads with the nonchalance and ease born of long practice. The quay is full of trucks of silvery codling, pink-and-white skate, and rows of crayfish with their little tails all curled up with military precision; and barrels of salt herrings are being loaded into a trim little auxiliary schooner from Hamburg, whose open hatches seem able to absorb a surprising number of them for her size.

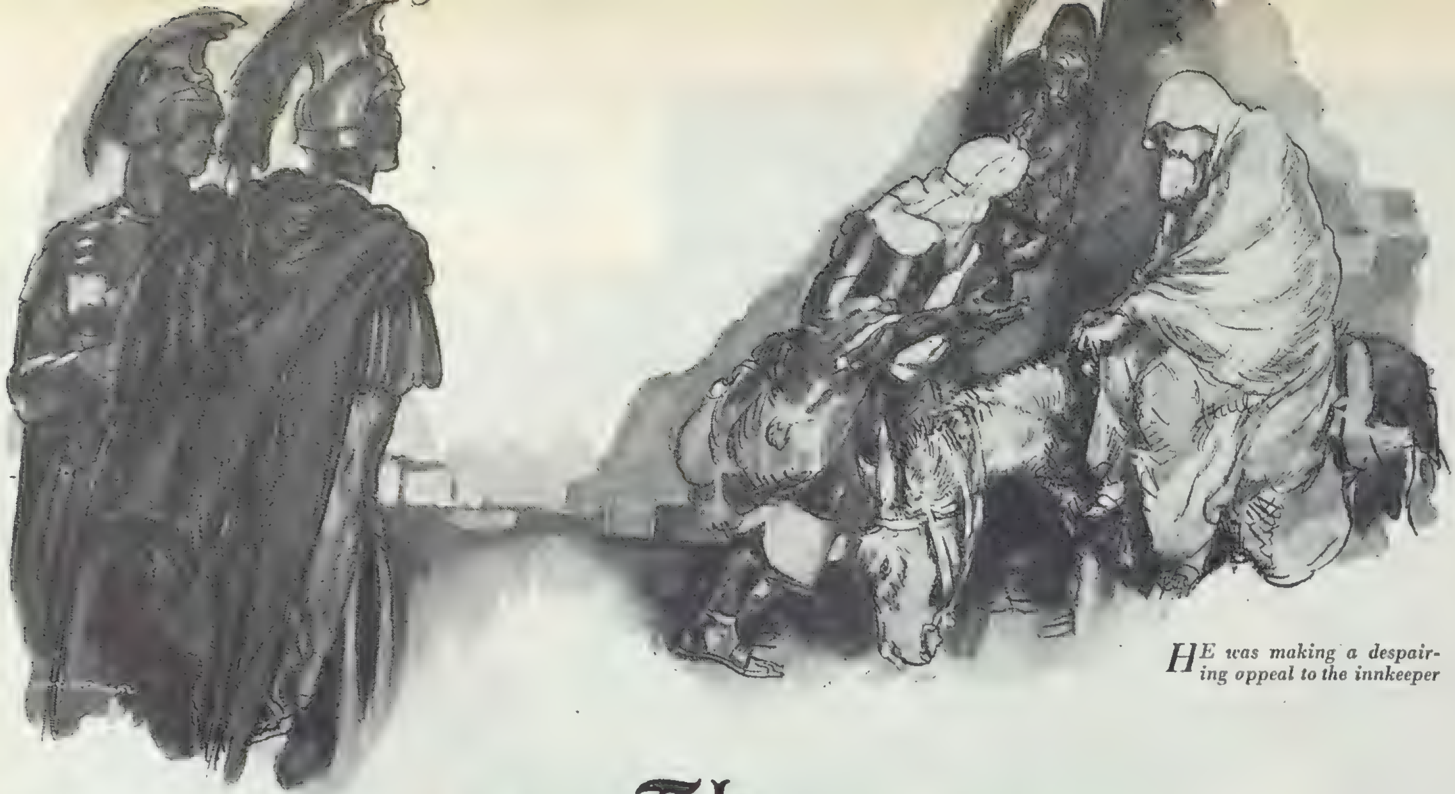
"Rooshia,"

(Continued on page 126)



to the Tyne

A view of Chine Street (Low Street), North Shields



He was making a despairing appeal to the innkeeper

The Innkeeper of Bethlehem

Telling again the Old, Wonderful Story of the First Christmas

Illustrated by Steven Spurrier, R.O.I.

THE decree of Cæsar Augustus that all the world should be enrolled had made at least one man happy—the innkeeper at Bethlehem.

He re-read the proclamation printed in charcoal, in Hebrew characters, on the flaking wall beneath which on market-days farmers strewed fodder for their asses: "Every man to his own city to be enrolled." That meant that all the tall sons of David's lineage who had sallied forth to seek their fortunes in the ambitious Roman world must return to their lowly place of origin. For one night little Bethlehem on its hill-top, ignored, half deserted, dreaming of past glories, would be thronged as Jerusalem. The innkeeper smiled. His hostel would be full. He imagined himself turning travellers away—a thing that had never happened.

To his fellow townsmen the proclamation brought consternation. What was the conqueror's reason for taking a census? That he might conscript their sons for his armies? That he might impose heavier taxes? They were a simple folk who gained their living in the field by day and slept within the crumbling, embattled city by night that its walls might give them protection. Being poor, they were suspicious. They clung to their pride of race, intermarrying with none who was not of their own blood royal. Even neighbours who were not of their tribe they regarded as foreigners. As the innkeeper had done, they re-read the proclamation. It seemed full of menace. As they toiled in the fields, as they drew water at the well, as they drove their cattle within the city's gate at dusk, they discussed this new tyranny. The enrolment was to be made under the supervision of Quirinius, the recently appointed governor of Syria—he who had attained fame by crushing a revolt in Cilicia with massacre. He was to make the progress in person with his magistrates. It looked like a display of armed might—an act of intimidation.

But to the innkeeper the proclamation meant custom. It might even mean the dawn of prosperity. Tradition stated that his hostel was all that remained of King David's ancient palace. It ought to be a place of pilgrimage. But this was an age of new beginnings. Now that the Cæsars had marched their armies throughout all the known world, the rustic kings of Judah had faded in importance. Their little wars read like puny combats between villagers. And besides, there was Herod, the half-Jew from Idumea, so shaky on his throne that he dreaded even his sons and killed them; as bitterly jealous of the past as of the future, so that no man might mention in his presence that there had ever been a king in Israel before him. To revive traditions of former greatness would be to call down his vengeance. Hence for years the innkeeper had watched caravans in the valley wind between the twin blue hills, following the road to the east, which in the contrary direction was the road to the sea, but never halting. Why should they—what was there to turn them aside to Bethlehem?

On the opposite hill Herod had built his lordly tomb in imitation of the Pharaohs. On its slopes rich merchants from Jerusalem had erected villas and planted gardens. Bethlehem, on the

By Coningsby Dawson

smaller hill, looked bare and barbarous. The House of Bread its name betokened. Descended from the Shepherd King, its inhabitants were still for the most part shepherds. Its men were straight and tall; its women went veiled, for they were noted for their loveliness. A dream hung over Bethlehem in its blue isolation—a dream which mothers of Bethlehem still treasured. They whispered Micah's prophecy, unfulfilled for centuries: "Thou, Bethlehem, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall he come forth unto me that is to be ruler in Israel; whose goings forth have been from everlasting."

Of what avail were prophecies in this latter-day world which had been made harsh and practical by the hurrying Romans? And yet the innkeeper was a dreamer too. His mother had searched his eyes when he was young, hoping that he might prove to be the ruler of Micah's prophecy. With the passage of years his dream had changed. Since he could not be a king, if he could attract a king to stay at his hostel he might in a measure restore the fallen glories.

FOR days they had been returning, the tall sons of David's lineage. Most of them poor as they had departed; but a few had gained riches in the pagan world.

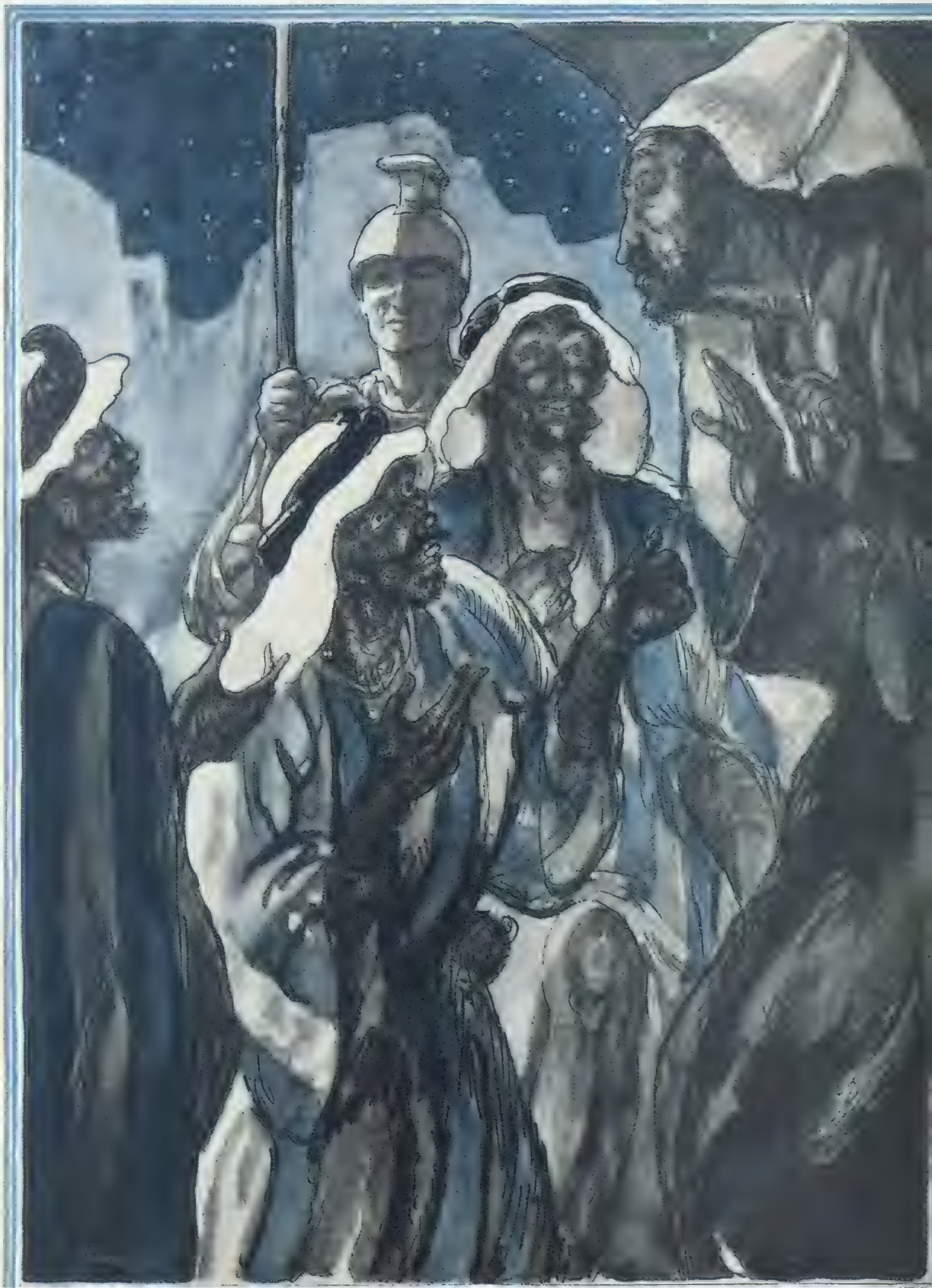
Every house in the little city was full. Families which had never hoped to meet were reunited. Yet, full as the houses were, by the laws of hospitality a new place had to be found for every fresh arrival, for this was the House of Bread. From time to time news was relayed to them of the Roman magistrates' progress. They had reached Bethany to-day. They would reach Bethlehem to-morrow.

The inn was crowded, save for rooms reserved for Quirinius and his officials. The bareness had disappeared from its walls. Rugs and carpets which had been handed down as heirlooms for generations were spread on the cold masonry. Vessels of silver and gold which might have belonged to David shone brightly in a glow of welcome. At the last moment Herod, ever ready to do a favour to the conquerors, sent rich food for their reception.

Bethlehem waited breathless. The great day dawned. Glittering through the plain came chariots, litters with silk curtains, legionaries. Instead of passing at the foot of the hill, they commenced to climb the narrow ascent which led to the little fortress.

QUIRINIUS, cold and austere, drove in his chariot. His face was bleak as sculptured marble. Guards marched beside him, armed with javelins, shields and tightly belted swords—Gauls, Teutons and Numidians, equally bleak and impersonal. Quirinius had been warned that at Bethlehem, if anywhere, he might expect resistance. He had been told of its traditions—that every man considered himself the descendant of a king, and that they yet hoped to give a ruler to Israel. Behind his impartial eyes he was watchful. He noted the slim-waisted men, the breadth of their shoulders. What material for soldiers! And the women, modestly veiled, slender as gazelles, the tender shyness of their eyes.

As the street narrowed, sharp orders



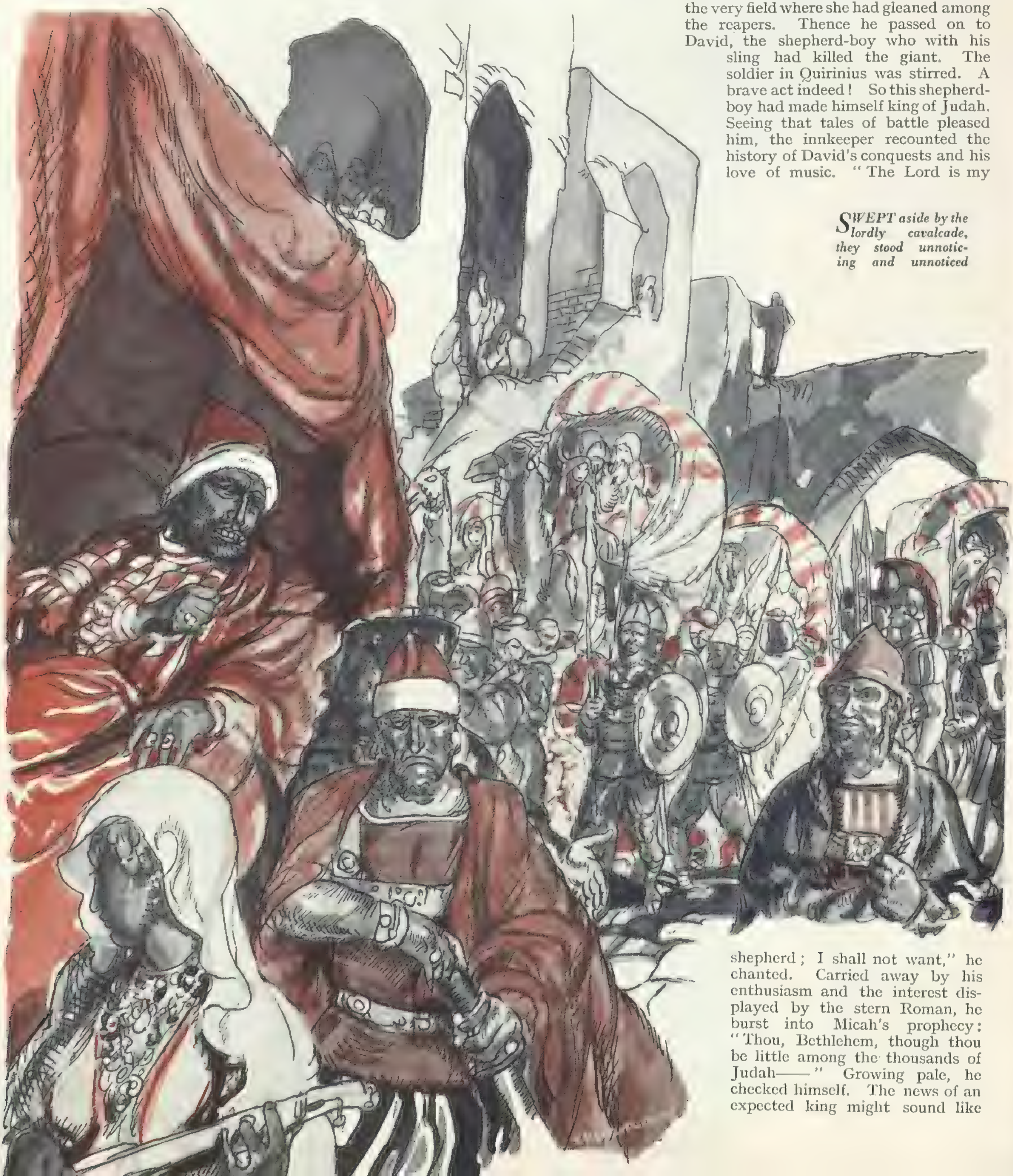
TURNING to the innkeeper, in exalted mood they began breathlessly to recount their strange experience rang out for the closing of ranks and the drawing of swords. This was the strategic moment if a revolt were contemplated.

The only open space was before the inn, at the summit, half courtyard, half cattle-market. Here the innkeeper, as the important man of the community, came out to greet his guest. Quirinius listened to his servile speech; then with an abrupt gesture turned to his officials. Tables were arranged. Magistrates and their clerks seated. Scrolls of parchment unrolled. Guards stationed. The census-taking was begun. In the midst of the little square, Quirinius, playing Cæsar in his golden breastplate and scarlet cloak, stood like a statue impersonating Justice.

Soon he saw that affairs were dragging. Inquiring the reason, he learned that each shepherd when questioned insisted on recording his pedigree, which traced back to King David in the dim ages. Quirinius halted these recitals of half-mythical royalties. The man's name, his wife's, his trade, the number of his children and the amount of his property were sufficient information.

Morning wore into afternoon. Wintry brightness faded into greyness. Quirinius had hoped to sleep in Jerusalem. That was out of the question. If the task took till midnight, the census had to be completed. Ordering fires to be built and torches to be lighted, he set out to tour the city and choose the posts for his sentries. The innkeeper as guide accompanied him.

There was nothing to fear: of that he felt assured. But always to be prepared was a soldier's duty. As with his centurion and company of legionaries he made the round of the crumbling battlements the pathos of the little city touched his imagination. The bleating of sheep beat on the air. Far down the slopes fields were dotted with flocks. From the distant high-road in the valley the rumble of traffic caused by the census-taking, every man hurrying to his own city to be enrolled, poured ceaselessly as a cataract. Unbending, he began to question the innkeeper as regards the local history. Nothing loath, the innkeeper responded, recounting the love of Ruth and Boaz, pointing to the very field where she had gleaned among the reapers. Thence he passed on to David, the shepherd-boy who with his sling had killed the giant. The soldier in Quirinius was stirred. A brave act indeed! So this shepherd-boy had made himself king of Judah. Seeing that tales of battle pleased him, the innkeeper recounted the history of David's conquests and his love of music. "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want," he chanted. Carried away by his enthusiasm and the interest displayed by the stern Roman, he burst into Micah's prophecy: "Thou, Bethlehem, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah——" Growing pale, he checked himself. The news of an expected king might sound like



SWEPT aside by the lordly cavalcade, they stood unnoticing and unnoticed treachery against Cæsar. But Quirinius, gravely condescending, completed the quotation, " yet out of thee shall he come forth unto me that is to be ruler in Israel."

The innkeeper at once became disowning.

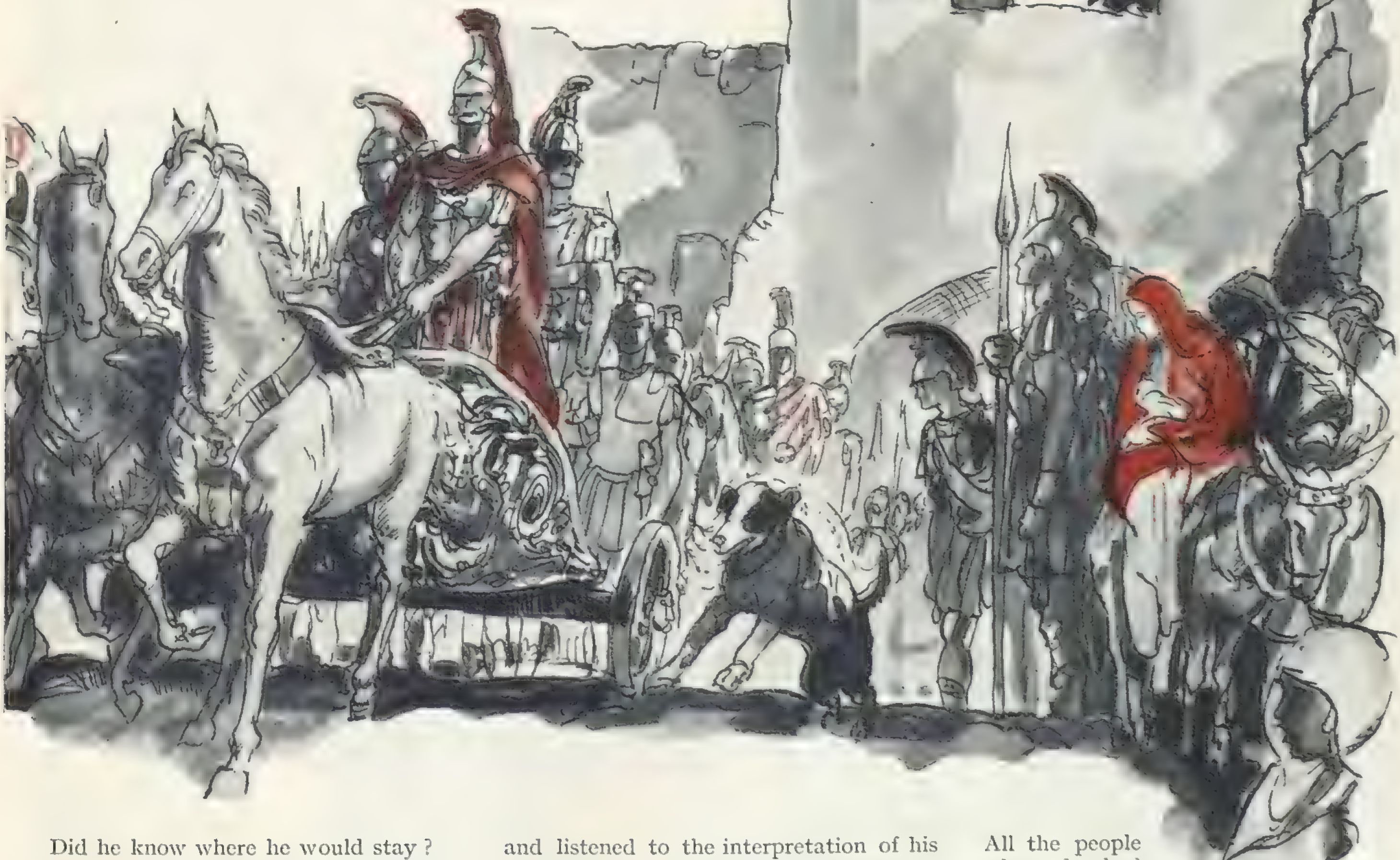
" Foolish words, my lord—the babbling of pastoral men who have become simple as the sheep they follow."

Quirinius smiled, reading the man's dread for himself and his fellow-townsmen.

" Be at peace, good innkeeper ; soldiers of Rome do not make war on moon-crazed shepherds."

The blue and silver of starlight were falling as they retraced their steps. Interiors of houses shone with the ruddy glow of fires about which family groups were gathered over the evening meal. At the clank of mail children ran out to watch. Harsh man though he was, the butcher of Cilicia was possessed by a wistful tenderness. Home—the House of Bread ; that was the meaning of Bethlehem. For one brief night between marches and massacres he felt at rest.

At the city gate, where the last sentry was posted, Quirinius noticed late arrivals approaching—a man leading a little ass whereon a woman was bowed. As they drew level he noted the reason for their slowness : that the woman's motherhood was not far distant. Since it was unlikely that he himself could speak their language, he appointed the innkeeper to question the strangers. The man's name was Joseph. He was a carpenter who had removed to Nazareth. He had come for the enrolment. His lateness was due to his wife's condition and the heavy traffic along the roads.



Did he know where he would stay ?

With friends, he hoped ; though on account of his wife, and all the world being ahead of him, to find lodgings might prove difficult.

The weary man passed on. The city gate was closed behind him. The sentry was being given his final instructions when the night was shattered by the blare of trumpets. The wicket was opened. There stood a herald, demanding entrance in the name of Herod. The innkeeper's cup was filled to overflowing ; at last a king was visiting Bethlehem.

Quirinius, with a quick command, withdrew into the shadow. He placed no faith in this sly old fox. To kill in battle was one thing, to poison in dungeons was another. He watched the train sweep through the arch. Horsemen and banners. Herod reclining on his litter. Bare-faced, haughty women glancing from silken curtains. Greek mercenaries in jewelled armour. For Quirinius the starlit night was defiled. The serenity that had filled his soul was dissipated. Wherever Herod came he brought trickery.

Following the glittering cavalcade, he came across the weary carpenter. He was being turned from a door. Clutching the halter of the little ass, he was renewing his vain search. Quirinius divined the reason for the inhospitality shown him, for the woman was bowed with pain, her head sunk forward, her cloak gathered about her. Her white hands clutching at the donkey's mane to steady her were eloquent. The rough soldier's heart was touched. Speaking curtly to the innkeeper, he bade him tell the carpenter to follow him, and there would be no delay in his enrolment.

Having gained the courtyard, he led him before the magistrates and listened to the interpretation of his declaration. Name : Joseph. Residence : Nazareth. Wife's name : Mary. Trade : a carpenter. No possessions save the tools he carried on his back.

Then the astonishingly noble pedigree, like a stream forever broadening as it swept into the past : " The son of Nathan, the son of David, the son of Jesse, the son of Obed, the son of Boaz."

Boaz who had loved the gentle gleaner ! Quirinius held up his hand.

" Enough of poetry."

He watched the man approach the innkeeper.

" No room," the innkeeper answered.

As Quirinius turned away he saw the man whisper comfort to his wife and melt into the dusk.

And now for Herod ! Why was he here, with his dancing-girls and mercenaries ? To stir up mischief certainly. He advanced to meet him courteously.

THE census had been completed. The night was chill. All evening, stern and non-committal, Quirinius had listened to the spiteful gossip of Herod. He had drunk deeply of the rich wines he had provided. He had nodded with feigned sympathy at the list of his grievances. So many relatives he had had to execute. All the people whom he had loved had conspired against him. The last was Antipater, his favourite son, whom he had most trusted. He was now awaiting impatiently the authorisation of Cæsar (*Continued on page* 105)

What lies ahead of Europe's

Don Juan of Bourbon

The Comte de Paris

Prince Louis Ferdinand of Prussia

Prince Napoleon-Louis Bonaparte

The Duke of Brabant

Princess Juliana of Holland

By Ferdinand Tuohy

As we gradually steer towards critical years in Europe it is only natural that the spotlight should be turned on the younger generation of royalty—upon youthful sovereigns, heirs to thrones, pretenders, princesses, who will perforce find themselves in the centre of affairs. There exist somewhere in the region of a dozen such young men and women of destiny (but two of the latter, incidentally) and an advanced view is that not more than a handful will weather the storm in their present exalted stations. Against this, royalist fans proclaim their belief that not only will the present heirs maintain their positions but that their number will almost certainly be added to as the years go by and the idea of kingship regains a hold in Europe.

Outwardly the Continent would appear to be steadily veering towards republicanism. In 1914 Europe possessed eighteen monarchies and but three republics, a state of affairs which was transformed four years later into a dozen monarchies and eight republics, and which to-day has been still further modified to eleven republics and nine monarchies. One could go further and argue that nearly three-quarters of Europe is now republican and that half of the surviving monarchies are only countries of second- or third-rate consequence. Yet the salient point endures : were not some of the royal casualties of Armistice and after rather more spectacular than real ? And has Central Europe been definitely weaned from the purple ? Let us inquire a moment into what happened fifteen years ago.

Under the knout of Demos with his blood up, royalty had a poor time indeed. As any championing of kings and princes emerged as an impossibility in view of what royalty was presumed to have done in precipitating the catastrophe, so the warring peoples were freely encouraged to vent their wrath upon crowned heads in general. It was a good safety valve : heroes and hero-worship ; villains and vilification. The French and British and Italians were taught to dislike Germany via her " baby-killing " emperor, and Bulgaria through " Foxie " Ferdinand, and Turkey through the latest unspeakable Sultan, and Karl as the camouflage of dark rule from Rome. Conversely, the peoples of the Central Empires were trained to laugh at " democratic " King George, at Italy's attenuated Majesty, and at the distressing case of " Niki." One can say now that the only monarch who was not well and truly hauled into the popular hate or ridicule business was Albert of Belgium. Cartoonists, music-hall singers, satirists, statesmen, publicists, historians—one and all combined, on each side of the giant conflict, to render the multitude articulate in its indignation at kingship. Leading war figures conducted the symphony of abuse—although this was considerably more strident on the Allied and Associated side. The Central Empires were, indeed, standing by their royalties, compared with others. Did not Mr. Gerard return from Berlin and, in answer to President Wilson's query, " What, Mr. Ambassador, is at the bottom of this tragedy ? " reply " Mr. President, it's this king business ! "

At all events, we practically made it a

Young Royalties?

The Prince of Piedmont

Prince Michael of Rumania

Prince Vladimir of Russia

condition of peace that the monarchs on the beaten side should fade out. And no fewer than nine crowned heads did become casualties as a result. Yet few paused to consider a rather important factor, namely, that the fugitives owed their discomfiture and exile to allied and external pressure; that no wild anti-dynastic scenes were enacted within the Central Empires comparable to similar happenings after Sedan; and that if dynasties have a habit of tumbling after national catastrophes—scapegoats having to be found to appease the crowd—history records that monarchs who fall in such freak circumstances have a habit of coming back, or their offspring. Monarchist sentiment is more or less omni-partisan, including as it does the Church, Money, and Brains. The officer and student caste, officialdom and the industrialists, property-owners in general, and a large proportion of the peasantry have become steeped in an age-long honouring of the king. True enough, failure and death have so far greeted the only kingly efforts that have been essayed to reoccupy thrones (Tino and Karl), yet both these attempts were made at the wrong time. Further than this, the exiled sovereigns have all, with the exception of young Otto, been copiously provided *by their own subjects* with the financial wherewithal to carry on in comfort and even here and there in luxury.

From the above brief survey I think it does eventuate that if on the map Europe has gone three-quarters republican, the monarchist idea has not taken such a terrific knock as the square mileage might indicate. Above all, these crowned heads were fired out chiefly by foreigners. That is an essential to bear in mind, surely, when now taking a bird's-eye view of the present position and future prospects of Europe's Young Royalties who hover in the vicinity of thrones. . . .

Our select and juvenile company may conveniently be divided into three categories: heirs direct, probable future sovereigns, and pretenders.

Senior is Crown Prince Humbert of Italy, the Prince of Piedmont. The particular interest in Humbert devolves from his being booked for the rôle of first Fascist monarch in history, and there is no reason to suppose, in his case at any rate, that any untoward happening is likely to come (*Continued on page* 95)

The Archduke Otto of Habsburg

Prince Olaf of Norway

Concerning Certain CADS'

MARGUER

"DECEMBER the twenty-fourth," remarked Lubina, in a clear, inane voice, as she tore the leaf off the calendar, and tossed it towards the fireplace. Andrew lifted his head, but not his eyes, from the letter he was reading.

"Thanks for the sparklingly original observation." His tone would have cut through a steel plate. She hunched her shoulders, rummaging for a cigarette.

"No matches."

"That's your tenth this morning," he pointed out, as he threw his lighter to her. It fell short, and for a moment she allowed it to remain there: a small, flat golden thing, ridiculously opulent in its surroundings.

"Are you paying for them?" she asked, meanly.

They sat staring at each other in a kind of horror. It was Andrew who first broke the silence, with an ugly laugh.

"Peevish, because you've just begun to realise?"

"Realise what?"

"That we're off the map—morally, financially, and, what's infinitely more important, socially?"

"You don't suppose that's news to me, do you?" she retorted, bitterly.

"No. No, naturally. I forgot," he said, with meaning. Lubina's face whitened about her straight, hard young mouth.

"Go on."

"It isn't necessary, is it?"

"Not at all. I was only curious to see—how much of a cad you could be," she finished, in a whisper. Andrew laughed, softly.

"We've got to practise living up to our reputation," he answered, but his voice was milder. "The Verneys —great fun, but such cads!' William's gone to Egypt, hasn't he?"

"Yes," she steeled herself to reply.

"With Diana Baird's crowd?"

"I suppose so." Their eyes met in a blue blaze of defiance.

"Fairly stiff price to pay for one drink too many," he commented. Out of the corner of his eyes he could see her fingers clutch the corner of the table at which they were both seated.

"I didn't have one drink too many," she said, slowly.

"Of course you didn't, my dear. But people said you did; it's the same thing." Her voice came to him as from a long distance; it sounded small and puzzled, like a child's.

"I was just so—frightfully—happy——"

"Mustn't be happy in public," said Andrew, waggling a finger with mock solemnity.

"Oh, shut up!" snapped Lubina, bending to recover the lighter. The tiny flame shot up, revealed her lips, which were trembling. Andrew looked away; one may be a cad, but one has one's decencies. Besides, he was sorry for Lubina. Almost as sorry as he was for himself. Between them they had made such a muck of things!

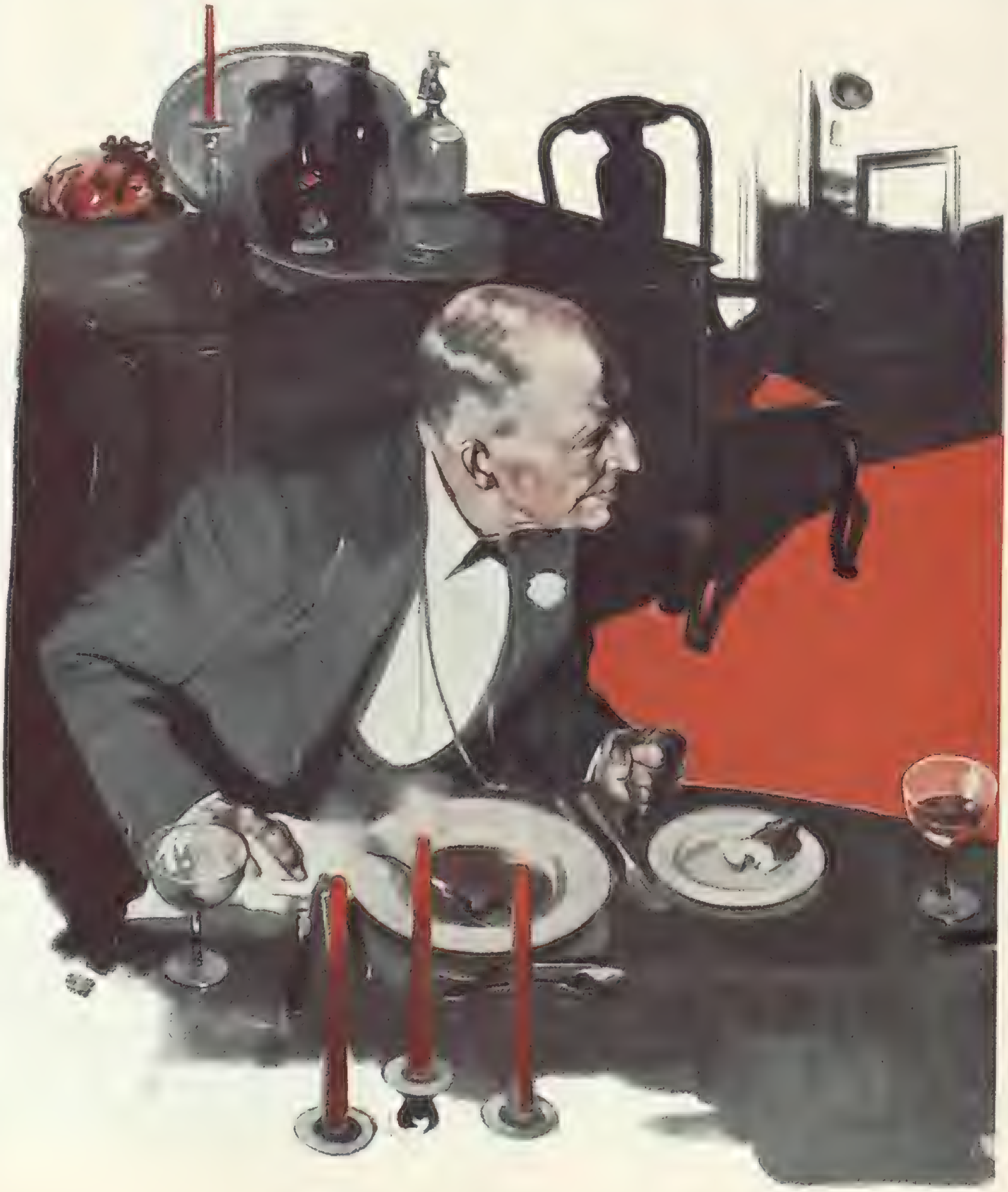
A short silence fell upon the room, in which Lubina sat resting her chin upon her clenched hand; her eyes gloomed into space; the smoke curled endlessly down her nostrils. Andrew continued to open his letters, dropping the envelopes with a mechanical movement on the floor.

"It's such a mistake," remarked Andrew smoothly, as though he was continuing a conversation, "not to find one's own level."

"It's worse," retorted Lubina bitterly, "not to have a level at all."

"Darling," murmured Andrew, "don't try to talk like a Noel Coward play."

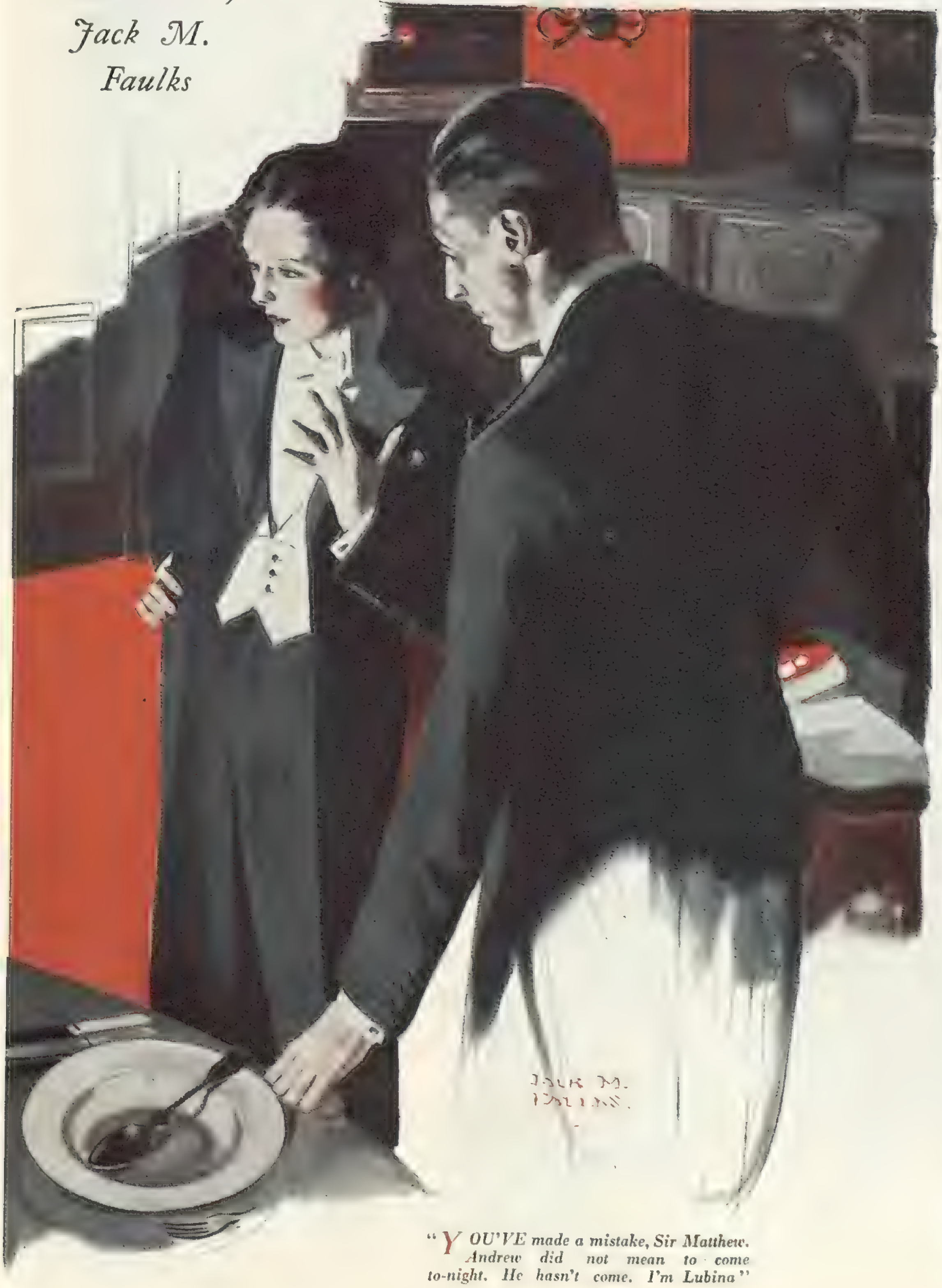
"Why not? We're Noel Coward people, I suppose. Only they pull it off, and we haven't."



Goings-on related by ITE STEEN *under the title of*

Christmas

Illustrated by
Jack M.
Faulks



"YOU'VE made a mistake, Sir Matthew. Andrew did not mean to come to-night. He hasn't come. I'm Lubina"

"Oh, be quiet!" said Andrew, suddenly exploding. He got up violently and walked across the room. The sight of his tall, narrow body, wrapped in the wine-coloured dressing-gown, aroused in Lubina the familiar sensation of looking at herself in a glass. She was much more conscious of the absurd likeness between them than Andrew appeared to be; of the similarity of their bodies and their heads and their movements. Her dressing-gown, like his, was wine-coloured, and came from the same shop. This morning with their cropped and burnished heads, their young angry faces, their silk dressing-gowns, the likeness had them at its mercy. She felt, with a sense of helplessness, "I am Andrew, and he is me."

"I'm going to pull it off," said Andrew viciously. "I'm sick of running with the hare and the hounds. We've put ourselves on the wrong side of the fence, and I'm dam' well going to stay there. Why shouldn't one get something out of life?"

"And Nadia?"

"And William?" he flung at her savagely. "Nadia's as much good to me as William is to you. They've both made up their minds we're rotters—all right! Let's give 'em the satisfaction of proving their opinions. Christmas Eve, isn't it? Come on! Let's make whoopee the way we're supposed to make it! Let's ask Pug and Alice and Somna Held——"

"I *won't*!" she cried, with sudden shrillness. "I'm sick of those people. I don't see any fun in having Pug tight all over the flat, and Somna and Alice——"

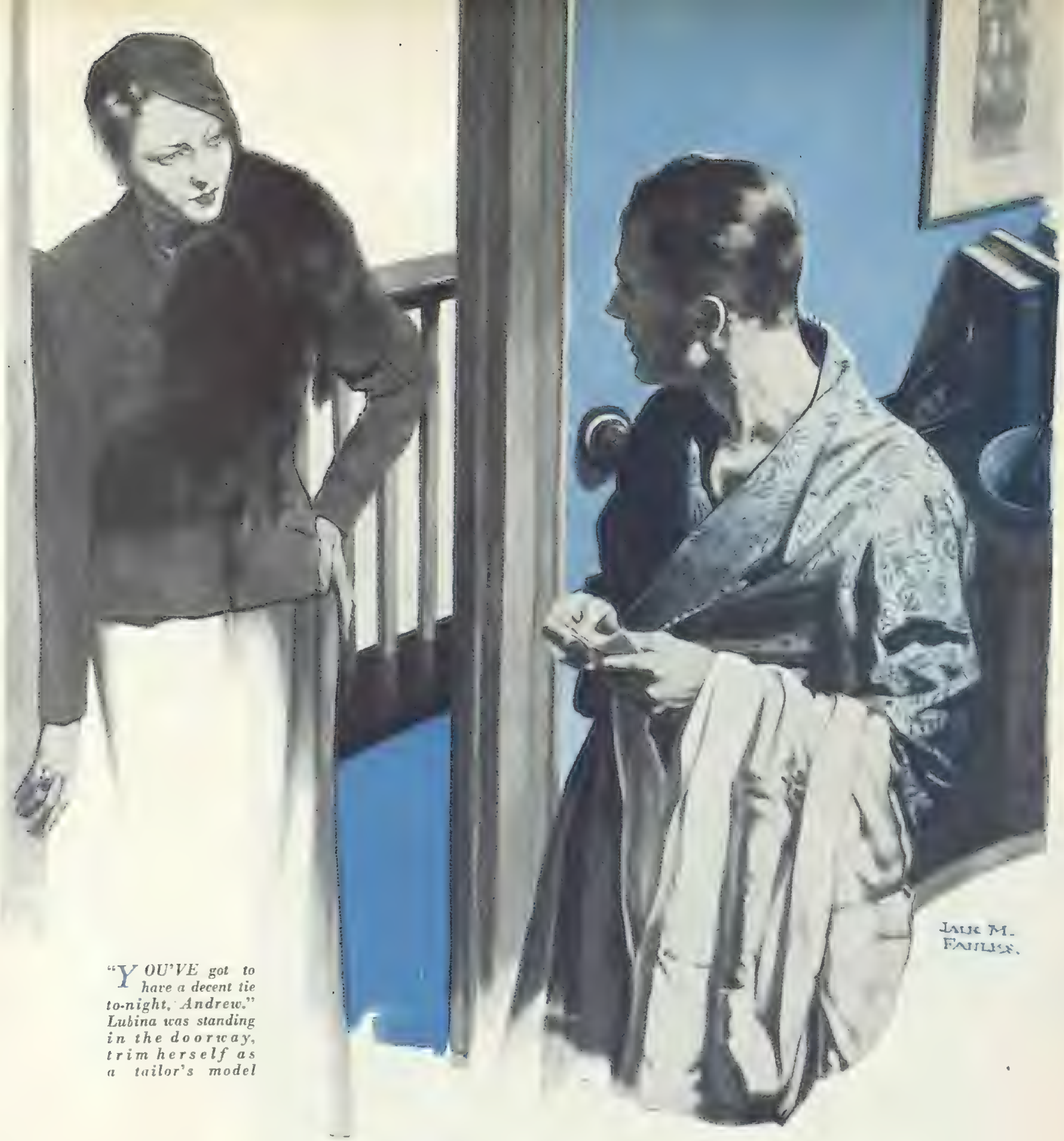
Andrew giggled hysterically.

"Oh, my dear, you'll have to readjust your sense of humour. Somna and Alice are *great* fun——"

"Shut *up*, Andrew! Besides, you know you're fixed up for to-night. You can't have forgotten that."

The foolish laughter died on Andrew's lips; he tipped the ash off his cigarette, looking stubborn.

"You can't afford to forget that, at any rate! 'A simple matter of expediency,'" she quoted bitterly. "Go on, Andrew. I should think it would—it would be quite *amusing* to


JACK M. FAULKS.

"YOU'VE got to have a decent tie to-night, Andrew." Lubina was standing in the doorway, trim herself as a tailor's model

pretend to be a gentleman again—for a couple of hours!" On the last words the door slammed in Andrew's face, leaving him staring foolishly.

He stood on the hearthrug, chewing the end of his cigarette. A very evil expression had come into his face.

Life was poisonous, Lubina decided, as she slicked back her hair with Andrew's brushes, and slashed at a knotted ribbon with Andrew's nail-scissors. There would be murder to pay for that later on, but at that moment she did not care whether there were murder or not. Suppose Andrew strangled her, or shot her, or something, for using his nail-scissors to cut ribbon! The only thing people would say would be: "Just what you'd expect from those Verneys; both cracked and both caddish!"

It had been fun, at first, to behave as though one were cracked. In all the excitement of coming into some money of one's own—not nearly enough, of course—at the age of eighteen, and cutting adrift from relatives who had taken pains to show orphaned twins that they were a positive nuisance, one naturally did some foolish things: kicked up one's heels and behaved pretty badly. She and Andrew had had a foul time, handed about like inconvenient parcels from family to family; naturally one had to make up to oneself for all that, and with rake-hell temperaments like theirs there was no lack of devilry to present itself. Neither had seen the shoals towards which they were drifting; neither observed until it was too late the gradual cold-shouldering among the people whom really, in the depths of their contradictory natures, they liked best. They were "the Verney Twins," young, gay and independent; such fun to buy a wild sort of popularity with extravagant behaviour; such fun—if it had not been for William and Nadia.

It was just a malicious act of Fate, Lubina decided, that she and Andrew should fall in love with such really nice people as William and Nadia. "In a year or two," she told herself, "I'd have been ready to settle down and behave myself and marry William; in a year or two Andrew would have got sick of bummelling about with the Pug and Alice gang." It hadn't seemed possible that William wouldn't understand all that; that anyone so quiet and thoughtful and intelligent wouldn't see the true Lubina under the frothy, worthless all-things-to-all-men person it was such fun to represent oneself! It wasn't as if William hadn't cared, either—until that foul night when someone persuaded her and Andrew to change clothes and go to a party as each other—and, of course, they both got too gay, and both overdid it. And neither William nor Nadia seemed capable of understanding that it was because Lubina and Andrew were so ashamed of themselves that they behaved rather worse than ever after the party. William went off to Egypt, without saying goodbye, and Nadia, with an only too definite goodbye to Andrew, took herself into the country to forget a love affair in her own way.

And now it was Christmas! She and Andrew had planned such a flaming Christmas! No old-fashioned, sentimental stuff, but a round of super-parties fitting climax to the super-hectic autumn they had enjoyed. And the secret background to all their planned nonsense was, for Lubina, William, and for Andrew, Nadia. To steal away from some absurd, slightly tipsy gathering and motor far away into the moonlight with William; to turn down a dozen partners shamelessly on Nadia's account—these secret delights were the crown and glory of their pleasure. And when William and Nadia suddenly and without warning refused to fill the parts arranged for them by the Verney Twins, everything crumbled.

"I'll go to Berlin," announced Lubina at breakfast.

"Lovely idea," drawled Andrew. "There's only one thing against it, so far as I can see."

"What's that?" yawned Lubina, with raised brows.

"Money, darling."

"What about it?" gaped Lubina, in genuine astonishment.

"There isn't any." Andrew put down the letter he was reading. His smile was a trifle too brilliant, his manner too histrionically debonair. "The Verney Twins are broke."

"Don't be *silly*."

Andrew threw her the letter.

"What does it mean, Andrew?" she whispered, dry-lipped.

"I'm not certain; but something definitely nasty. I never fancied gaol, for myself——" Andrew's airiness rang a trifle hollow.

"Have we used all *that*?" Lubina pointed with a vermilion-tipped finger to a formidable total.

"I suppose we must have done."

"But do you mean we have no money—*at Christmas?*"

"We have been living for the last eight-een months on cap-i-tal," Andrew explained, in syllables.

"Wasn't that rather stupid?" frowned Lubina.

"Frightfully; but it looked such a very large capital," admitted Andrew.

"Didn't anyone warn us?"

"I expect so; yes, now I come to think of it, they did. But, you see, I had to use capital to pay that Jewish gentleman who was so kind to us over the matter of the two-seater," admitted Andrew.

"We can borrow," said Lubina, in a small, uncertain voice.

"Who from? 'The gang' hasn't got any money. If William——"

"If Nadia——" threw out Lubina.

"Thanks very much; I may be a cad, but I don't borrow from women," snorted Andrew.

"And I don't get men to pay my debts," snapped Lubina.

In the silence that followed the glass bangles round Lubina's wrists jingled clearly. She saw Andrew look at them cynically; oh, yes, Andrew would think that one's hand was shaking because one had been making whoopee all night, when one was simply dithering from head to foot with cold fear.

"December the twenty-fourth," remarked Lubina, in a clear, inane voice.

THAT was where their real quarrel started. Now, in her room, Lubina was biting the colour back to her lips. Of course, Andrew must keep his appointment to-night; of course, he must dine, as he had dined ever since he was a small boy at Eton, with their father's old friend, old Sir Matthew Tolmache. He'd got to do it. It meant something; it stood for something—quite apart from the dubious question of whether or not Sir Matthew meant to leave Andrew money in his will. It meant that the Verney Twins weren't quite outside everything. It meant——

She wished her hands would stop shaking and fumbling over the tying of her sailor's knot. She'd have to spend the evening with the gang, she supposed. She felt as though she were committed to a den of wild beasts. All so smart, so ruthless and false to themselves and each other. Everyone betraying everyone else; taking each other's lovers, wives, husbands, reputations—sycophants of pleasure. And she had adored it herself, until life went wrong.

She heard Andrew banging things about in his room next door, and flung open her own door to call:

"You'd better get some more white ties this morning; don't forget—when you're in Jermyn Street."

"What for?" came sullenly from Andrew.

"You haven't a decent one left."

"I shan't want one to-night or to-morrow; they'll be back from the cleaners——"

"You've got to have a decent tie to-night, Andrew." Lubina was standing in the doorway, trim herself as a tailor's model in her suit of dark grey. Andrew, tousled, glared at her across the shirt into which he was stabbing links.

"If you imagine I'm dining in Berkeley Square——"

"Of course you're dining in Berkeley Square. Don't be such a fool, Andrew. You've done it now on twelve—thirteen Christmas Eves. You can't get out of it—any more than you can get out of dying," ended Lubina morosely.

"Oh, dry up!" mumbled Andrew.

Lubina lost her head a little; if Nadia had said what she said, she would have called her a fool.

"What's the use of bluffing about it? He's going to leave you his money——"

"Thanks very much, I don't bluff," said Andrew, coldly and grandly. "And I don't dine with people for the sake of what they're going to leave me in their wills. Anyhow, what's the good? One of these days somebody'll tell the old boy the truth about the Verney Twins, and then——"

"Well? Then——?"

"Then the annual invitation won't turn up—that's all. I'm not keen," said Andrew, with averted face, "on being cold-shouldered. If there's any of that to be done, I prefer to do it myself."

"Then what are you going to do? Ring him up?" asked Lubina.

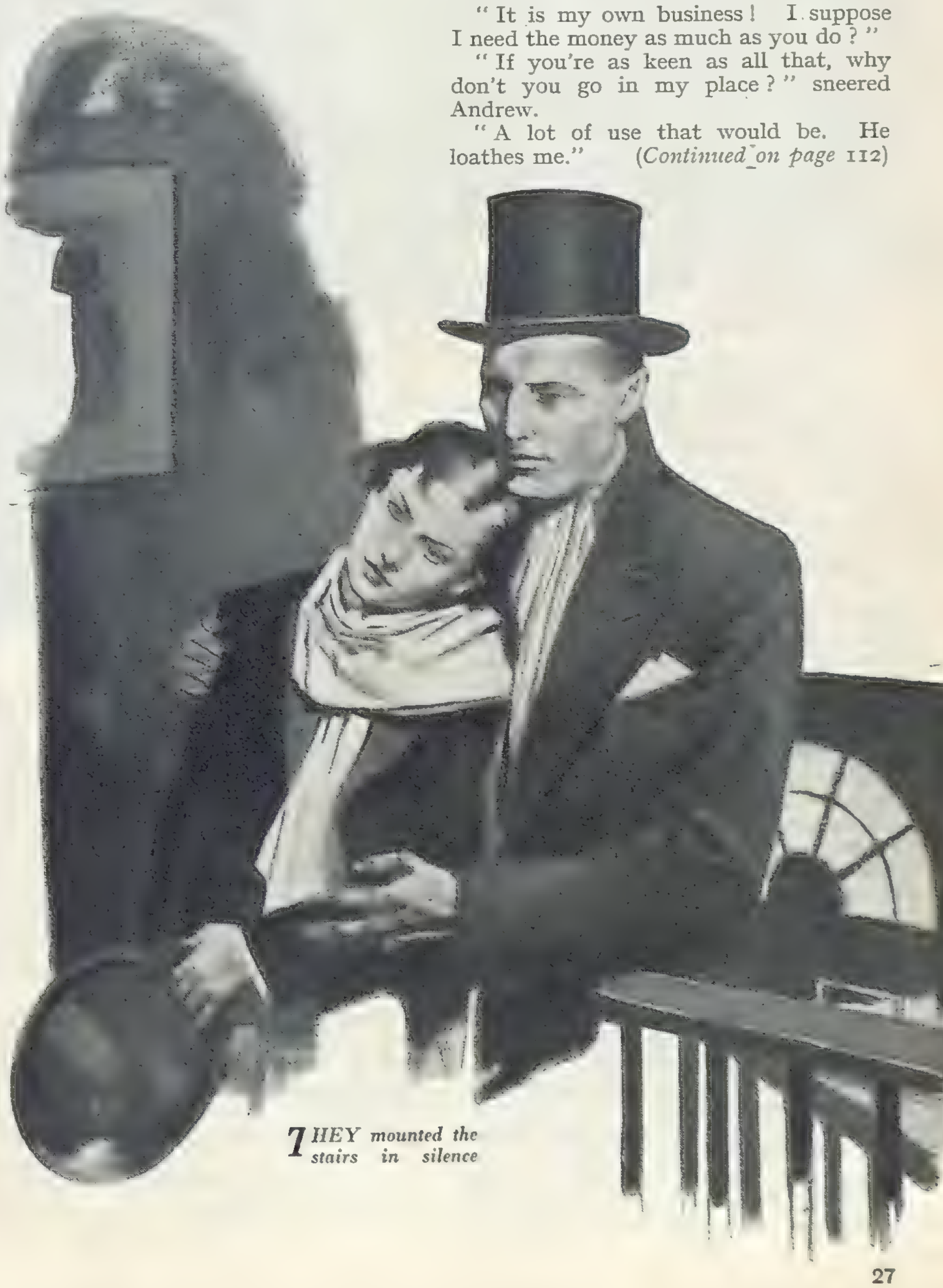
"Can't you mind your own damned business?" snarled Andrew.

"It is my own business! I suppose I need the money as much as you do?"

"If you're as keen as all that, why don't you go in my place?" sneered Andrew.

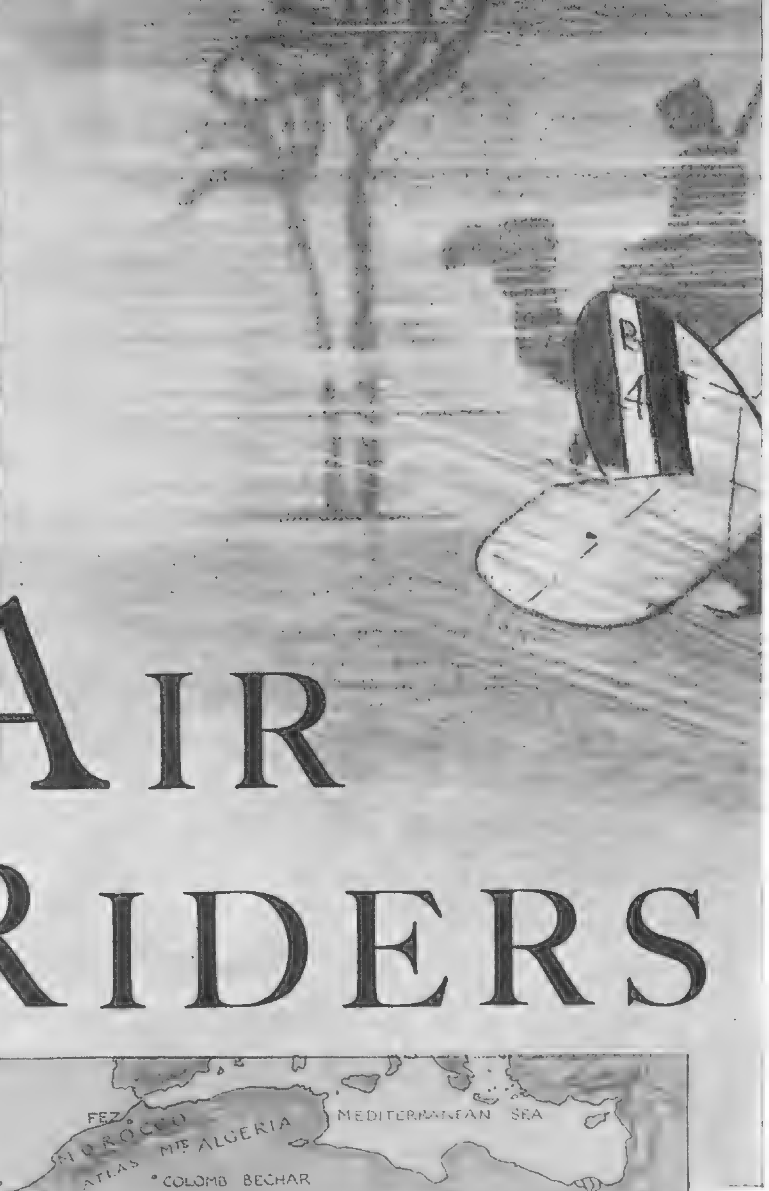
"A lot of use that would be. He loathes me."

(*Continued on page 112*)



THEY mounted the stairs in silence

AN aerial view of the native quarter of Timbuctoo



AIR RIDERS

WE were down, in the ash-grey sands of the Libyan Desert. Our monoplane had recovered from its drunken, helpless posture. For three hours in the glistering sunshine we had sweated and toiled to repair the burst landing-tyre.

"There goes the sun, thank God," I said, wiping the sweat from my face and pointing to the horizon swimming with amber light.

The pilot gave me a curious look.

"That setting sun is the one thing I've been dreading," he said, "We've got to get out of this, and we can only do it by flying in the dark."

I laughed, and indicated the infinity of sand about us.

"And where do we fly?" I asked.

"There's Cairo," he said quietly.

"Four hundred miles away?"

"Four hundred miles," he nodded, "let us say, four hours' flying."

"In the dark?"

"There's a moon."

"And you think you can land?"

"I can try."

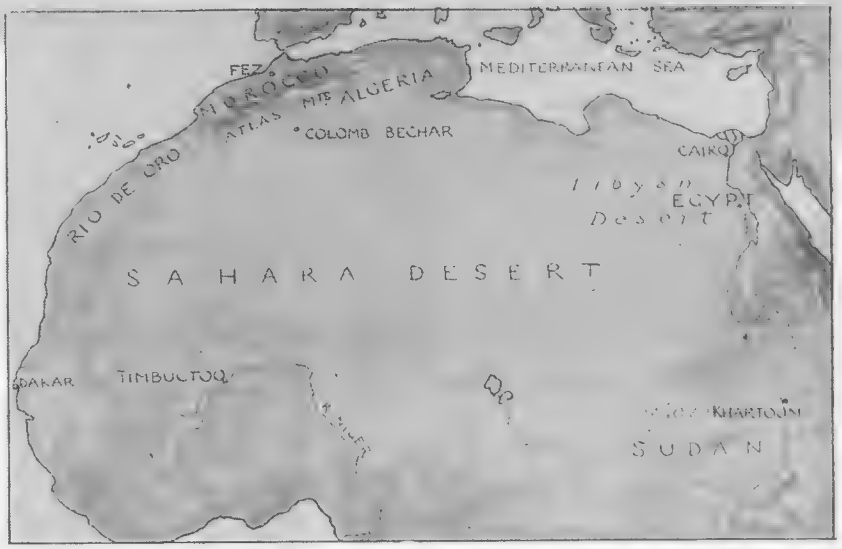
I shrugged my shoulders.

"All right. Let's get aboard."

Three minutes later our engines were roaring and the propeller whipping the sand of the Libyan desert about us into a storm. The monoplane rushed forward. We rose, and headed for the dazzling amber streak across the sky. And I found myself debating whether that amber colour was the sunshine in paint sought by the tortured painter Van Gogh.

Soon we were droning over the most mysterious desert in the world, made even more mysterious by the moonlight flooding it. For once the desert looked theatrical. It was a strange scene whose crudities had been subdued by the latest German lighting effects. A dim sinister atmosphere had been conjured into creation which only needed the music of a Ravel or Hindemith to make it the perfect setting for a macabre drama.

The only music that agitated our ears, however, was the steady drone of the engines. If one of these failed, if the note suddenly became freakishly syncopated, then we would descend in the desert and be in as desperate a plight as if we had dropped into the Atlantic. There is nothing more disturbing than counterpoint in the music of machines.



A MAP of the Sahara desert. This desert has a sinister reputation for the riders of the air

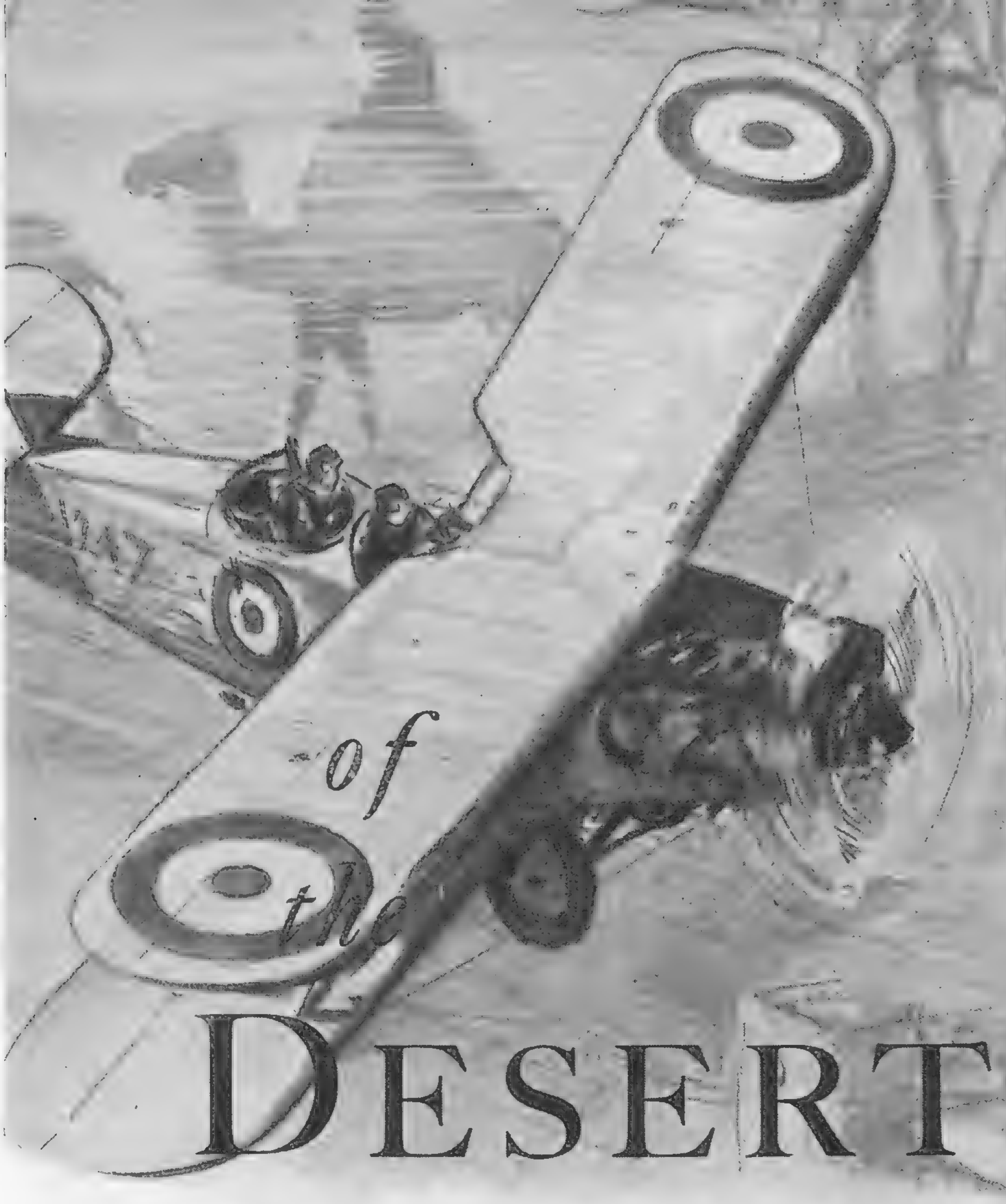
I am not likely to forget this introduction to the Libyan Desert. The bladder of the moon swayed absurdly in the sky. Waves of black velvet seemed to be pitching beneath us. As the aeroplane tumbled and recovered in those potholes of darkness, I craned my head and tried to see something beneath. It was a nightmare of motion, lurching down the corridors of darkness.

Later, as the moon rose, it seemed that we were flying over a dead planet. The desert was cold and desolate. And the sand had become as grey as the face of a dying man. I shivered, and turned my gaze towards the darkness ahead of us. But I searched in vain for one gleam of light. Not even a flame of fire, the sign of man in the night.

How long we hung suspended below that glistering moon I can hardly recall. The desert seemed interminable. Once I awoke and scanned the sky in a desperate effort to discern the dawn. But I had only been asleep three minutes and we had only been flying three hours. It was then the pilot touched my shoulder and pointed downwards. I gazed below. In the darkness was a ribbon of glistering metal.

It was the Nile. In the moonlight, and swamped by the sand, it looked like a pathetic little ditch at the end of a ploughed field. The Nile, most romantic of all rivers! Mingled with my disillusionment was the great satisfaction at having crossed that desert.

Lights began to flicker in the desert. Then came a cluster of man-made nebulæ. We droned steadily towards it. I stared with streaming eyes at what seemed a glittering necklace of lights in the darkness.



# of the DESERT

AN airman taking in petrol at Bidon 5, a desert filling station

By William J. Makin

Who has Recently Returned from a 15,000 miles flight over the African Deserts

"Cairo!" yelled the pilot.

I nodded.

With a roar of triumph the monoplane banked and swooped down upon the lights. But, by now, it was a lake of writhing life. White lights, red lights, blue lights and neon lights—all cross-crossed by the dark trenches of streets. I could see the headlights of motor cars as they rushed along the roads. And the edges of this living pool were the sand and the desolation over which we had flown.

The transition from the tomb of darkness to this great city, alive and gay, was sudden and exhilarating. Forgotten the dead planet beyond. The lights of a cinema winked up at us. As we banked again and swooped downwards we passed over the Pyramids. But I cared nothing for the tombs of Egyptian Kings. I was avid for the life that hooted—yes, one could hear the motor horns as the engines were switched off—the life that hooted joyously beneath.

Out in the darkness beyond the city the sand suddenly flared. It was the aerodrome of Heliopolis signalling to us. The flares increased, a series of little bonfires. And a searchlight speared the flares and revealed the landing ground. Beside one of the flares I glimpsed a puny, human figure.

We swished like a giant bird through the darkness. We passed over the brilliant lit barracks. Down still further. The pilot was feeling his way through the darkness. Finally, the machine headed for the flares. We swooped towards them at a hundred miles an hour. The engines were shut off. There was the terrible hush of expectancy. Then came a bump, and the monoplane shivered from head to stern. Another bump, and the wheels had gripped the sand. We were down.

"Thank goodness that's over!" said the voice of the pilot as though a hundred yards away.

"I'll buy you the best bottle of wine we can find at Shepheards," I squeaked, thankfully.

Our first flight over the Libyan Desert had ended.

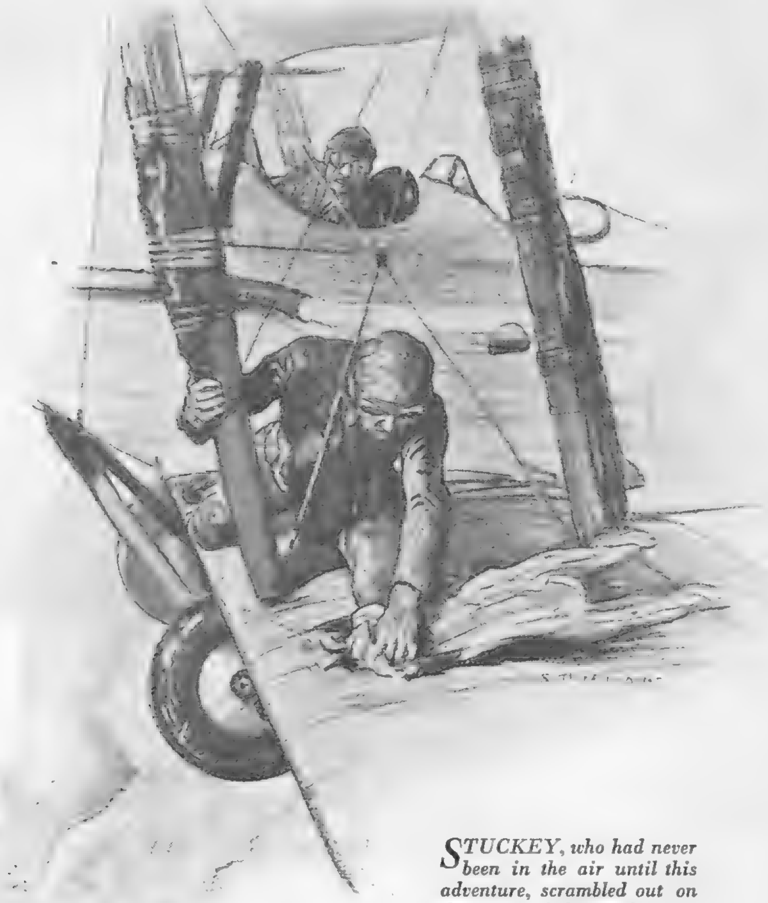
I DO not claim to be particularly enamoured of desert travel. Circumstances and an incurable wanderlust have pitched me into these waste places of Africa. I have flown over much of the Libyan Desert, the Nubian Desert, and the Arabian Desert. I have motored a thousand miles through the sand and scrub of what is known on the map of Africa as the Kalahari Desert. And, sooner or later, the whispering winds of these trackless wastes have carried with them an unreasoning helpless fear.

But the desert which has most terrors for the airman is the Sahara. More than one brave flyer has disappeared in its hot embrace. This desolation of sand which in area would almost engulf Europe has a sinister reputation for the riders of the air. If a flyer disappears, however, the wireless cackles and a dozen men and machines set out to search. Many a lonely French flyer, his eyes bloodshot with the sting of whipped sand, gazes down upon this dead part of the earth seeking the missing man and his machine.

There are moments over the Sahara when the sun and wind drive the civilisation out of a man. An unreasoning madness seizes the flyer. They call it *cafard* in North Africa. Even the most experienced aviators find themselves in the clutch of *cafard* at some time or other. I recall that brave young explorer Sir Robert Alan Clayton, who subsequently died as a result of his flying adventures over the Libyan Desert, analysing a mad moment in the air.

" What with the terrible glare and the intense concentration needed," he said, " I lost all idea of height, position and speed. My head began to swim, and I had an almost unbearable longing to dive the machine into the ground and end it there."

Because of these things one can have nothing but admiration for those French flyers of the Aeropostale, who fly across this route regularly to deliver the mails at Dakar on the West African coast. From Morocco the route is one for mails only. Passengers are not carried. And most of the flights are done in the night when there is less a chance for any marauding Arabs firing at the machine in the sky above.



STUCKEY, who had never been in the air until this adventure, scrambled out on the wing of the machine in mid-air and stuffed his shirt in the hole in the fabric of the wing

THE French authorities have done their best not to make the Sahara air route fashionable. Not only do they insist upon every aeroplane taking a ten days' supply of food and water when crossing the Sahara, but foreign flyers are asked to deposit 100,000 francs to defray any possible rescue costs. If a pilot of the Aeropostale descends in the desert and is captured by the Arabs, there is much likelihood that he will be saved and brought into one of the air stations of the Sahara for ransom. The price of a pilot is fixed. The Aeropostale pay. It encourages the Arabs to shoot down any other machine they may see. But heaven help the airman who is not found by Arabs. Once he drops into that sea of sand death is almost as certain as if he had come down in the Atlantic.

A romantic, adventurous, but sinister air route. It was one desperate adventure that decided the French authorities not to permit passengers to be taken over this air route. Three men in an aeroplane, Pintabo, Erable and Gourp, were once forced down in the Sahara. A small army of Arabs materialised from the sands. There was no attempt at palaver. An attack was made, and Pintabo and Erable were shot at the first encounter. Gourp, with bullet and dagger wounds, still alive, was tied to the back of a camel. The journey was begun to Cap Juba, an air station on the coast, where the Arabs hoped to obtain a ransom for the aviator. But Gourp was so maltreated on the journey over the desert that he reached a point of suffering beyond human endurance. He swallowed a dose of iodine and carbolic acid which he had with him, and died just as he had been handed over to the French at Cap Juba.

A FRIEND in need of Meharist Camel Corps,

One may talk with the French airmen at Colomb Bechar and hear morbid stories about the prolonged agony of death in the Sahara. There is, for example, the story of an army aeroplane that was transporting a general on a non-stop flight from Fez to the Niger. The pilot had decided to follow that thin ribbon of track in the sand made by the Citroen desert cars that have blazed the route to Timbuctoo. This track is always difficult to see from above, as every aviator will admit, but to lose it usually means disaster. On this occasion, the pilot lost it, and, being uncertain of his direction, decided to land.

Usually landing in the desert is fairly easy. That is if the conditions are good, and your eyes are not blinded by the glare and the sand. The pilot of the army aeroplane must have had a touch of *cafard*. He brought the machine down, ground looped, and stood it on end. The shock of this crash landing smashed the general's shoulder.

The party of three—a mechanic was included—stepped out of the wrecked 'plane in to the desert. It was then they discovered to their horror that the only water they possessed was that in a water-bottle which at the last moment before departure the mechanic had thoughtfully filled and slung over his shoulder. They were marooned in a wilderness with just that one bottle of water.

There is no need to dwell on the agonies of those three men in the days that followed. The general was the first to die. He ended his life on the fourth day. The mechanic died on the sixth day. The pilot, according to the note he left behind, endured until the seventh day. A rescue squadron of military aeroplanes found the wreck of the machine and the three corpses a week later.

The trans-Saharan motor route has established petrol and water stations at intervals in this immense desert. A modern oasis with petrol tins instead of palms. But very necessary to the riders of the desert skies.

the air riders of the desert. A French officer of the who police the desert, rendering it safe from Arab bullets

There is, for example, Bidon 5. All those who fly the Sahara keep an eye on the yellow expanse for this oasis. Bidon 5 may mean life or death to the aviator. And yet you will not find it marked on the ordinary maps.

In fact, when you first glimpse it—and only a tug at your sleeve by the pilot will reveal it to aching eyes—you wonder how it ever came to be created. You see what appears to be a piece of tin glistening in the sunshine. As you drone nearer to the earth, the glistening tin becomes two white painted shelters and a white petrol pump. A few petrol tins in the desert. An eternity of yellow sand and brassy skies about you. That is Bidon 5.

THERE are many strange stories told by the riders of the desert skies. Perhaps one of the most unusual concerns a deserter from the French Foreign Legion. This big, strapping German decided he had had enough of the severe discipline of the outpost, on the edge of the Sahara. He wandered into the desert and was eventually sighted and captured by the famous Blue Men, those wandering Arabs with the indigo robes.

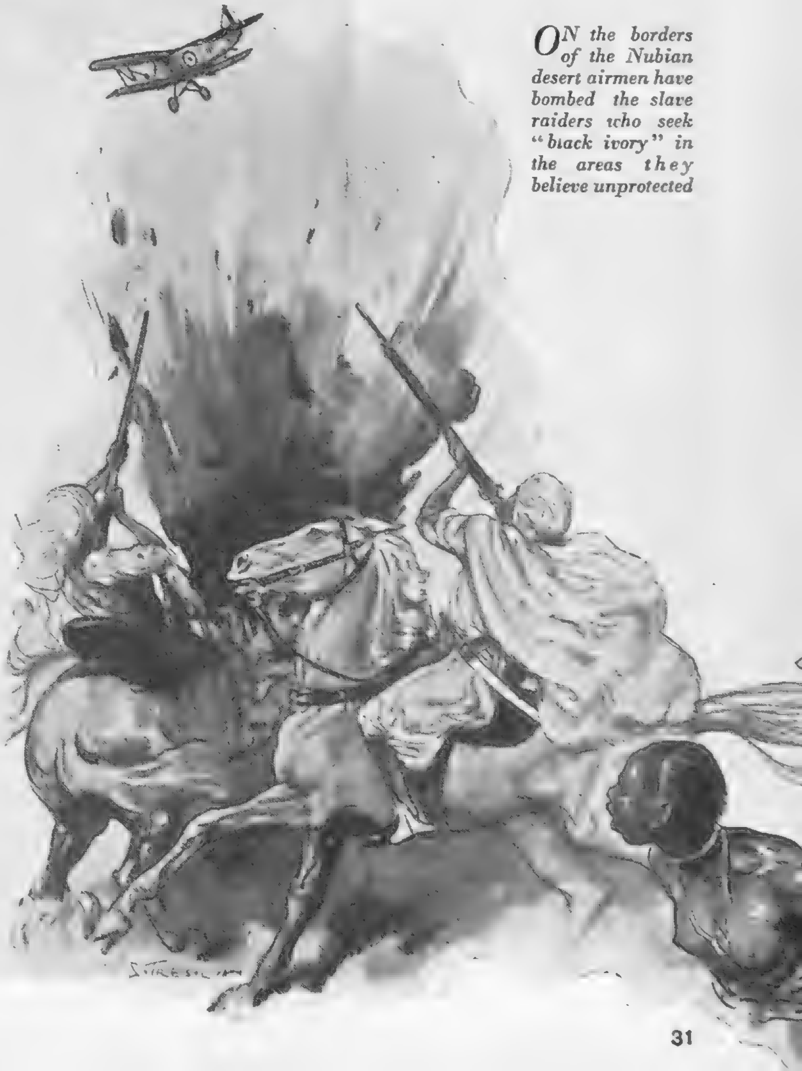
The Arabs promptly searched the pockets of the Foreign Legion deserter. Among other small possessions they found a photograph. It showed the German as a private in the Prussian Guards. Naturally, he had posed his best before the camera. He wore the magnificent helmet with war-like eagle, and the uniform was displayed in all its glory. That photograph impressed the Arabs. Decidedly the man they had found wandering helplessly in the desert was a man of importance. Within half an hour they were convinced that they had captured the Kaiser himself.

The chief of these desert warriors wrapped the photograph carefully in a shawl. Then he gave orders for the prisoner to be thoroughly beaten lest any of the spirit of the great Kaiser still remained. When the poor devil of a Legionary had been ruthlessly bastinadoed, he was thrust down a well for the night. The next day, he was hauled up, beaten again, and thrown into the well for a second night. A few crusts of bread were thoughtfully thrown after him. They did this, ironically enough, because they were frightened that their great prisoner might escape. It was essential to break his spirit. Already the chief of the Blue Men was lulling himself with dreams of the luxury ransom he would exact for his prisoner, the Kaiser. A few days later the Arabs resumed their desert wanderings, taking their prize with them, tied helplessly to a camel.

At every oasis, at every chance meeting with other Arabs, the prisoner and the photograph were exhibited together. That splendid portrait carried conviction. It must be the Kaiser. The other tribes began to be envious. More, they began to offer to buy him. The price of the miserable prisoner increased every day. At last, his original captors parted with him to another band of Arabs for a big sum of money.

This group of Arabs also trailed into the desert, with the half-dead deserter forced to accompany them. After some weeks he was sold again, for an even bigger sum. And, on each occasion the photograph was sold with the prisoner. It was the photograph that carried conviction. Towards the end, it is said, one tribe of Arabs nearly bankrupted themselves buying the miserable German.

Eventually, the Arabs took him to Cap Juba, the fortified post of the Aeropostale in the Rio de Oro. He was taken under heavy escort in order that the negotiations for ransom (*Continued on page* 130)



ON the borders of the Nubian desert airmen have bombed the slave raiders who seek "black ivory" in the areas they believe unprotected

“Dobson of

By James Francis Dwyer

MARY DOBSON of Market Harborough is practically unknown in England. Her name does not appear in *Who's Who*. It is not on the rosters of our great scientific associations. Yet Paris, Berlin, and Vienna know of our Mary. The massive work of which she is part author, and for which one can search in vain in London, is on the shelves of the principal Continental libraries. There is no English translation.

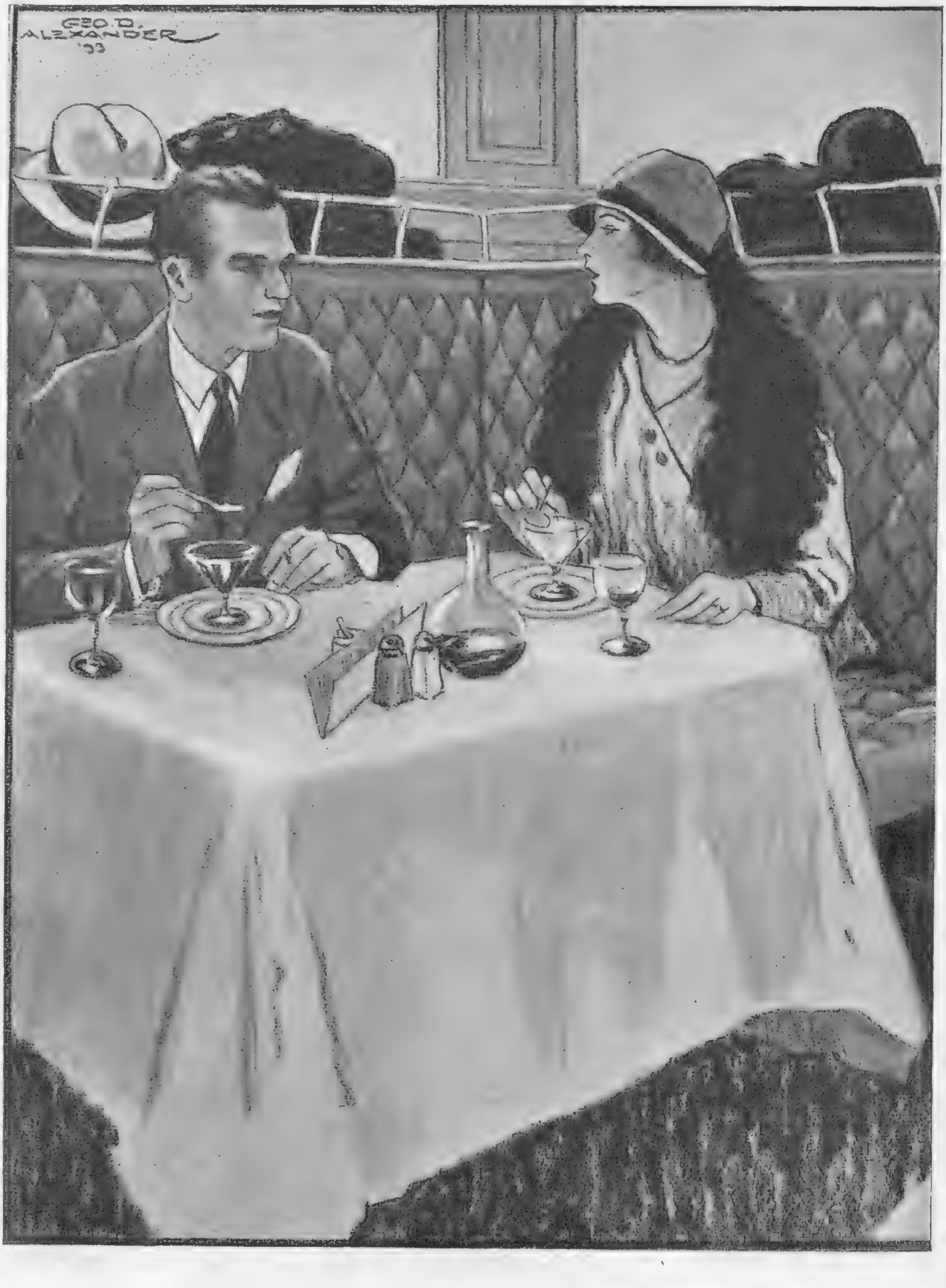
This book, *Nederlandsch-Indië*, bears the imprint of Streuvels and Zegen of Amsterdam, the home town of Professor Pieter Verhagen, Mary Dobson's husband. It is priced at eighteen guilders, something over thirty shillings in our money. The royalties are not enormous, but the Dutch Government, after the death of Professor Verhagen and the sensational trial of Mary, granted her a small pension. Now she lives quietly with Professor Verhagen's mother in the Stadhouders-Kade, quite close to the Ryks Museum. She shuns publicity.

Strange indeed the life of Mary Dobson. She was born with a scientific mind. The infinitesimal microbes that lash and rage within the human body fascinated her. A laboratory was a palace to her, a microscope was a peephole into paradise. The march of the micrococci was a million times more thrilling than a Lord Mayor's procession. Mary Dobson was, in the microbe-hunting profession, a “ natural.” A precise, painstaking, sleuth-like pursuer of bacilli.

At twenty-four years of age she finished a two-year period in the London laboratory of that patient bacteriologist, Wallingham, and, with one hundred hard-saved pounds in her pocket, she set out for Paris. The Continent permitted the poverty-stricken scientist to spend more time in stalking the giddy microbe, and over the Continent was the aura of mighty nimrods—Pasteur, Koch, Helmholtz, Schwann, Pfeiffer, Wassermann, and ten thousand others.

Mary Dobson was in Paris seven months when Destiny came along the little Rue de Bièvre in which Mary lived and called to the microbe-hunter. The call rose from the folds of a scientific paper, *De Nieuwe Gids*, printed at The Hague. Professor Pieter Verhagen, of the Royal Academy of Sciences, had penned a long article on Gregarines, with special attention to a few unusual members of this order of Sporozoa. It was an airy, watch-me-startle-them article, possibly written in a hurry.

At the moment Mary Dobson was on intimate terms with the Gregarine family. She had smeared them on slides, dashed colouring matter over them, and studied



THEY ate at a small restaurant on the Boulevard St. Germain, Professor Verhagen firing questions continuously at his guest and exhibiting much surprise at her answers

Market Harborough"

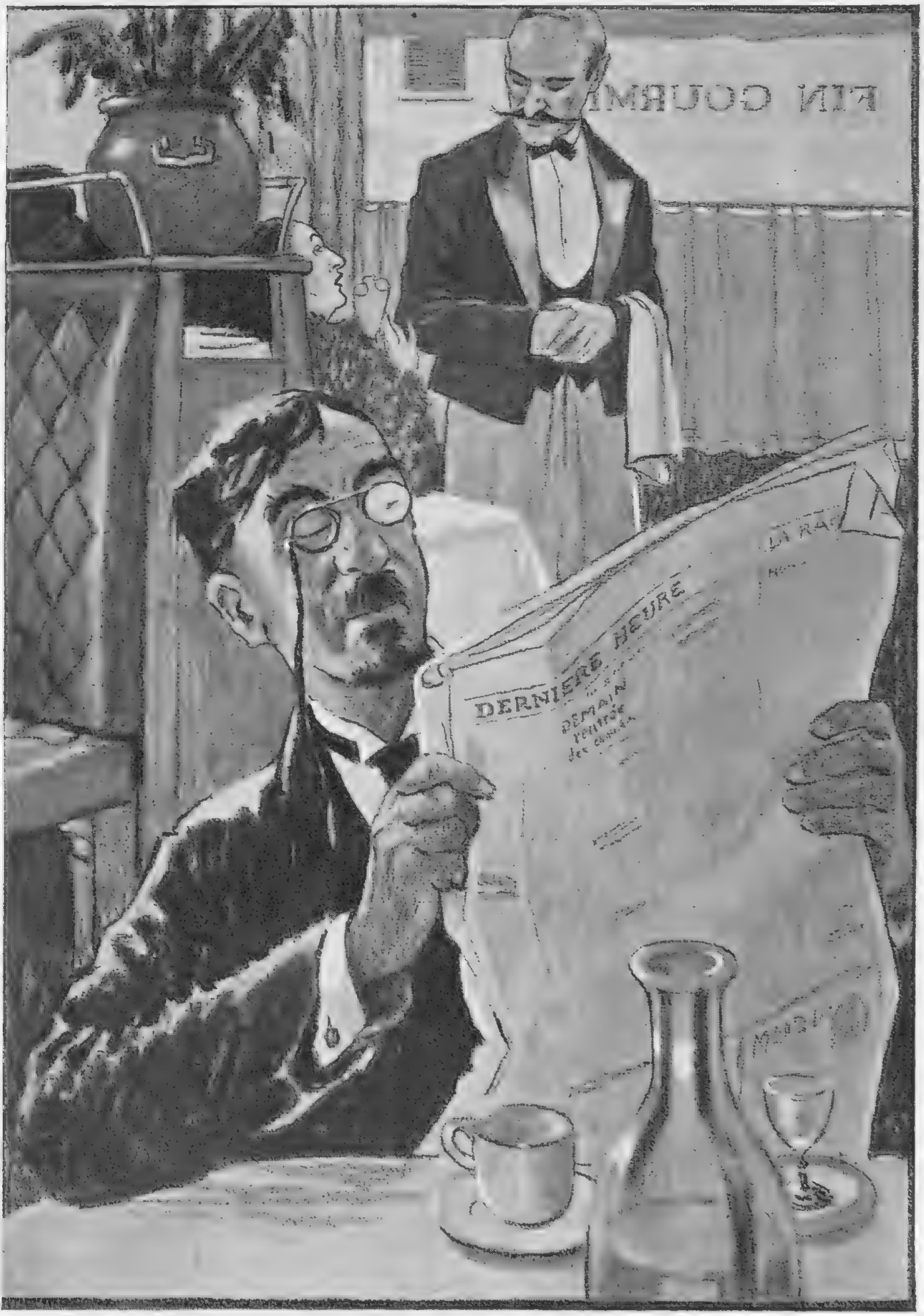
The Story behind the Woman who loved a Microscope—and a Man

Illustrated by Geo. D. Alexander

them through the microscope for hours on end.

Mary Dobson wrote a modest reply to the Professor's letter. She pointed out that he was a little wobbly regarding a humorous devil of the Gregarine family called *Porospora gigantea,* who lives a sheltered life in the intestine of a lobster. Mary knew this gay chappie better than she knew the streets of Market Harborough.

The Professor could take it on the chin. Five days after the letter appeared in the journal the landlady of Mary Dobson brought a visiting card to the girl's room. The card read : " Professor Pieter Verhagen, 16, Stadhouders-Kade, Amsterdam."



NOW Mary Dobson was in all probability the plainest girl that had ever left England for the Continent. If there had been a prize for cross-Channel homeliness she would have surely been placed. She had one asset : strong, finely shaped hands.

Professor Pieter Verhagen, sleuth-eyed in the matter of microbes, saw nothing wrong with the features of Mary Dobson. He was blinded by her intimate acquaintanceship with that fellow, *Porospora gigantea.* He begged her pardon for his rashness in claiming the microbe as a crony. She was right, absolutely right, and he had taken the liberty of calling to abase himself before her. He wondered if Mary would lunch with him ?

They ate at a small restaurant on the Boulevard St. Germain, Professor Verhagen firing questions continuously at his guest and exhibiting much surprise at her answers. Mary was pleased. The Professor's astonishment was flattering.

Verhagen had come to Paris for a conference. After lunch he took the girl to a meeting of the big shots of the scientific world. He introduced Mary to the leading microbe-hunters of Europe, telling how she had corrected his statements regarding old *Porospora gigantea.*

The two spent the following day in a survey of the Ecole de Médecine. Quite a dull place to the ordinary mortal, but thrilling to scientific folk. On the morning of the third day Professor Pieter Verhagen proposed marriage !—an immediate marriage !

In broken English the Professor explained his hurry. In eleven days he was sailing for Batavia, in the East Indies. The Koninklyk Instituut van Nederlandsch-Indië had given him a commission. For a whole year he was free to sit down by the shores of the Java Sea and study anything and everything that came to his hand.

Mary Dobson, when she recovered her speech, said that she would be honoured—immensely honoured. They were married in the Oude Kerk of Amsterdam, and the following day they sailed for Java.

NOW on the very day that Pieter Verhagen and Mary Dobson were married a resident of Whitechapel named William Craney, better known as "The Rat," strayed from his habitat till he reached Trafalgar Square. Shoulders hunched, hands thrust deep in his pockets, he mooched along Cockspur Street, and the posters in the offices of the big shipping companies attracted his attention. There was a sharp wind blowing up from the river, and the eyes of "The Rat" stared at the highly coloured pictures of far-off harbours. On waters of gorgeous blue rode steamers of scarlet and gold, the decks filled with ladies in summer dresses and men in white duck and topees. Around the steamers were bumboats loaded with tropical fruit, and beautiful native women, all daringly uncovered, offered their wares to the passengers who looked coolly down at them.

"Cripes!" gasped "The Rat," as he surveyed the posters. "Ho, cripes! 'Otter'n 'ell hout there, 'n this Lunnon colder'n a hicebug, wit' a fog like a dead man's 'and! When Hi get me 'ooks on fifty quid Hi'll——"

Mr. Craney paused abruptly in his soliloquy. A big, red-faced man stepped from the shipping office into Cockspur Street, holding in his left hand a pigskin wallet into which he was carelessly thrusting an amazing wad of Treasury notes. He headed westward along Pall Mall, and Mr. William Craney followed.

The fog was thicker along Duke Street. Craney cut down the distance that separated him from the man with the wallet. He recalled a verse that he had heard in a doss-house. He mouthed it with blue lips:

"*Tyke me somewhere heast o' Sooez,*
Where de best is like de woist."

"Gee, dat's de plice!" he commented, thrilled by the democratic spirit of the poem. With an effort he fished up two more lines:

"*Where dere ain't no ten commandments*
An' a man can raise a thirst."

"No damn commandments!" he muttered, amazed at the cold statement of the poet. "No cops chisin' yer like they chise the 'lectric 'are at the dog rices! Blimey!"

The unsuspecting red-faced owner of the wallet, knowing nothing of the travel urge in the brain of William Craney, an urge brought to fever heat by the words of Mr. Kipling's poem, turned into a bachelor's flat-house in Jermyn Street. The hall of the house was filled with the fog. Luck was with Craney. From an upturned piece of roadway he snatched a hunk of cement and followed his victim on tiptoes.

On the following day Mr. William Craney left the fogs of London. He possessed a passport. The year previous he had taken two horses to the Maisons-Laffitte races, and a kind Secretary of State had issued a passport requesting "*in the name of His Majesty all those whom it may concern to allow the bearer to pass freely without let or hindrance and to afford him every assistance and protection.*"

"The Rat" had jealously guarded that passport. He showed it to his friends with a few explanatory words: "See, hit's got me phiz pasted hin hit. Funny little book that yer 'ad to flash at the Frogs afore they'd let yer 'op aroun' France."

THE Governor-General of Java received Professor Verhagen and his wife on their arrival. He placed himself at their service. Whatever they wished was theirs for the asking.

Professor Verhagen explained. He and his wife wished to set up their laboratory in a place as far removed as possible from civilisation. They wished to isolate themselves for a period of six months. They would live a simple life, and their only thoughts would be of the tropical life that they had come to study. They had planned everything on the ship. They were going to give themselves up to an orgy of scientific research. They were athirst for their game, and they longed for a place far apart from all distractions.

A kind man was the Governor-General. He understood the two devotees of science. He moved a stubby finger up and down the coastline from Sunda Strait to the Point of Bali, and he pondered. He would be, in a way, the godfather of the tome they would write regarding the seas around the island he governed, and he weighed the matter carefully.

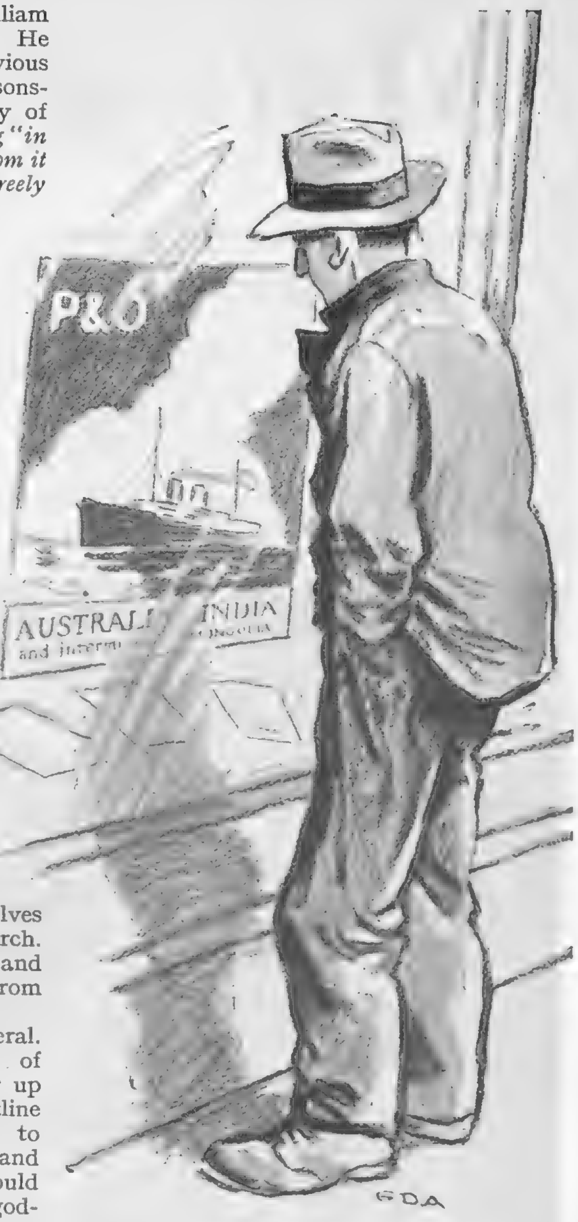
Finally he decided upon a stretch of shore beyond Cape Krawang. The two scientists would be miles from a village and they could work in peace. He would transport them and their possessions in a Government steamer, his men would arrange their huts, and they would have the use of a small motor launch during their stay.

"*Ja, ja.* You will be nice an' quiet dere," he said, addressing Mary Verhagen. "Der leetle microbes dat you lofe will not be afraid to come an' sit wit' you. When will I send for you? Dree months? *Ja?*"

"Six months," laughed Mary. "It will be all too soon. We have provisions for six."

"But if something goes wrong?" asked the Governor.

"Nothing will go wrong," answered Mary. "And if it does we have the launch that will get us back to civilisation."



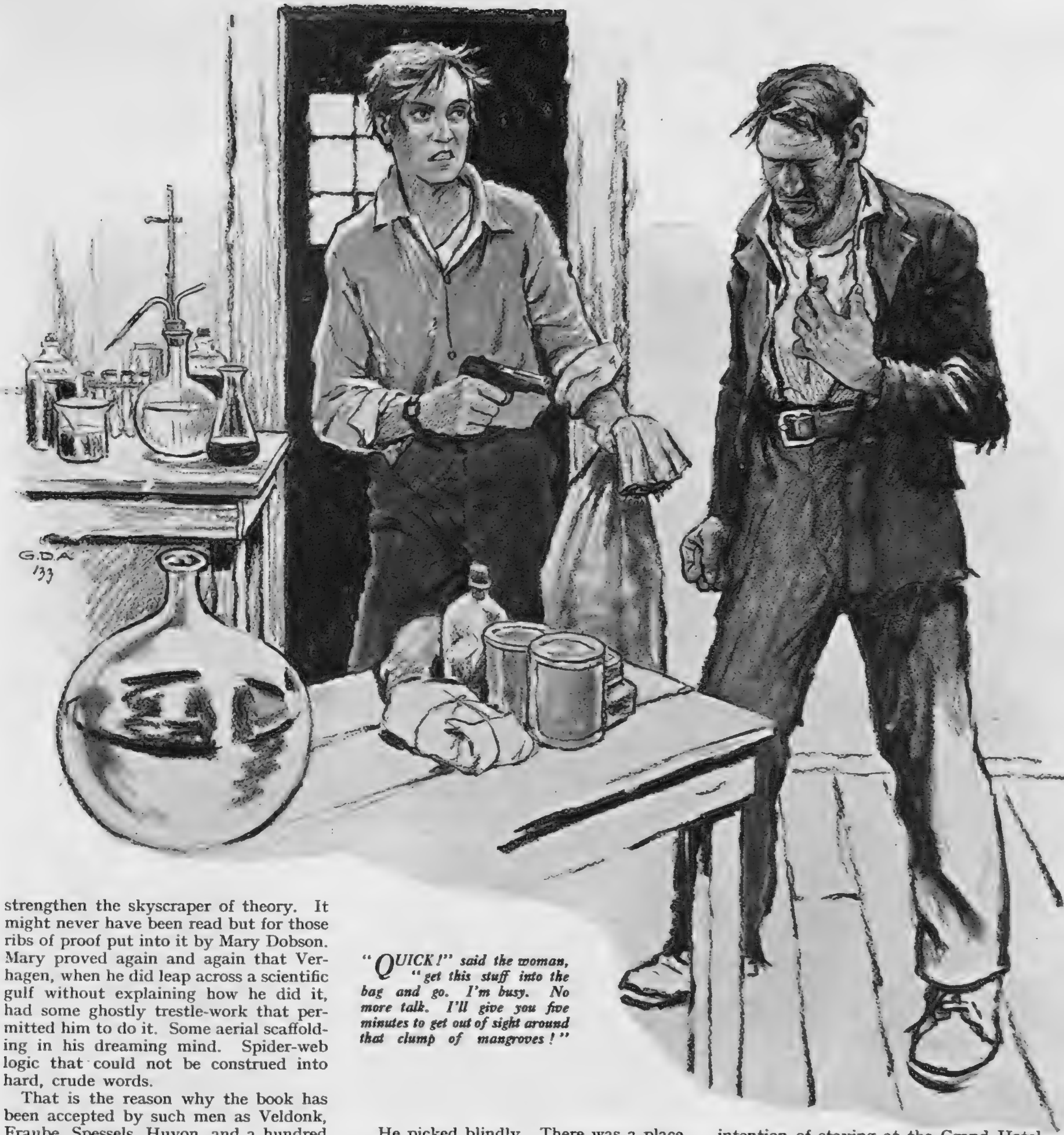
THE posters in the offices of the big shipping companies attracted his attention

The Governor looked at Professor Verhagen and then at Mary Dobson. The Governor was impressed with the amazing knowledge of the Professor, but he had great faith in Mary.

A clever old bird was the Governor-General. Read that great book, *Nederlandsch-Indië*, by Professor Pieter Verhagen and Mary Dobson Verhagen. You can see the parts that are Pieter's and the parts that were written by Mary Dobson. For Verhagen was continuously leaping forward on the wings of imagination, while behind him came Mary with the Corinthian pillars of logic, making it possible for the reader to follow the visionary.

The book, or at least that part of it which is purely from the pen of Verhagen, is a scientific excitant of extraordinary power. Each paragraph is a ghostly door that opens for flashing seconds before the eyes of the reader. Opens and closes again for want of the plug of proof to hold it wide. Verhagen had no desire for proof. He saw the continuation of a trail on the other side of the abyss and he stepped across on thin air.

It is a staggering work. It might have been considered a fantastic work if it had not been for the woman who thrust up here and there steel bars of logic to



"QUICK!" said the woman, "get this stuff into the bag and go. I'm busy. No more talk. I'll give you five minutes to get out of sight around that clump of mangroves!"

strengthen the skyscraper of theory. It might never have been read but for those ribs of proof put into it by Mary Dobson. Mary proved again and again that Verhagen, when he did leap across a scientific gulf without explaining how he did it, had some ghostly trestle-work that permitted him to do it. Some aerial scaffolding in his dreaming mind. Spider-web logic that could not be construed into hard, crude words.

That is the reason why the book has been accepted by such men as Veldonk, Fraube, Spessels, Huvon, and a hundred others. Mary Dobson has shown them that Verhagen really could leap gulfs. He was the poet with the microscope; to him came flashes of vision that were startling.

Professor Pieter Verhagen was writing for himself, but Mary Dobson was working hard to make the world see him as a genius and not a hare-brained visionary.

IN that pigskin wallet that Mr. William Craney took from the pocket of an unconscious man in the hall of a bachelor's-flat house in Jermyn Street there was exactly one hundred and thirteen pounds and thirteen shillings. "The Rat" was a trifle superstitious about the recurrence of the number thirteen, but he steeled himself against the momentary fear. The East was calling to Mr. Craney. Calling loudly.

He picked blindly. There was a place called Singapore. He liked the name. So, as a steerage passenger on a P. and O. liner, he arrived at Keppel Harbour. There was no reception committee.

Mr. Craney went ashore with a small bundle of dirty clothes and took a tram from Tanjong Pagar Dock to the city. A tall, white-turbaned Hindu policeman turned a hard eye on him as he walked across Cavenagh Bridge, and "The Rat" swore fiercely in an undertone. If, as Mr. Kipling asserted, there were no Ten Commandments east of Suez, why the Hades should a policeman stare at him? He had an inclination to ask the cop what he was staring at. The Singapore police knew nothing of his record so faithfully kept in Whitechapel.

Although Mr. Craney was the possessor of seventy-one pounds, which he intended to turn into Straits dollars the moment he got the hang of things, he had no intention of staying at the Grand Hotel de l'Europe or the Adelphi. He found a furnished room in the house of a half-caste woman in North Bridge Road, and he whistled softly to himself as he sniffed the warm breeze that came romping in over Raffles Plain. He informed a continuously complaining inner self that it wasn't so crimson rotten after all. The Commandments might still be in force, but there was an atmosphere of moral laxity that was refreshing after London. The cops were just niggers, anyhow; not nearly so frightening as the human lamp-posts of the homeland. Why, the boys in Bill Craney's district would throw a coloured cop into the Thames if the Police Commissioner employed them.

Mr. Craney took a walk that evening, and he found the town "not too stinkin'." He thought he would like it. He strolled along Rochore

(Continued on page 96)

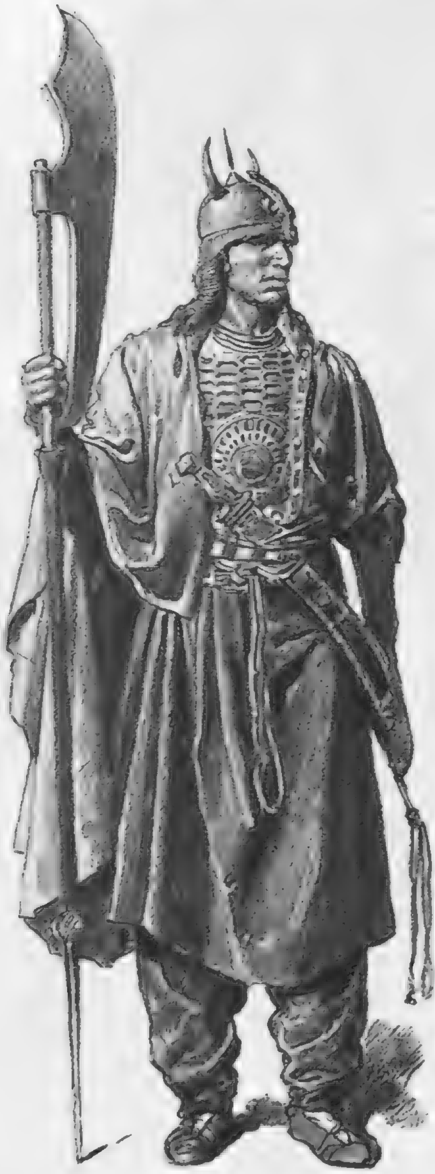
Strange Chapters in History

Romantic Cameos of Long Ago

Retold and illustrated by = F. Matania, R.I.

No. 23.—Christmas with the Crusaders

JERUSALEM! Jerusalem the Golden! Not the mere capital of Palestine; no longer the tribal city, the centre of history just for a bearded, semitic, quarrelsome and intolerably arrogant race; but the capital of the Holy Land; the central city and the focus of the whole great civilisation that was the heritor of Greece and Rome; at once the cradle and the goal of Christendom; the *terra sacra orbis terrarum*.



The Oppressor. A guard of the Kalif Hakem, whose persecution of the Christians was pursued with the violence of fanaticism

The primal urge which drove the early Christians was the desire to go to Jerusalem; to behold the Sepulchre of the Saviour, to ascend the Mount of Olives, to tread the way to Calvary, to trace each footprint on the Via Dolorosa. . . .

When the Cross soared high above the world and was set secure upon the throne of Rome, the Holy Land grew rich with temples and churches surrounding, and actually covering, every spot consecrated by the Presence, hallowed by the deeds of the Redeemer. Thither flocked pilgrims in their thousands—princes of the blood, knights, esquires, burgesses, beggars—their rank obliterated in the Divine Democracy of Salvation.

But the Holy Land, though the spiritual dominion of Europe, was the physical territory of wave upon wave of successive paynim masters. Kalif, shah, emperor, sultan, Pharaoh ruled it in turn. Upon one policy only were they agreed—the policy of death to the Christian. Asia, static with the nihilism of its ancient faiths, dynamic with the whirlwind of Islam, united into a phalanx of heathenry for one purpose only—to crush by torture or by death the Testators of the New.

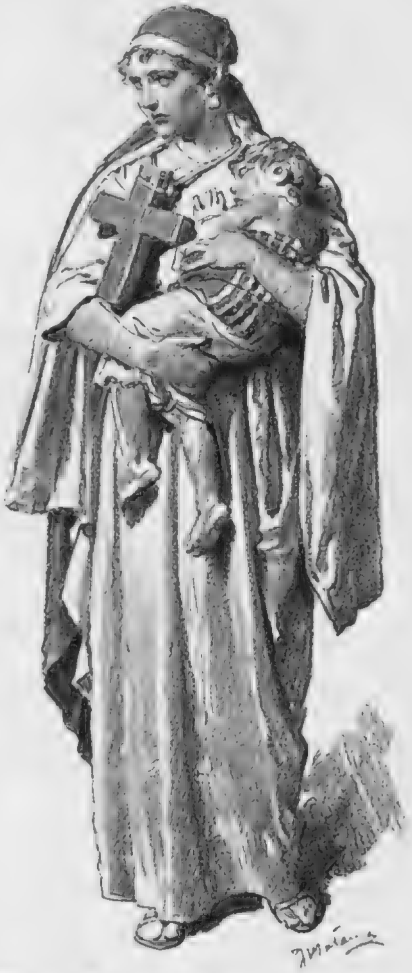
Untold oppressions were inflicted upon the religious. They were chased from their homes and insulted in their churches. Each new ruler of Palestine increased the public tribute. Christians were forbidden to bear arms, to ride a horse, even to speak Arabic, the *lingua franca* of the land, now by statute reserved to the worshippers of the Qoran. A fixed leather belt was the mark of their servitude. From the seventh century even until the eleventh, things did not change. Despite all the hardships, however, pilgrimages yearly increased from France, from England, and from Italy. It was only when the empery of Charlemagne towered over Europe that conditions in any way improved.

Under the Kalif Hakem, from the year 996 to 1021, the persecution of the Christian was pursued with the violence of fanaticism. He imposed a wooden cross of the weight of 5 lb. to be hung round the neck of every Christian. They were allowed only mules or donkeys for their transport. He confiscated their property and bereft them of their children.

Hakem was told one day that, in the Church of St. Sepulchre, there was a lamp suspended by a chain over the Tomb. This chain was greased with oil, and the oil was lit from above through the ceiling. The feeble flame, slowly travelling down the chain, reached the wick, so kindling the lamp. The Christians assembled in the church shouted with religious enthusiasm, believing that the fire descended from heaven upon the Holy Tomb. The Kalif, scorning such blind simplicity even as he denied true miracle, ordered the demolition of the temple.

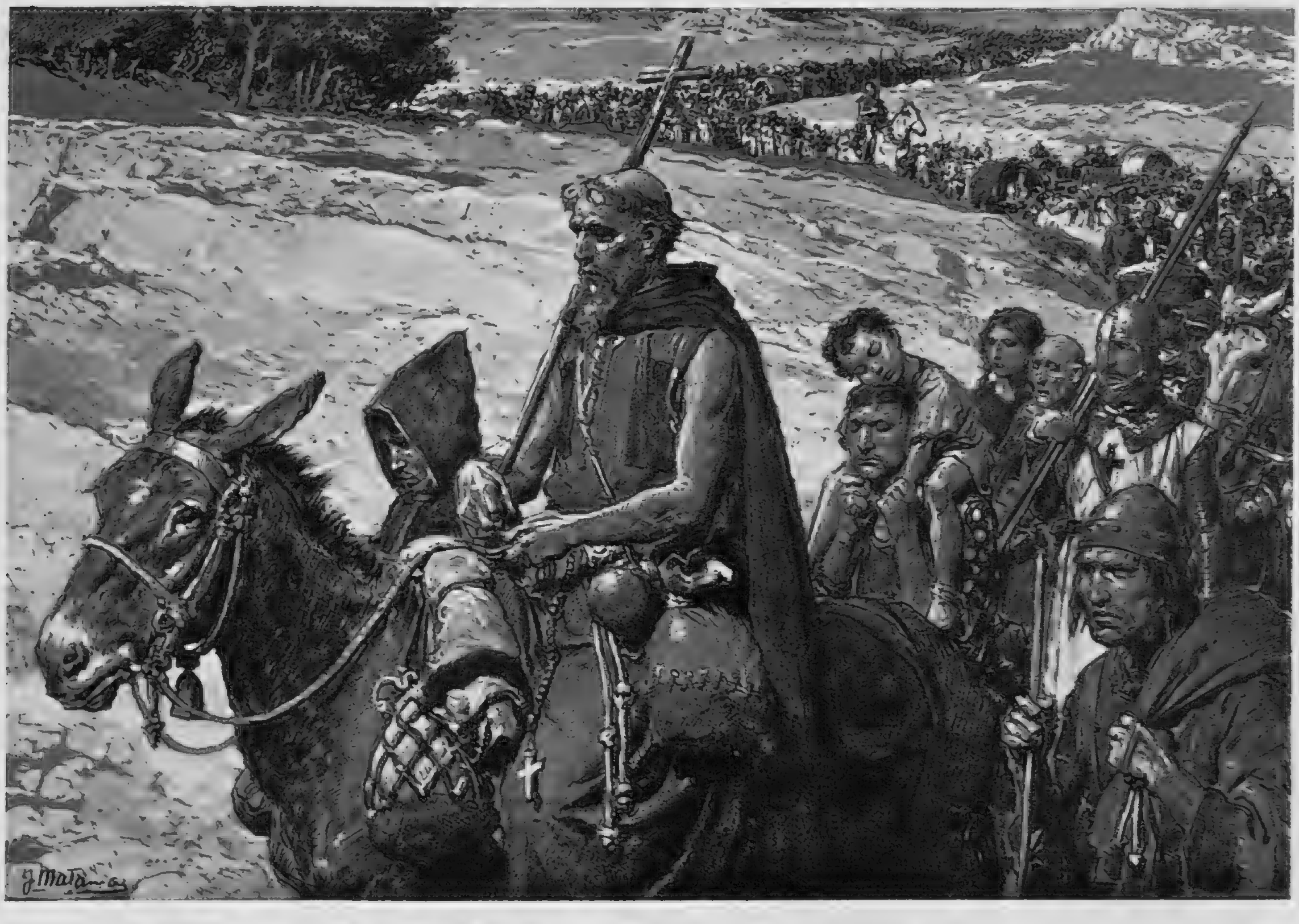
Another day, a dead dog was found under the door of a mosque. This outrage was attributed to the Christians, and Hakem ordered that they should all be killed like dogs. As the soldiers prepared for the execution, a young Christian, although innocent, gave himself up as the author of the desecration, lest the Christendom of Jerusalem be annihilated—the inspiration of Tasso for his poem, "Olindo and Sofrania," in his "Gerusalemme Liberata."

WHEN these things, and many like them, became known, Europe flamed into an enthusiasm that ended in



The Oppressed. The Kalif Hakem imposed a wooden cross of the weight of five pounds to be hung round the neck of every Christian the Crusades. Hildebrand, Pope Gregory VII., organised the expedition. News arrived that the Turks, after conquering the Persians, had assailed the Greek division of the Roman Empire, and invaded Asia Minor, Syria and Palestine. They had even taken Jerusalem. Christian inhabitants, visitors, strangers, pilgrims and priests were the victims of the most hideous cruelty, even greater than those inflicted under the Kalif of Persia and Egypt.

The passion for the deliverance of Jerusalem lay dormant in every heart, like a seed in the earth; and in the fullness of time blossomed into the scarlet flower of war.



Peter the Hermit at the head of his Crusaders

PETER THE HERMIT was, in his youth, a soldier. He married, and became the father of several children. After losing his wife, he entered a monastery, and devoted himself to solitude. Some time afterwards, when still an obscure monk, he took part in a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. He returned, and, burning with his wrongs, called upon Christendom to deliver Jerusalem.

Small, bearded, ascetic, Peter seemed no leader of a gigantic enterprise. But so great was his spirit, so superb his will, so piercing his eye, so instinct with life his whole personality, that Europe swayed to him as a forest to a gale.

Ghibert de Nogent, writing at the time when the Hermit was a pilgrim of war through Europe, as he had been a pilgrim of peace in Jerusalem, writes: "The people follow him and surround him in crowds, celebrating his saintliness with words no mortal has ever commanded. He united estranged husbands and wives; the authority with which he dealt with every phase of life convinced everyone of an inherent divinity."

The deliverance of Jerusalem from the hands of the infidel became the high purpose of every nation. Volunteers flocked in from the highest ranks of the nobility down to the humblest peasant.

On November 28, 1095, the Council of Clermont arranged that the departure of the Crusade to the Holy Land should take place in the August of the following year; but the impatient people could not resign themselves to wait so long, and on March 8, 1096, three huge crowds—the first about 80,000 strong, the second and third about 20,000 each—started their march.

Women, children, knights with their banners and their suites, beggars, priests, monks and nuns who had run away from their monasteries and convents against the order of the Pope, speculators of every description, ruffians improvised as soldiers, genuine enthusiasts, poor families followed by carts containing their baggage and pulled by donkeys, dogs and oxen—a heterogeneous mass masquerading as an army, with only one thing in common—their Faith—swept across the world.

There was no organisation. Such few provisions as there were were unequally distributed.

The word Jerusalem was on every lip, to such an extent that, after they had gone but a few miles, children asked of every village glimpsed on the skyline if *that* were Jerusalem.

Peter the Hermit was at the head of the 80,000; a Knight of Burgundy, Chevalier Gautier de Bourgogne, led the second; and the third group was under the guidance of a German priest, Father Gottschalk.

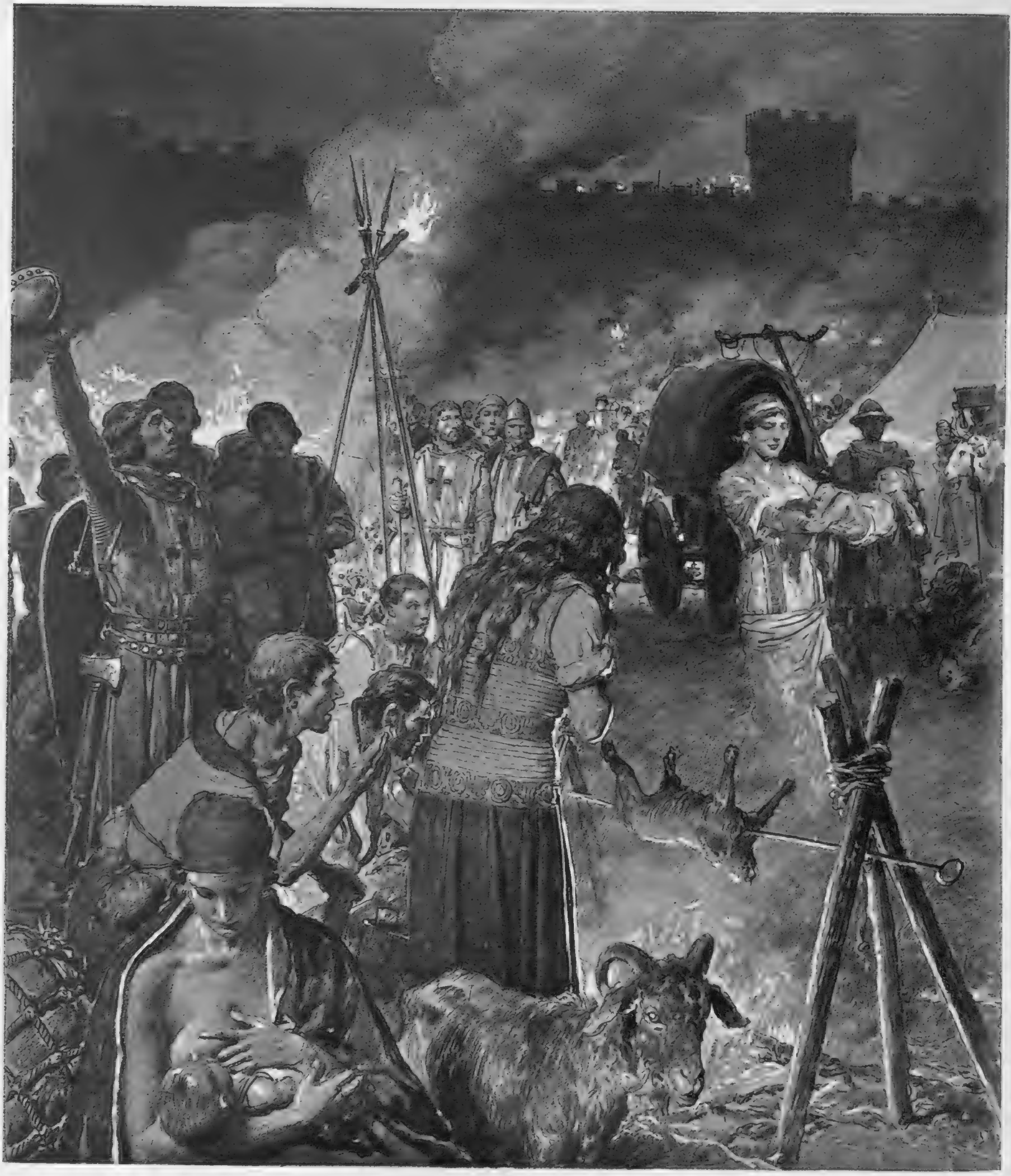
As these bands passed through Hungary, Bulgaria, and the provinces of the Greek Empire, with its capital in the city of Constantine, their behaviour became more and more objectionable. Some were driven by sheer brutality; others by the sheer necessity of getting food. Their approach became a menace to peaceful villagers and the governors of the cities, with the disastrous consequence that they were repulsed as enemies instead of being accepted as fellow-Christians.

Peter strove to prevent these excesses, but he had no experience in dealing with such a multitude. Still more difficult was it to cope with the new bands that were formed without his knowledge and who were following at a great—and safe—distance.

These indulged in such orgies of loot and debauchery, in the name of the Holy Cross, that they were slaughtered in thousands not only by the Turks, but by the Hungarians.

Towards the end of the year, this amazing crowd of self-styled Crusaders reached Constantinople.

Embellished by sumptuous buildings in Roman, Greek, and Oriental architecture, the capital of the Eastern Empire presented an *ensemble* of luxury and splendour unequalled in any other part of the world. The golden columns



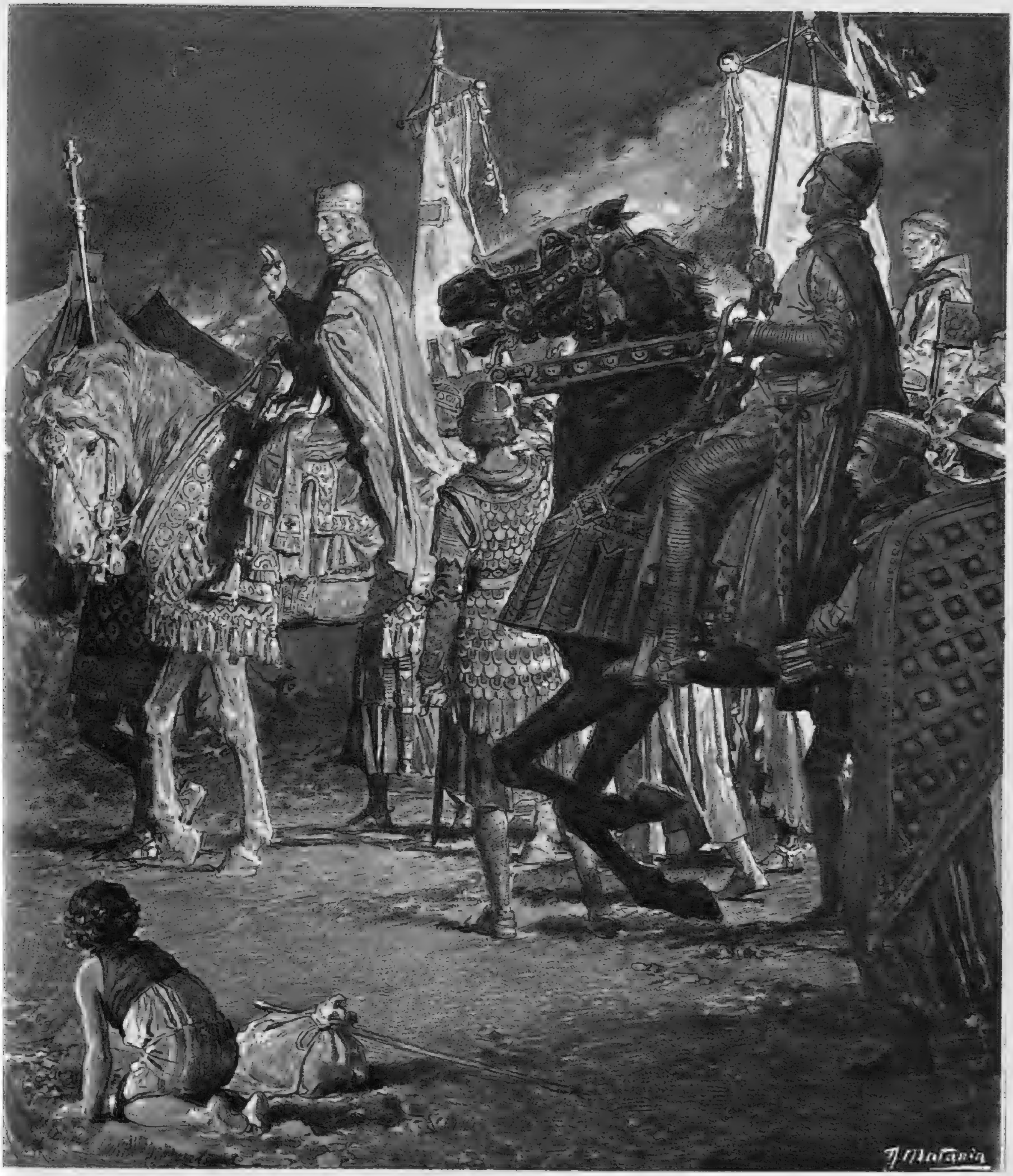
Christmas in the camp of the Crusaders outside the walls of Constantinople

of the temples, the silver cupolas gleaming in the sun, the towering, delicate minarets, and sturdy Roman columns supporting huge statues of Victory, with their wings spread wide to the blue sky; the noisy markets, overflowing with wealth; colours rich, beautiful, intoxicating—all this seemed a dream of material Paradise to the famished crowds. With some difficulty, they were admitted to the capital of the Empire, but they did not stay there long. The sight of the riches destroyed in them all sense of measure.

Hospitality degenerated into hostility, well justified by the ravening lootage of the newcomers. Ensued quarrels, affrays and murders, until the gates of Constantinople were closed on the intruders. One day, towards the end of the year, the most imposing spectacle inflamed new hopes in the hearts of the dejected survivors who were scattered on the other side of the Bosphorus. The appearance of the first army of the real Crusaders!

Every historian has striven to find words adequate to describe the magni-

No. 23. Christmas with the Crusaders



As darkness fell, thousands of lights appeared. Here and there, bishops and high priests on horseback, accompanied by a retinue of cavalry, made their way through the multitude showering the largesse of benediction

ficence of this spectacle. Every one of them affirms that never in the world had anything like it been seen before. It seemed the outcome of a competition among the richest knights of every country to outdo each other in the splendour of their armour.

Thousands of banners displayed to the sun the glitter of their charges, their quarterings, their bearings; noblest names of Europe were represented.

Every man bore one Cross sewn on his breast, and another alive in his heart.

The Child who lay in the manger had called forth the chivalric might of a continent; the Felon who died on the Cross held the princes of the earth in thrall; and, to complete the paradox, the supreme Force of Peace animated the most magnificent, furious, and rapacious army the world had seen for centuries.

At the head of this huge army was Godfroy de Bouillon, Duke of Lorraine, a man proved to possess every quality required for such an enterprise. He was firm and tactful in his relations with kings and governors, and extremely human with everyone. As a warrior, there was no shield or buckler which could withstand the fall of his sword.

The Eastern Emperor Alexius, although nominally a Christian, was, in classical phrase, a Janus, or, as vernacular Bunyan would say, "Mr. Facing-Both-Ways." He had not taken a definite stand for or against the Crusaders.

He changed his policy almost every day, and, when Godfroy de Bouillon reached the gates of Constantinople, he found them closed.

The hungry pilgrims, in order to get food, had resorted to pillage. They ransacked the villages outside of the capital, and the camp of the Crusaders was besieged by the hungry crowd of camp followers and preceders demanding provisions.

Meanwhile, a messenger from the Emperor brought an invitation for Godfroy to visit the royal palace. But Alexius was not a man to be trusted, and Godfroy, in declining to accept the invitation, asked for free access to the markets.

When this request was refused, pandemonium broke out. The soldiers, until then disciplined and orderly, joined the crowd in laying waste the countryside. Godfroy, hoping that Alexius would rescind his decision, put no other restraint on his soldiers than that of respecting human life.

The position soon became untenable for both parties, and its prolongation could only produce more excesses on the part of the Crusaders and more vengeance on the part of Alexius, when an inspiration decided Godfroy to send a messenger proposing the cessation of hostilities during the festival of Christmas.

A few hours after the departure of the messenger, one of the gates was opened, and the banner of Embassy appeared above the heads of the horsemen who were waiting outside the wall. Simultaneously they turned and rode towards the camp. It seemed more like a cavalry charge than an escort to an ambassador, and, strangely enough, the gates were not closed again. Even from a distance a kind of tumult coming from within the city could be distinctly heard.

More gates were opened. Up on the walls the heavy stillness of the defence was disturbed by a sudden commotion, and one could see the machines and the huge balisters being covered with canvas.

From the camp of the leader the blare of horns announced the truce. Like the crowing of cocks in the morning, horn after horn took up the call. At the same time a score of messengers on horseback were despatched in all directions, to announce the cessation of hostilities, that the markets would be open to the Crusaders until after Christmas.

As the news spread, endless processions of merchants sprang up from everywhere —even from those villages which had been pitilessly searched. Where had they hidden so many sacks of cereals and dried fruits? How had they succeeded in saving from the rapacious hands of the marauders so many head of cattle?

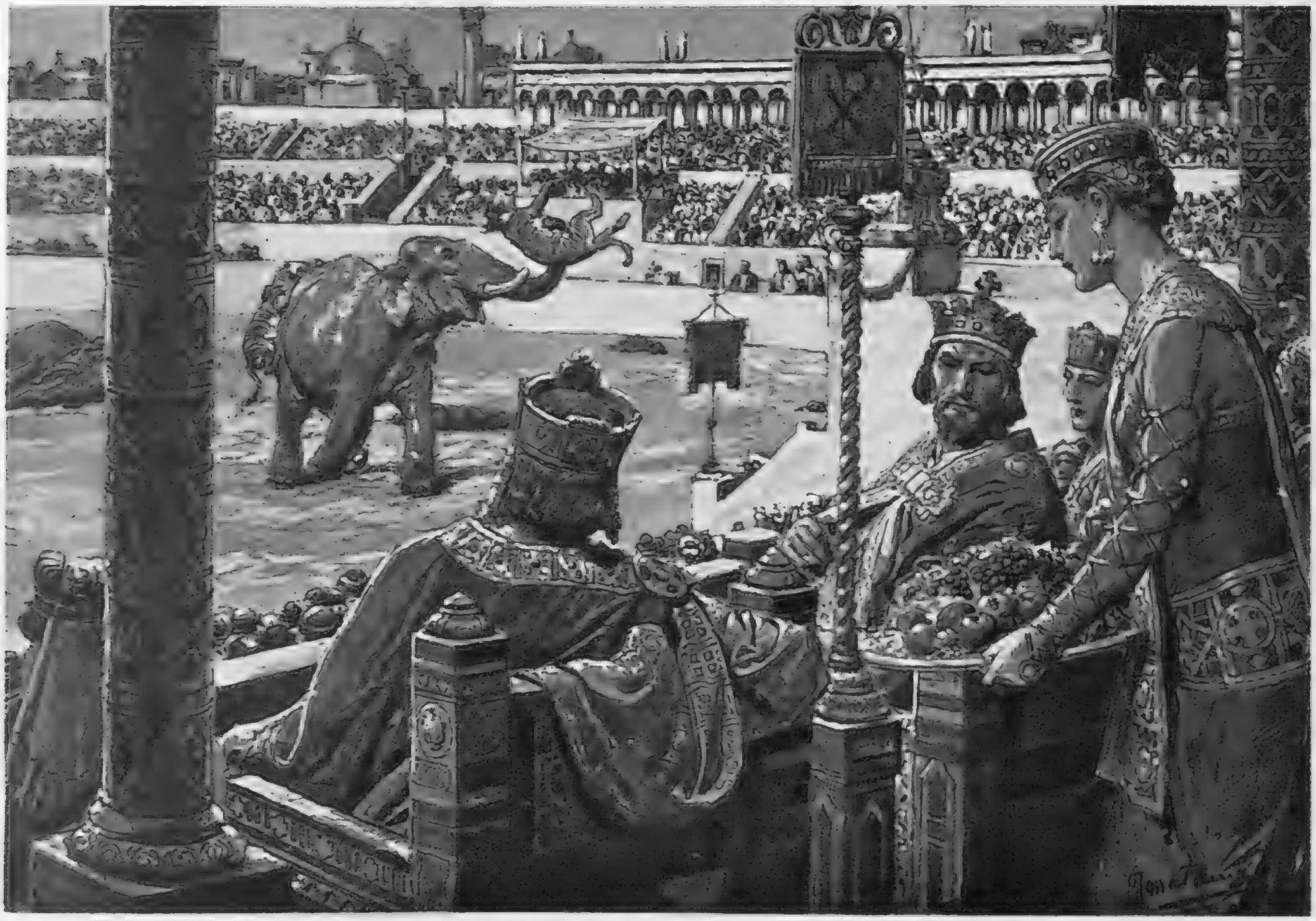
And now they came, smiling and trustful, as though nothing had happened, guiding their flocks of turkeys, their donkeys overloaded with baskets of half-suffocated chickens. They scattered everywhere, no matter what their religion, to make the sign of the Cross in order to gild their wares with the impression of unity between buyer and seller.

Everyone had something to sell, and everyone something to buy. A good many accumulated provisions against a day of famine. The servants of the rich knights drove their empty wagons towards the opulent bazaars of Constantinople. New tents, springing up like mushrooms, showed at their peaks the pinnacle of the Cross. These were the field churches. They, too, were constantly crowded and, triumphant above the hubbub of the mart, sounded the hymns of the liturgy.

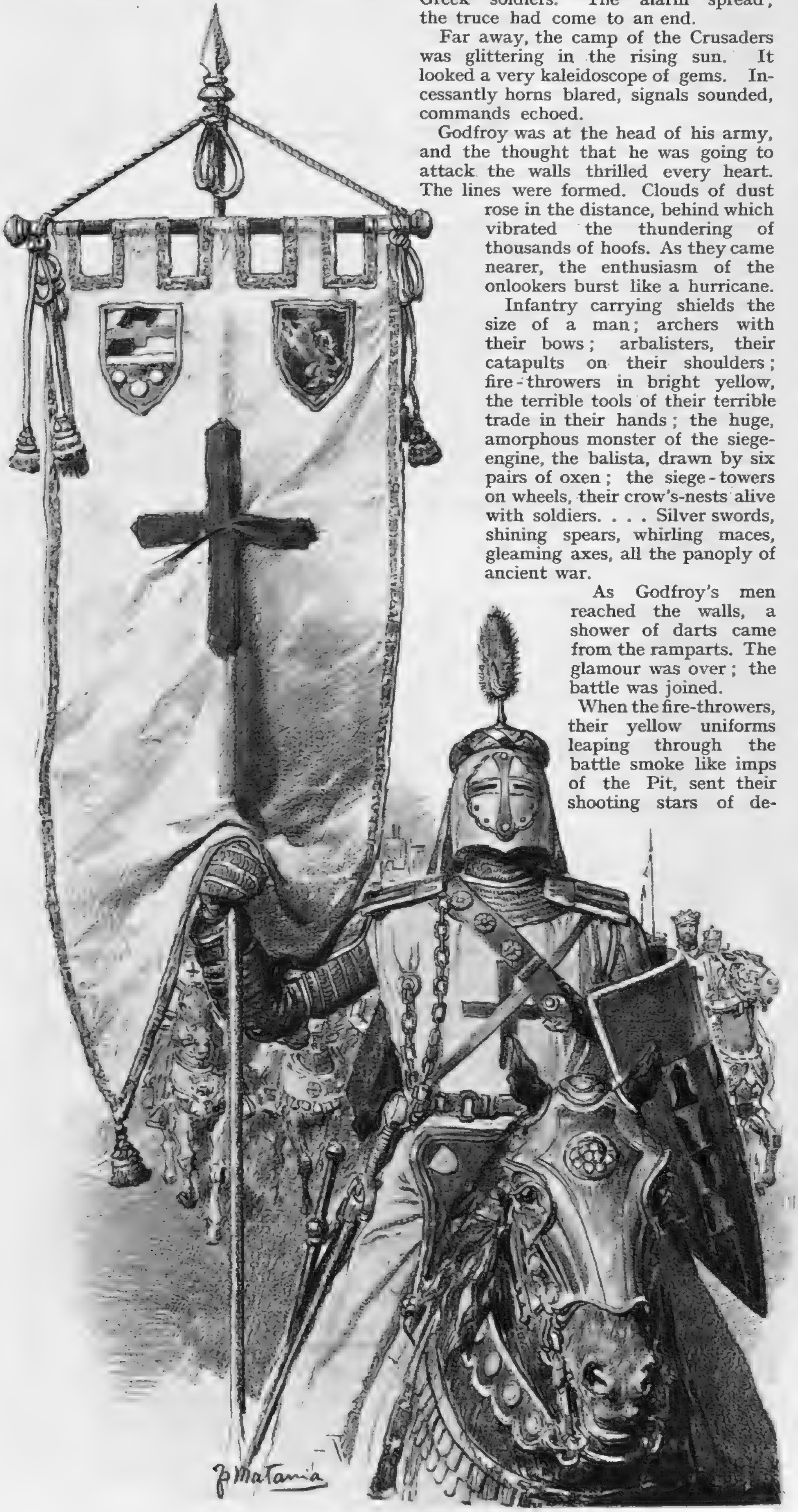
The splendour of the train had attracted from Constantinople a tremendous number of distinguished visitors, many of whom were women. This was the age of chivalry—say, rather, of gallantry. No need to say how accomplished was the hospitality of the young knights, how rich the banquets, how quick the flourishing of romance, how profuse the gaiety and wine. The knowledge of the morrow's separation made the momentary meeting a high adventure.

Christmas is Christmas, and youth makes of it a joy with every means.

As darkness fell, thousands of lights appeared. Torches and candles twinkled, fires blazed throughout the camps. The odour of burning twigs mixed with the characteristic aroma of wine dripped over the roasted meat. Here and there, bishops and high priests on horseback, accompanied by a retinue of cavalry.



The Hippodrome of Constantinople. All that had formed the amusement of the anti-Christian world went to form the yearly show of a Christian people in a Christian festival at Christmas made their way through the multitude, showering the largesse of benediction. Sometimes they passed before a gorgeous tent, where the warriors fell on their knees with the precision of military drill; sometimes they passed through a picturesque hurly-burly of gipsies, eager to expose their babies to the gesture before which mighty and humble alike bent the knee.



It was only at dawn that quietude and silence closed the first really happy day of the pilgrimage; but, like all beautiful things, it did not last long. Morning found all the gates shut again. From the ramparts came the sneers of the Greek soldiers. The alarm spread; the truce had come to an end.

Far away, the camp of the Crusaders was glittering in the rising sun. It looked a very kaleidoscope of gems. Incessantly horns blared, signals sounded, commands echoed.

Godfroy was at the head of his army, and the thought that he was going to attack the walls thrilled every heart. The lines were formed. Clouds of dust rose in the distance, behind which vibrated the thundering of thousands of hoofs. As they came nearer, the enthusiasm of the onlookers burst like a hurricane.

Infantry carrying shields the size of a man; archers with their bows; arbalisters, their catapults on their shoulders; fire-throwers in bright yellow, the terrible tools of their terrible trade in their hands; the huge, amorphous monster of the siege-engine, the balista, drawn by six pairs of oxen; the siege-towers on wheels, their crow's-nests alive with soldiers. . . . Silver swords, shining spears, whirling maces, gleaming axes, all the panoply of ancient war.

As Godfroy's men reached the walls, a shower of darts came from the ramparts. The glamour was over; the battle was joined.

When the fire-throwers, their yellow uniforms leaping through the battle smoke like imps of the Pit, sent their shooting stars of destruction—distaffs dipped in tow and pitch and fired from a bow—coruscating over the walls, Godfroy was horror-stricken.

He had set out to snatch Jerusalem from the hands of the Infidel, and he was compelled to fight against the capital of the Christian Roman Empire. His intention had been but to cow Alexius with the sheer display of his might, but a new act of provocation threatened to give another turn to the whole affair. A body of the city's troops appeared out of the walls and made a daring sortie against the Crusaders.

At last the latter had the chance of a hand-to-hand fight.

Suddenly gangways were opened through the lines, and the high cavalry of the Crusade passed through the body of the infantry. As they came to the fore, they closed together and charged. Before that onslaught, the sortie stampeded to the gates. The metallic blows of the maces resounded on the helm or shattered chain steel. The Greek shields rolled down the slope like children's hoops, while their owners fought their way through the half-opened gates.

An hour later, Crusaders and Imperial soldiers were helping to bring in the wounded, wondering why on earth they had been sent out.

The news of this little lesson was brought to the Emperor as he sat at meat. Another and braver man would have tried to save his dignity by inflicting a better organised reprisal. But Alexius was what he was.

He sent a cordial invitation to Godfroy to come to the Palace and enjoy with him all the traditional festivities of Christmas.

This time Godfroy, persuaded by Hugh of Vermandois, consented to pay homage to the monarch. It was with no little reluctance that the great Christian warrior bent his knee before Alexius, who, having won his point, arranged that the festivities to be seen by the Crusaders should surpass in magnificence anything that had ever been seen before. For those few days all trouble and responsibility were forgotten.

The Latins were deeply impressed by the luxury of the presents that were lavishly bestowed on them, by the superb spectacle of the Cathedral of St. Sophia, by the banquets worthy of the folly of ancient—and decadent—Rome.

Paganism was still rampant in Constantinople.

The scenes in the circus wanted only the appearance of the Gladiators or Christian martyrs to be identical with the entertainment of Nero. But for that, there was no difference between the Hippodrome of Constantinople and the Colosseum of Caligula. Hundreds of wild beasts were slaughtered or made to fight each other. Dances, fights, races, profane pantomimes, and all that had formed the amusement of the anti-Christian world went to form the yearly show of a Christian people in a Christian city at the most Christian festival of Christmas.

After that, with all the honours of war, with all the blessings of bishops, and with the safe conduct of the Emperor, the Crusaders struck camp, and the greatest, the sublimest, the most ineffectual pilgrimage of history began.

"ABOUT that hotel dance we are supposed to be going to . . . d'you mind if we stay here instead, Larry?"

Wimmin—Gur—r—rh!

"WIMMIN—Gur-r-rh!" growled the little Medical Officer, bending over the cot in the improvised ambulance-plane and stabbing Larry Brading's brown arm with a hypodermic of anti-tetanus. "If I could inject ye with an anti-woman serum, my boy, I 'd be doing ye mair real sairvice than preserving ye against the possibeelity of lock-jaw."

Despite the Zakka Khel bullet lying somewhere beneath the curve of his ribs, and the sword-cut across one wide shoulder, Larry Brading grinned. Women inspired a good deal of thought in that remote Himalayan valley, and it was just like the doctor to point a final surgical precaution with one of his wisecracks at that favourite topic. Glancing sideways through a window of the plane to the bare, burnt hills in which he had sweated and laboured for two years with never so much as a sight of a white woman, he took a sip of tinned milk and brandy from an aluminium mug handed to him by the Indian medical orderly, and retorted:

"Thank the Lord you can't, Doctor! I don't care what you say; life without women is not even half a life. They give the bloom to existence. And—to repeat myself—if there 's one thing I 'm looking forward to more than anything, it 's resuming contact with that bloom."

The M.O. put the nickel syringe in a cracked enamel tray, wiped his fingers on his khaki shorts and said:

"As a sensible man—myself, I mean—I should have thought ye 'd have been thinking mair of getting under the X-ray at Pindi Hospital and having that chunk of lead hooked out of ye. But you boys will never know when ye are well off until some woman learns ye. What do ye say, Sir?"

The grey-haired Chief of the Road did not reply at once. Angular back to his subordinates, field-glasses steadied against a window-frame, he was watching in the clear dawn light the flicker of a signal-flag high up on the far side of the valley. Larry Brading's eyes, blue and long-visioned like a sailor's, watched it, too. It told him that the Militia pickets were in position to prevent the tribesmen indulging their favourite pastime of sniping anything that moved outside the walls of the little, squat fort near which the airplane was parked. Their usual target was a few British officers playing tennis on the improvised court of baked mud, or a working party on the Road. To be unable to work or play without first picketing the heights gave a kick, for a while, to the daily round, but grew monotonous by repetition. A man's life, perhaps, but only half the life of a man, like that of those celibate *yogis* in Tibet, towards which the Road was slowly crawling. No wonder that the illustrated weeklies which the *dak* brought up with the mail every six weeks became dog-eared before *The Times* lost its folder creases!

Then the chief turned inwards, relighting a foul pipe.

"There 's a lot in what the Doctor says, Brading. We place too high a value on women in spots like this, where there aren't any. Idealise them. Don't forget they can put a deuce of a brake on a man's career. The trouble is, you young men look on your jobs mostly as a means of supporting yourselves in the chase of some woman or other. That 's the true reason why we old 'uns hold the top jobs. There are exceptions, of course, and I was hoping you were one."

"It 's a question of proportion, Sir," Brading said. "One is only young once, and at thirty-two it 's time I did a little adjusting."

"You mean you don't want to come back?"

"Not frightfully, Sir. After all, I 've done what I came for—put up two bridges that the tribesmen can't pull down, and——"

"Taken part in two scraps ye had no right to be in," interpolated the Doctor.

Women are the devil—maybe they are, but, as Larry Brading said before he burnt his fingers, "They give the bloom to existence"

By F. E. Verney

Illustrated by Pimlott

They all grinned at that. They knew each other very well, these three lean brown men. Until the Punitive Expedition had arrived, suspending work on the road, there had only been three other white men in the Post—another engineer like Brading and two officers of Border Militia. And in the intimacy of that isolation the Chief had plenty of opportunity of studying his second-in-command—Brading.

He said : " I want you to think twice about that, Brading. You are cut out for this Road. Your ' tour ' is up, I know. But when they have patched you up in Pindi, come right back. I am due for a move shortly, and I'll see you get my job. By the time you are forty you will be Director of Roads with a K.C.S.I. after your name."

" And all the women you want after it, too," the Doctor added cynically.

" That's remarkably decent of you, sir," Brading said. " I'll think about it if I may."

The Chief considered him for a moment and knew he had lost. " Well—goodbye, Brading"—holding out his hand. " And good luck. Here's your pilot coming."

Larry Brading's intention of returning to England on discharge from hospital was frustrated as much by his exploit at Dera as by his condition. CIVILIAN HOLDS A PASS WITH DEAD PUNJABIS AND MACHINE GUN had head-lined most of the newspapers.

" Why not go up to Kashmir and convalesce," suggested the President with a twinkling eye. " The season's in full swing, and all the best-looking females in India are up there. Grass widows galore. It's only a day's motor drive from here."

" That'll suit me down to the ground," Larry declared. " I've friends up there. I'll hire the fastest car in Pindi, and get off right away."

THUS it happened that Larry resumed contact with the bloom of life in Syrinagar after two blank months which had done no more than whet his appetite for that bloom. Peach blossoms covered the fertile valleys, fields were blue with wild iris, and the great avenue of giant poplars which shaded the last nineteen miles of his day's run from Rawal Pindi to Hari Singh's capital was in full green leaf. And on the deep-emerald waters of the Jhelum, under huge plane trees, the mat-rooved *doongas* of bachelors on leave, discreetly muzzled palatial house-boats with gay awnings and windows sophisticated with brilliant flower boxes.

Lady Avril Carlisle conducted Larry's reinitiation. She took him in hand on the afternoon of his first appearance at the club, which looks like a country house transplanted from the side of the Thames. Wearing a white afternoon cotton frock of that rue Cambon artlessness which must have cost her husband a good many of those rupees he was earning at that moment down in the Punjab, she resembled Greta Garbo as nearly as any woman can whose fair skin is set off by large black eyes and blue-black hair. Larry picked her out the moment he walked on to the rose-selvedged club lawn from the river bank. It took him less than a minute to decide that here was the bloom, all of it, beneath one hat. Under a big cedar she was at tea with two other woman, and half a dozen men in tennis kit, of whose attention she was obviously the centre.

He was unaware that he was creating attention himself; that the newspapers had made him a figure of no little interest to Syrinagar society, composed as it was, mainly of service people. He was accompanied by the man at whose house he was stopping, and while he was asking who she was, she left her party and came across.

" It's not often we see you at the club, Colonel Smeaton," she greeted, eyes on Larry.

Smeaton grinned wisely and rejoined : " It's not often I have such a good excuse. His name is Brading ; he is quite nice to know ; goodlooking, as you see ; and he's been on the Border for two years solid. I want you to look after him and show him the ropes, Avril."

" Not *the* Brading—Brading of Dera Khan ? " she queried, knowing well that Smeaton's guest was none other.

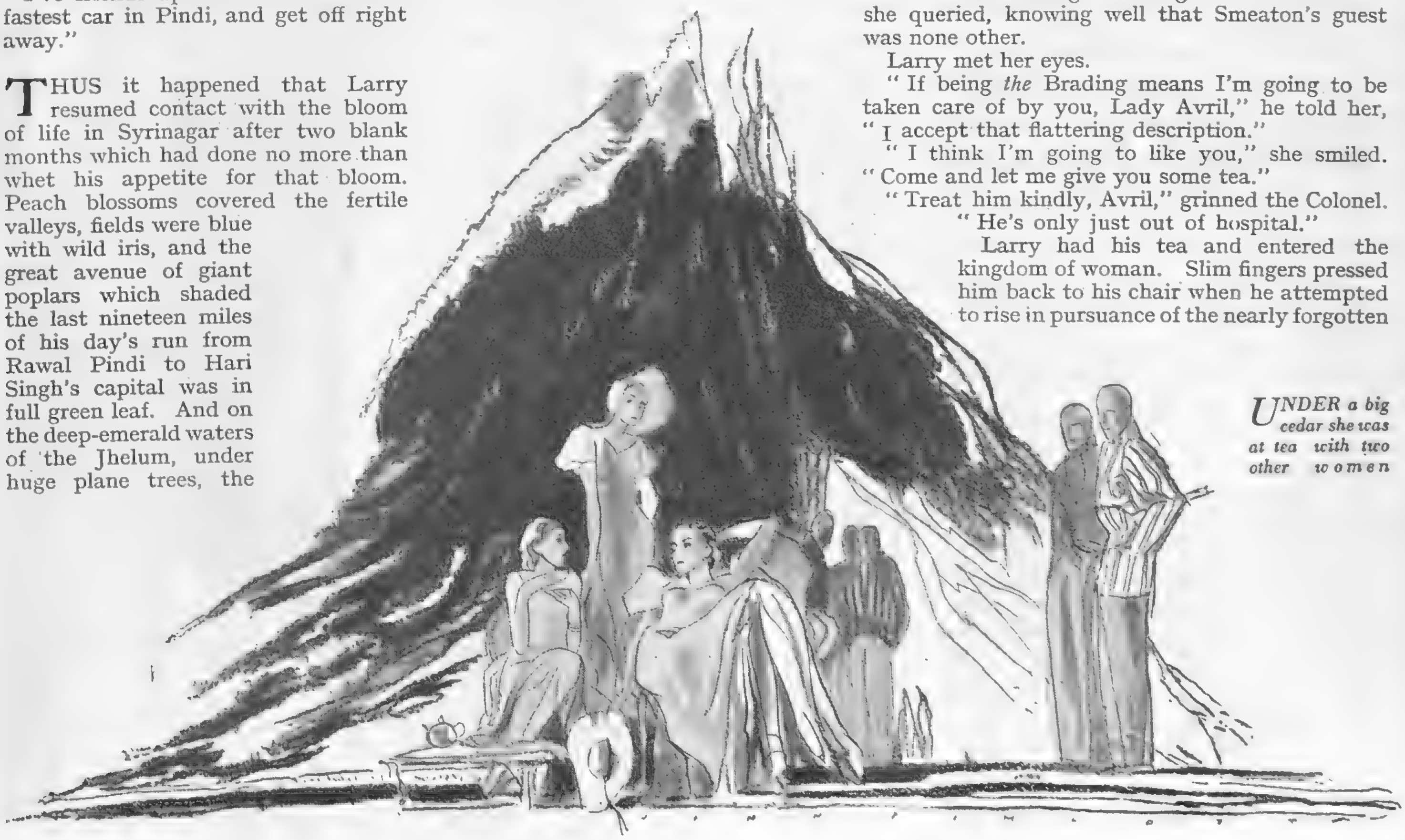
Larry met her eyes.

" If being *the* Brading means I'm going to be taken care of by you, Lady Avril," he told her, " I accept that flattering description."

" I think I'm going to like you," she smiled. " Come and let me give you some tea."

" Treat him kindly, Avril," grinned the Colonel. " He's only just out of hospital."

Larry had his tea and entered the kingdom of woman. Slim fingers pressed him back to his chair when he attempted to rise in pursuance of the nearly forgotten



UNDER a big cedar she was at tea with two other women tea-party duties of the polite urban male; summoned a khitmutgar with cushions for his back; arranged those cushions. Smiling firm resistance to his protests, she told him in that tinkling voice of hers:

"After all you've been through, you need some mothering."

Later, he found himself alone with her in a corner of the verandah, sipping the *chota peg* she had prescribed and ordered, and telling her, with an immense sense of content, about life at Dera Khan.

LARRY dined *à deux* with Avril that night in the cedar panelled dining room of her house, the heady perfume of roses and honeysuckle seeping in at lattice windows through which he could just see, high above the blazing stars of an indigo sky, the virgin snowcap of Nunga Parbat. Somewhere across the river in the warm darkness a native flute was playing a Kashmiri love song, and the champagne was just as good as it ought to be.

"When did you last flirt with a woman?" Avril wanted to know.

"So long ago that I've nearly forgotten how."

"I thought all you Frontier men were given special leave every six months to have your teeth seen to in Pindi."

"I've no use for that form of dentistry."

"Are you telling me you've never been in love?"

"Lots of times—but it's been the real thing while it lasted."

Moving her champagne glass and leaning an elbow on the polished table, she surveyed him critically. Thick crisp hair nearly as dark as her own, eyes with—she decided—a hard blue flame in them; nose and complexion like a Pathan; moustache bleached like brass wire and clipped away from a clean virile mouth; jaw and neck like a piece of cast bronze, and—thank God—no Adam's apple.

"You'd make a marvellous lover, Larry," she told him calmly.

He made no adequate answer to that because he was not sure if the servants spoke English.

Towards the end of a meal that, to Larry, was as near a Border dream as Avril's arms and neck, her pearls, and the provocative austerity of her white Vionet dinner frock, she mentioned a headache. And finally, when the turbanned Sikh *abdar* and *khitmutgar* served coffee and liqueurs in fulfilment of their respective duties as butler and waiter she dismissed them for the night.

Slanting her eyes at him as he lighted her cigarette with a not too steady hand, she said:

"About that hotel dance we are supposed to be going to—d'you mind if we stay here instead, Larry?"

And that—as the cliché goes—was that.

WHEN Larry reached his room in the Smeaton's house that midnight, cleaned his teeth in the cement-floored bathroom where, next the ubiquitous zinc tub, the *mehtar* had placed two of the familiar kerosine tins filled with hot water for the sahib's potential needs, he had forgotten his wounds, forgotten everything but the exquisite events of that evening. What a woman! And what supreme luck that the attraction was mutual! But—examining his lined eyes in the glass, lean face shadowed by the green shaded electric reading lamp on his dressing table—what could she see in a crock like himself? But that was like a woman. What was that old tag of the Grenadier Guards with whom he had done his month's "attachment" at Wellington Barracks as a territorial officer? "What are the two finest things in the world?" Answer: "A Grenadier Guard, and a woman!" Allowing for the arrogance of Guards tradition, and the fact that they invariably soldiered in places where there were so many women that they never learned the value of women, there was something in that tag.

Shrugging on new silk pyjamas beside his *charpoy* on which his *bearer* had unrolled his valise of bedding, he noticed that Mrs. Smeaton had replaced his Cawnpore camp sheets with lavender-scented linen. On the table with his battered silver-back brushes a bowl of azure antirrhinums. He noticed, too, a neat pile of his socks from which she or her maid had removed the multi-coloured darnings of his native *bearer*, restoring them to something like their original aspect. There was a time when he would have taken these feminine attentions for granted, and indeed accepted Avril's interest as incidental, but those two womanless years on the Border had invested him with an appreciation that bordered on gratitude. Say what you like, he decided, women changed the aspect of the whole darned landscape. No more Border for him.

For the next three weeks Larry Brading zoomed in the bloom of life, making up, indeed, for those two years on the Road.

To her friends Avril explained:

"I must look after that poor boy from the Frontier. He's had such a dreadful time, and he was at the same school as Ray."

To the Smeatons Larry apologised:

"I hope you don't mind me using your house as an hotel. It's such a treat to wander about the countryside without picketing the hills."

Mrs. Smeaton answered patiently:—

"You'll be getting unpopular with the men, Larry—monopolising the prettiest woman in the place."

The Colonel said, cheerfully and privately:—

"I'd do the same in your place, my boy—but mind you don't burn your fingers."

So far as gossip was concerned, Avril took care of the fingers of both of them—rationalised their relationship.

In her car she drove him out one day to the silk mills where they lunched with the Macnamara's and spent half an afternoon watching the young Kashmiri boys at the looms, listening to Macnamara explain the issue of mulberry seed and larvæ to the villagers and the development of their co-operation in this major industry of Kashmir. Another day with a party to the Government trout farm. Again the electric power station and the giant water flume that provided the energy for the turbine motors. Next the great stacks of timber logs ready for their flood trips down the Jhelum and the good of the Maharajah's Privy Purse.

It was not until a morning on the Dhal Lake, just the two of them, paddling a small *shikara* along crystal alleys in the vast carpet of lotus lilies, that Larry realised he had any fingers to burn.

She began:

"I wonder if you are as much in love with me as I am with you, Larry? Now don't be chivalrous! Tell me honestly."

He answered cheerfully:

"If there's anything I've forgotten—mention it—and I'll begin all over again."

"I couldn't bear it if you were not," she said. "But of course, in view of this"—holding up the third finger of her left hand—"you are quite safe in swearing anything."

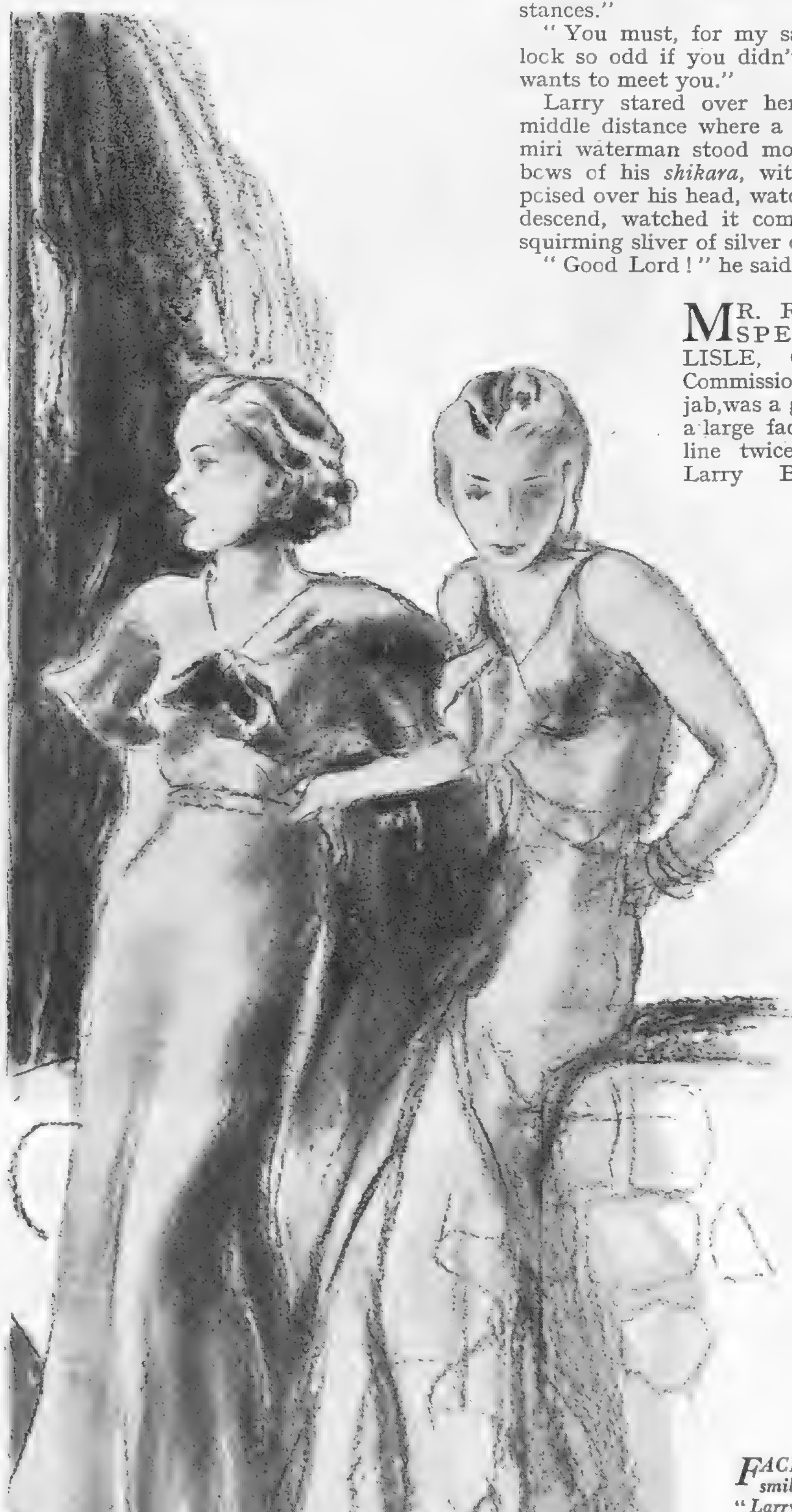
He stopped paddling and eyed the diamond and platinum wedding ring as if he had not seen it before.

" Strange though it may sound, Avril—I've never realised you with a husband."

" It's not strange at all. Out of sight out of count. And now you are realising it ? "

" It does not make much odds now the damage is done."

" Otherwise ? "



FACING him, neither smiling, Avril said: "Larry—we've come to ask you a question. Which of us is it you really love?"

" Well—one has to draw the line somewhere—for the woman's sake."

" I should laugh if anybody else but you gave that reason," she smiled. " But you are a terrible Galahad in spite of your technique as a lover. Anyway, I'm glad you drew no line round me. But to come to the point, Ranny—my husband—arrives this afternoon from Lahore, and I want you to dine with us."

" Good Lord ! " And then : " Hang it, Avril, I can hardly do that in the circumstances."

" You must, for my sake. It would look so odd if you didn't. Besides, he wants to meet you."

Larry stared over her head to the middle distance where a bronzed Kashmiri waterman stood motionless in the bows of his *shikara*, with a fish spear poised over his head, watched that spear descend, watched it come up again, a squirming sliver of silver on its barbs.

" Good Lord ! " he said again.

MR. RANDOLPH SPENCER CARLISLE, C.S.I., C.I.E., Commissioner of the Punjab, was a gentleman with a large face and a waistline twice that of Mr. Larry Brading, Civil Engineer. But against these superficial incidences of time and occupation, he earned many rupees per mensem in the civil administration of a difficult population greater than that of England. And though his head was bald, he had a blue-shaven jaw of merit. On balance, not the kind of man whom any woman but an emotional nitwit would fail to value as a husband. He greeted Larry with a firm grip and genuine welcome which he explained in words reminiscent of Avril's at the club.

" I want to congratulate you on your work at Dera Khan," he said. " That's another feather in the cap of the old school. Avril tells me you were at Harrow, and I expect she told you I was, too."

The disclosure of this bond completed Larry's reawakening.

" Don't you two start talking Harrow or you'll never stop. Ray—give Larry a cocktail."

" I'm going to give him several," Carlisle declared. " I hope my wife's been looking after you, Brading ? "

" Oh hell ! " Larry groaned to himself, feeling every kind of swine, and hating the duplicity of the situation.

" You don't know my sister, do you ? " Avril intervened calmly, looking towards the stairs, " she's just out from home."

Larry took a cool firm hand, met the straight gaze of the only pair of sapphire eyes he had ever seen, and thought, " Thank Heaven, this is not going to be a triangle dinner after all." Smiling his relief he said :

" You must be terribly tired after your journey up from Lahore. Have you come straight through ? "

" I have—and I am," she said, smiling back. " But you are the first person to think of it."

Thanks to Lady Betan's presence, Larry got through the evening with more ease than he had anticipated, though Carlisle's ready comradeship and the link of mutual traditions, confirmed his decision that his affair with Avril had become impossible. It had got to stop, and he must come to Carlisles no more.

But next morning when he made an opportunity of telling Avril so, she answered :

" Don't be so absurdly old-fashioned, Larry. It's quite alright. Ray will think it's Betan you are interested in. You got on very well together last night."

" That's not the point. He's a terribly decent fellow, and my old school mate, and I am just not made that way."

She laughed. " That's just what Ray said about you, and he insists that I get you for dinner again to-night. You can't plead other engagements in a place like this. Ray know's I've been seeing a lot of you, and it'll look very suspicious if you don't come. Think of me a little."

He shrugged and left it at that for the time being.

That night they all went to the club dance where Avril developed a genuine headache, and Carlisle insisted on taking her back home.

" You two stop here and enjoy yourselves," he told Larry and Betan in his genial fashion.

Thankful for the respite, Larry had no especial difficulty in obeying that behest. Betan was equally pleased with the arrangement.

" I love Ray," she confided, " but not as a dancing partner. What's more he seems to think I've only just left school."

" Have you left

(*Continued on page* 106)

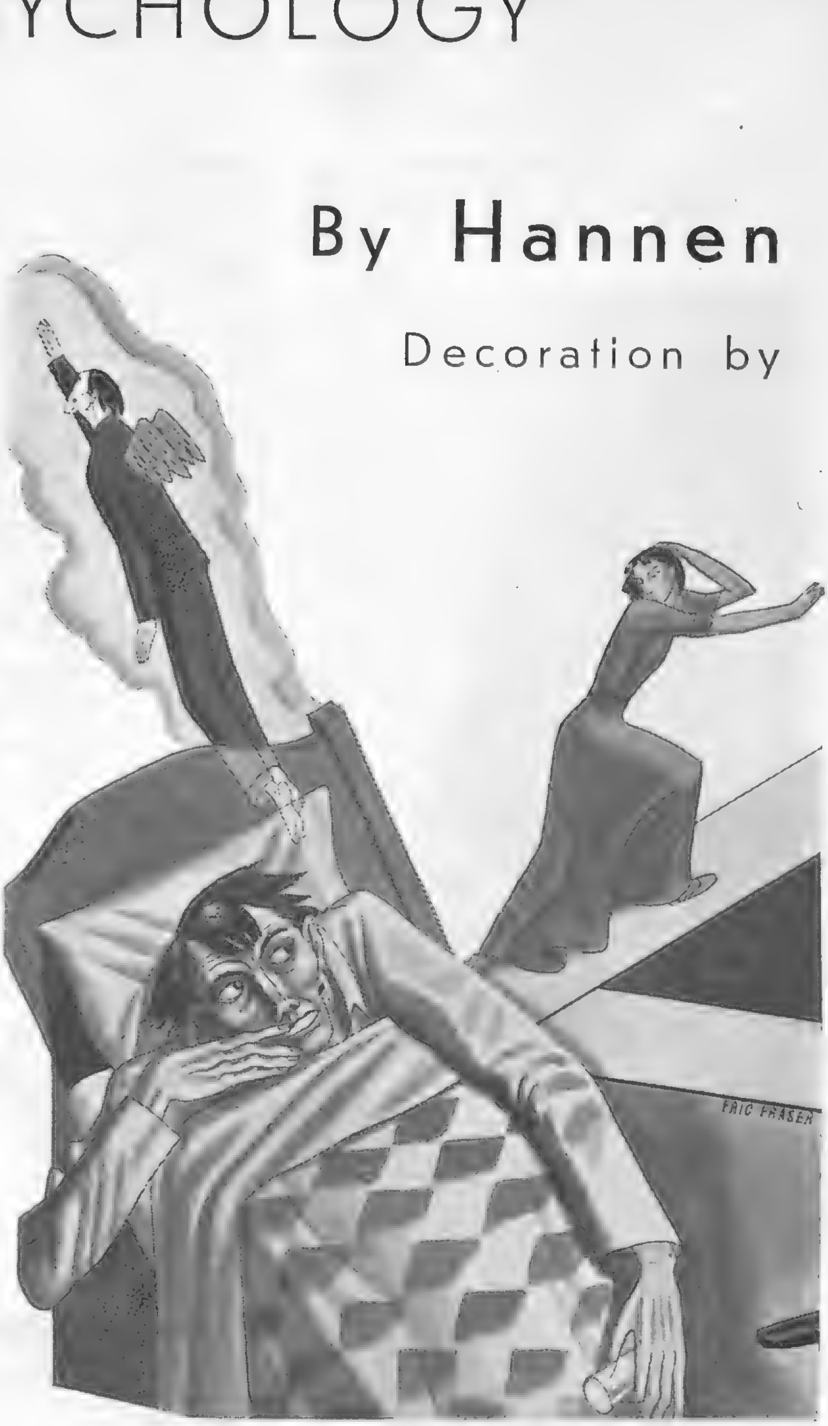
STUDIES IN PSYCHOLOGY

No. 12

Eternal Triangle

By Hannen

Decoration by



"I have no beginning," said the wheel, "and no end. I go round and round. Yet, even when I stop, I have no beginning and no end."

THE woman looked down on the eyes staring at her from the bed. They had been watching her for weeks. And she had been watching them. Every now and then the doctor came. He had given up hope, long since.

"It may last for a month," he said, "or it may be a year. All you can do is to watch."

And so the days passed, and the weeks. And, all the time, the eyes stared at her.

She hated him. She hated the blackness of his hair, the thinness of his face. And he knew it. She hated that crimson scar upon his cheek. She loathed him, and he loathed her. And yet, his tongue paralysed, he could not speak it. And, his arm paralysed, he could not write it down. He was merely lying there, week after week, silent, always staring.

He hated her, and she knew it.

"There may be a sudden change," the woman had been told. "All you can do, then, is to give him a dose from this bottle."

She had often looked at it, wondering when the change would come.

"Six drops when necessary," she read—and a warning about the danger of taking more.

When two people are forced together through long periods of silence, the boredom is so terrible that it almost shouts out at one. Her only relief was the telephone bell. Every few hours it rang, and she went downstairs to answer it. And, every time she returned, the eyes looked at her accusingly. They knew . . . They could follow her downstairs, she knew, peer into her face when she spoke, see, by her expression, what the answer was.

Through all the years that have known human experience there has been the old, old triangle—two women and a man, or two men and a woman. Long before the Cave Age it began. Never, finally, until we master Destiny shall we square the circle so that men and women can meet without jealousy. The triangle's points reach as far as all human knowledge. It contains a thousand tragedies, complexities that appal, possibilities that frighten. Jealousy was the serpent in the Garden.

The husband was dying. And the woman was waiting in the room. And the lover was waiting somewhere else.

"How long?" would come the question on the telephone, day after day.

"It cannot be long now," the answer would be, always.

Then came insistence, and the question again—"How long?"

The doctor could not tell. The woman did not know. The man in the bed merely waited and stared, and condemned with his speechless looks.

That went on through the spring and the summer. The leaves fell from the trees. And still there came no change.

Then, one day, as usual, the telephone rang again. The woman started to answer it. And there came from the bed a sudden groan. She turned to see that a spasm was twitching her husband's face. Again the telephone bell rang. She looked at the bottle by the bedside and paused. Still the bell rang. . . .

She moved towards the bottle. And then saw, again, the accusing eyes. Again the bell rang downstairs.

She went to the bottle and picked it up, while the eyes stared at her. And then she put the bottle down again and went to the telephone.

Still the eyes were staring when she returned. And then at last, after months it seemed, the husband spoke.

"I *know*," he said. "I *know*." Then, from the agony of death, came the whispered words: "*I will return.*" It was a threat, and a menace that frightened her.

She rushed to the door and left the house. And that night she and her lover left England.

* * *

It was early next summer that the child came. The nurse put it in its mother's arms.

"Take it away," she said.

She wondered why that was. After the agony of birth, she had always heard, a mother seeks to nestle her child in her arms. The nurse looked at her curiously.

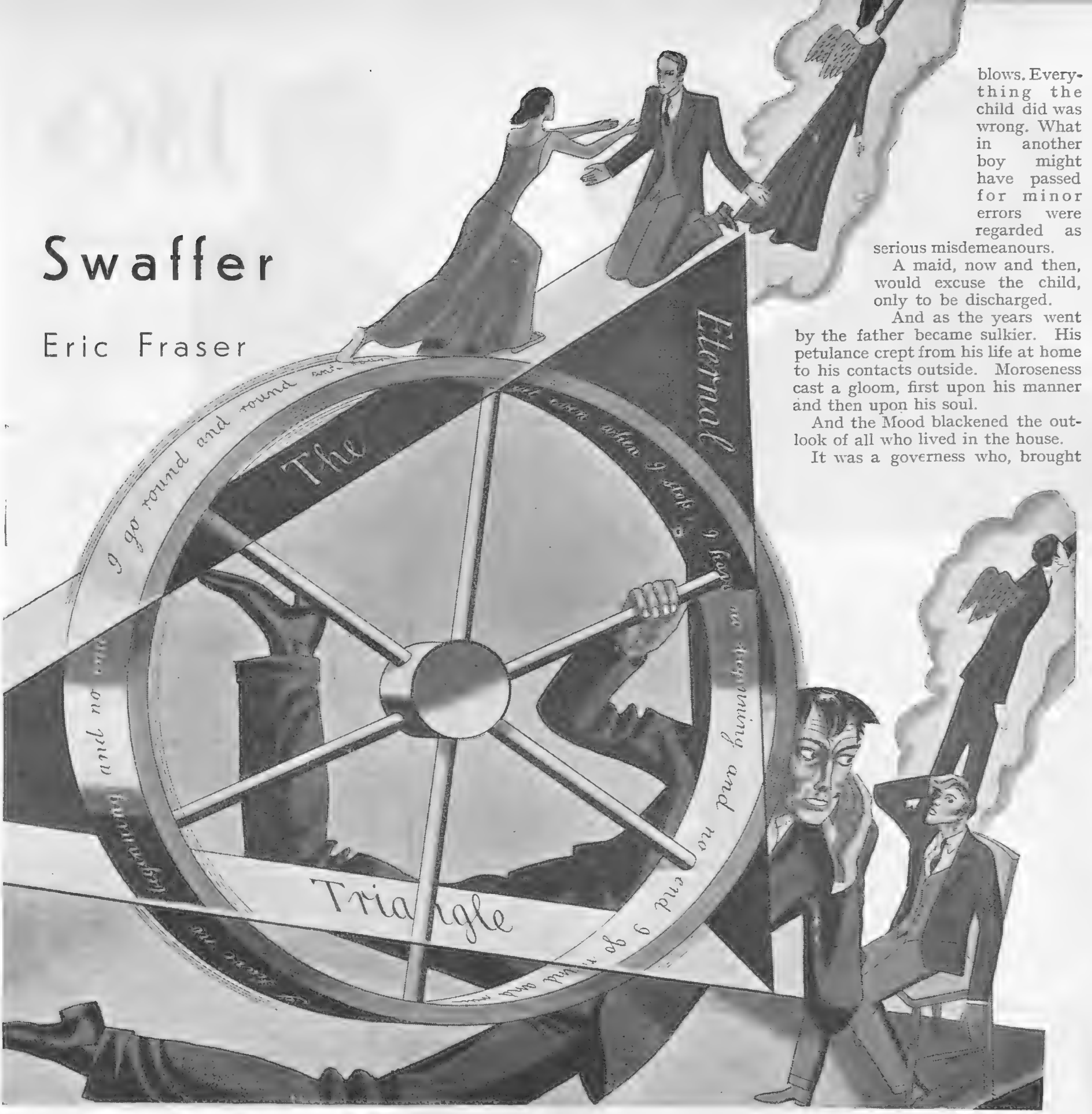
"Take it away," she said. They were almost the last words she spoke, for she was to know only a few hours of motherhood. When the father came in, tense, anxious still, after his long wait in the room downstairs, it was not only to greet a son, but to bid a wife good-bye.

"A boy," they had told him, and, proud to claim his son, he had run upstairs.

Then, as he stood by the bed, he wondered. . . . The bundle

Swaffer

Eric Fraser


The Eternal Triangle
I go round and round and round and round
and even when I stop I keep on beginning and no end I go round and round
and no beginning and no end

in the nurse's arms seemed no part of him. It squawked and fussed, bleatingly, but it was not that. . . .

This business of birth was a messy, ugly thing. . . . But that he had always felt.

Often, as others had done, he had asked, with Milton, why God had not invented " some other way to procreate mankind." Still, Shakespeare had been born that way, and St. Francis . . . yes, and the Saviour of Men. . . .

But, as he stood, he knew he hated his son. What was there to hate? The bundle of baby clothes was harmless enough. That, bar the squawking, quite usual, he supposed, was just a bundle and a red face, red like the faces of all other new-born babes.

He saw the nurse watching him. He went from the room. His wife had left it before him, but for another world.

* * *

It was a strange childhood's, the son's. There grew, with the years, a tenseness, a strain, that made the household nervy, jumpy, dark with an uneasiness that affected everyone.

In his earliest years the child was kept apart by the nurse that tended him. The father looked at it, when he did so, with a frown, and then, as the months passed, with a scowl.

There seemed a Mood everywhere, an unfriendliness. Servants left. First the child cried in his father's presence; then it scowled or looked away. Then came a bitterness and blows. Everything the child did was wrong. What in another boy might have passed for minor errors were regarded as serious misdemeanours.

A maid, now and then, would excuse the child, only to be discharged.

And as the years went by the father became sulkier. His petulance crept from his life at home to his contacts outside. Moroseness cast a gloom, first upon his manner and then upon his soul.

And the Mood blackened the outlook of all who lived in the house.

It was a governess who, brought in when the boy was old enough, found herself sheltering from something she could not fathom—a Hatred for which there seemed no meaning.

" It's unnatural," she would say . . . and ponder upon it all, keeping her charge apart. " The boy's all right with me. . . . Who is he like? "

The father and the son bore no trace of resemblance. Nor could she see in the dead mother's portrait any likeness to the child. . . .

The boy, indeed, seemed like a caged beast, shut into a ceaseless restlessness, hating even those who fed him, watching, not fearing a blow so much as waiting to attack.

With her, he was quiet enough, and intelligent. If his father even passed outside the door in which she taught him little sums and then, with the years, passed on to history, he would start. And, sometimes, in his eyes, she saw a glare at the barest mention of " Father."

She grew to love the lad in spite of his moods. They lived almost apart. She comforted him when, as it often happened, he was found at fault.

" I don't seem to belong," he said once, when he was twelve. " I like you. But what am I doing here? "

That was a mood in which he would seek for a clue to his strange restlessness.

There was another mood. It

(*Continued on page* 85)

BO

Reviewed

A. PERCY BRADLEY, part author of "Wheels take Wings"

Mrs. VIRGINIA WOOLF, whose latest book, "Flush," is a story of a cocker spaniel

Left: ALAN THOMAS, author of "Death of the Home Secretary"

A HORSE-RACE, like a world war, is the result of a difference of opinion; and millions of people are invariably drawn into the discussion. Happy, then, an author like Mr. William Faulkner, for his works will always produce controversy; and that means publicity; and publicity means sales. This American novelist has been lauded to the skies by the leading critics of two continents, and it is in fact impossible to discuss him at any length without occasional ecstasy. He writes, at times, so staggeringly well. In his new volume of short stories, *These Thirteen* (Chatto & Windus, 7s. 6d.), there are passages, like the centre paragraph on page 97, so beautiful that you want to read no more that day. When a man writes as well as Mr. Faulkner can write, oughtn't one just to salute him and hold one's miserable tongue?

Well, I do believe that a man should be judged by his best work. But Mr. Faulkner's is a rather peculiar case. A very wide gulf separates his best from his worst; and though he hops across this gulf with disconcerting ease, he spends too much time on the wrong side. His capacity for taking pains is strictly finite. When it comes to seeing that Frenchmen speak reasonably correct French or the drill of a British battalion bears some relation to *Infantry Training*, Mr. Faulkner simply can't be bothered. He shows signs of having been influenced by Kipling, but Mr. Kipling would die rather than display ignorance. The American writer seems, indeed, to have copied the vices and not the virtues of the Anglo-Indian. He has Mr. Kipling's violence (but whereas Mr. Kipling is too violent to tolerate shoddiness, Mr. Faulkner is often too violent to care); he has the same love of rough but unvital characterisation. His men and women move with great energy, but with no semblance of life; they twitch frantically at the end of their wires, but they do not cease to be puppets. For this reason, Mr. Faulkner's most successful stories are those concerned with American Indians and negroes, people whom we expect to find remote. But though I bear this curious writer—post-War, post-Freudian Kipling—a grudge for being so seldom at his best, I would like to end on a note of appreciation by paying tribute to that wonderful best, and to recommend him to readers who have not yet made his acquaintance.

THE charm of Mrs. Woolf's books is of a precisely opposite nature. It resides in perfect workmanship, exquisite care, an

Close-Ups of

"Black Mastiff": *by M. Coryn*

(Barker, 9s.)

"King Richard III": *by Philip Lindsay*

(Nicholson and Watson, 10s. 6d.)

IN their different ways and in varying degrees, these four books represent attempts to humanise History by exploring the characters of men who have made it. *Black Mastiff* is a biography of that favourite hero of the fourteenth century, Bertrand du Guesclin. It is difficult to avoid sentimentality, on the one hand, or mockery on the other, when dealing with the leading figures of Chivalry; and the author of this work, a wholehearted sentimentalist, makes no effort to do so. The result is, of course, a picturesque rather than a realistic book, but a fairly well authenticated one, none the less.

THE remaining three volumes mentioned above are more serious contributions to our knowledge of the past. Mr. Lindsay, author of the successful novel, *Here Comes the King*, has undertaken the task of very thoroughly white-

Victorian Premiers

"Queen Victoria and her Ministers": *by Sir J. A. R. Marriott* (Murray, 10s. 6d.)

Sir J. A. R. MARRIOTT

THERE was a time not long past, if indeed it has gone, when schoolboys were for ever toeing the line in early Britain, but never getting beyond George III, even if they got that far. Regularly, with the autumnal apples, Ethelred the Unready and William the Conqueror used to reappear at the beginning of the scholastic year; regularly, with the summer dispersal in July, the national story would be broken off with the Tudors, the Stuarts, or at best the Hanoverians. For one boy who knew the names of Victoria's Prime Ministers, there must have been hundreds who could recite backwards the dates of the Norman kings.

It is said that we have changed all that. It may be so—although exceptionally brilliant pupils, who insist on proceeding faster than the normal rate, can still dodge whole centuries throughout their school career. But school-children undeniably remain more ignorant of the nineteenth century than of any other; and if they are lazy or incurious, they grow up and die without remedying that ignorance. Sir John Marriott's book, though it was not written precisely with the notion of stopping gaps in the classroom, may be confidently recommended to any man or woman who would like to know more about the political history of the last century. It is not designed as an elementary manual, but it is written with simplicity and clearness. All readers will understand it, even if they do not all derive equal benefit. Short without being superficial, lively without being frivolous, it is in many respects a model of what such a volume should be. In just over 200 pages it reviews the politics of the Victorian era, not forgetting to examine from time to time the place of the Crown in the ever-changing conditions of the century.

OKS:

by ARNOLD PALMER

Autumn Novels: The Case of Mr. William Faulkner

WILLIAM FAULKNER, the American writer whose latest book of short stories, "These Thirteen," is reviewed in this article

History

"The Tudor Wench": *by Elswyth Thane*

(Hurst and Blackett, 15s.)

"Romance of the White Rose" *by Grant R. Francis*

(Murray, 18s.)

ELSWYTH THANE, author of "The Tudor Wench"

washing and renovating one of our chief schoolroom bogies. It is always worth while approaching history from a new angle. Mr. Lindsay has re-edited a large part of the fifteenth century. He may not carry entire conviction throughout, but he never fails to be extremely interesting. *The Tudor Wench* takes up our national story a few years later. Miss Thane's book is a study of Elizabeth's childhood and adolescence, of the first 25 years of her life: a period of neglect and hardship and, of course, intrigue, influences which went to form the strong but warped nature of the great Queen. Miss Thane has achieved considerable success in the face of formidable difficulties, and written a book which should appeal to a wide public. A gap of more than 100 years, and Mr. Grant Francis picks up the story again. Beginning with the flight of James II in 1688, he traces the Jacobite movement through the next century, down to the death of Flora Macdonald in 1790. This, too, is a good book—careful and reliable without being dull for a moment.

implicit belief that more can be achieved by gentleness than by violence. Her many and rare literary virtues have never been seen to greater advantage than in her latest book, *Flush* (Hogarth Press, 7s. 6d.). This book is not really a novel: it is a biography of the cocker spaniel which Miss Mitford gave to Elizabeth Barrett; but its manners are so perfect that it would be at home in any company, and it has found its way quite easily on to this page of fiction. Through Flush's eyes we see that extraordinary household in Wimpole Street; through Flush's teeth we feel the texture of Mr. Browning's trousers and the solid bulk of Mr. Browning's calf; through Flush's nose we detect the difference between the paving stones of London, W., and the hot streets of Florence. I cannot hope to convey a clear idea of the pleasure I have derived from the soft, refracted light thrown by Flush on the Brownings and the Brownings on Flush; I cannot, because the secret is Mrs. Woolf's, and not mine. She has performed a little miracle, and as such it defies analysis. The book contains an astonishing description of a stolen dog's imprisonment in a slum. This passage—which is, to use a trade term, quite out of the author's usual line—displays a technical mastery it would not be easy to match.

At the bottom of the last page of *The Master of Jalna* (Macmillan, 7s. 6d.), Miss Mazo de la Roche has written "The End." But on consulting the three previous volumes of the Whiteoak chronicles, I find that she has done this before. Presumably, therefore, one need not take her too seriously. We have not, I mean, seen the last of this great Canadian family. For my part, I wish that they may go on for ever, for I regard them as one of the most real and successful creations of contemporary literature. How solid the Whiteoaks stand! In the third instalment of the series, *Finch's Fortune*, I had an

(*Continued on page* 111)

"*Ll. G.* 2"

"War Memoirs of David Lloyd George," Vol. II.

(Nicholson and Watson, 21s.)

WITH his customary high intelligence, Mr. Lloyd George has arranged for the second instalment of his memoirs to follow the first at an interval of a few weeks. I hope the plan is adhered to; for it is a good one, in that it encourages the careful perusal of each volume while recollection of its predecessor is still fresh. It also avoids, on the other hand, the discouraging effect of several large tomes arriving simultaneously. I do not know how many volumes we may expect, but the new one covers rather less than six months—from the end of the Somme offensive to the fall of the Asquith Ministry in December, 1916.

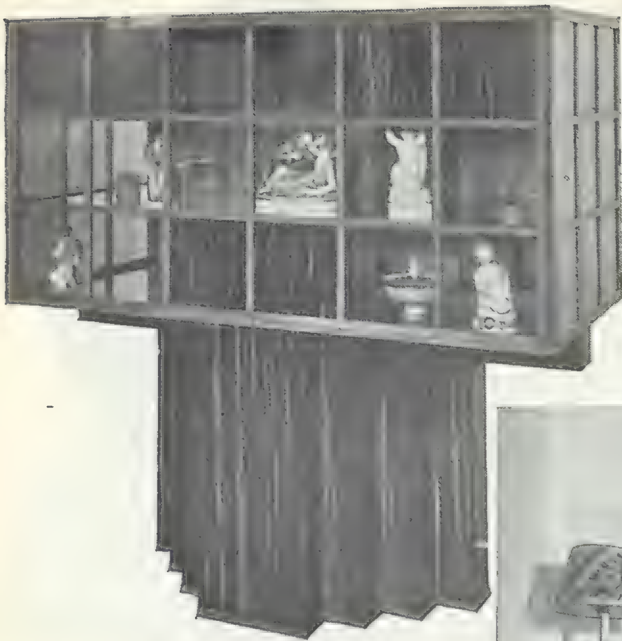
Although it ends at a moment of acute controversy, which might have been expected to show the author in his most truculent mood, the second volume is a better book than the first—less rhetorical, less egotistical, more statesmanlike, and more generous in tone. He is incapable of real detachment, and will never be a reliable historian for the young to read without an elder beside them. But he does make a genuine attempt to do justice to Kitchener, and at the end of the volume there appears the best piece of writing by far of which Mr. Lloyd George has shown himself capable—a sketch of Arthur Balfour in committee. The period covered by the volume was not a happy one for the author. On Kitchener's death he was moved to the War Office—an obviously right decision, as the Ministry of Munitions was now running smoothly. But much of the authority and actual power of the Secretary for War had been delegated to the Chief of the Imperial General Staff, Sir William Robertson; and although he had been a strong advocate of this limitation of Lord Kitchener's office, he did not care about inheriting his damaged powers. If there had been any mutual liking or trust between him, on the one hand, and Robertson and Haig on the other, he might have enjoyed more scope. As it was, his restless spirit was rather narrowly confined. It will not regain freedom and authority until Volume III

The Rt. Hon. D. Ll. GEORGE

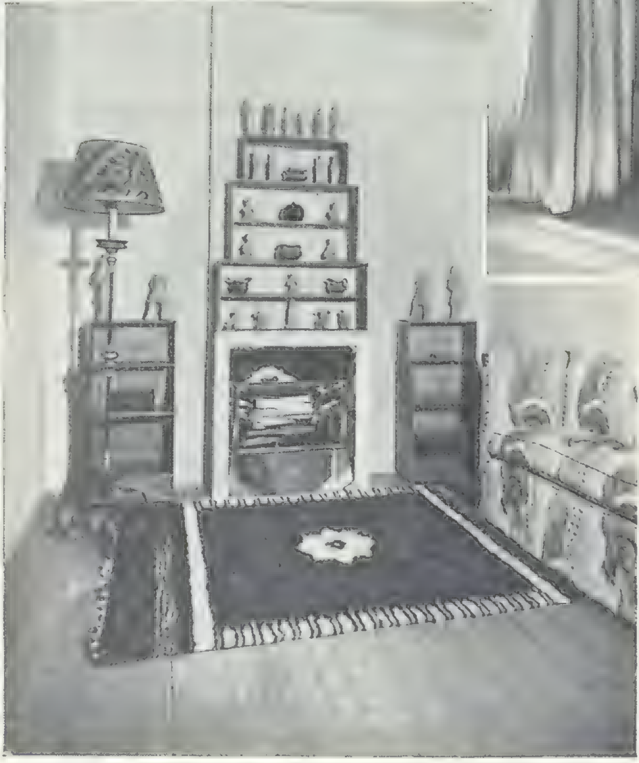
Cabinets for Collectors

Some Original suggestions for the display of one's Treasures

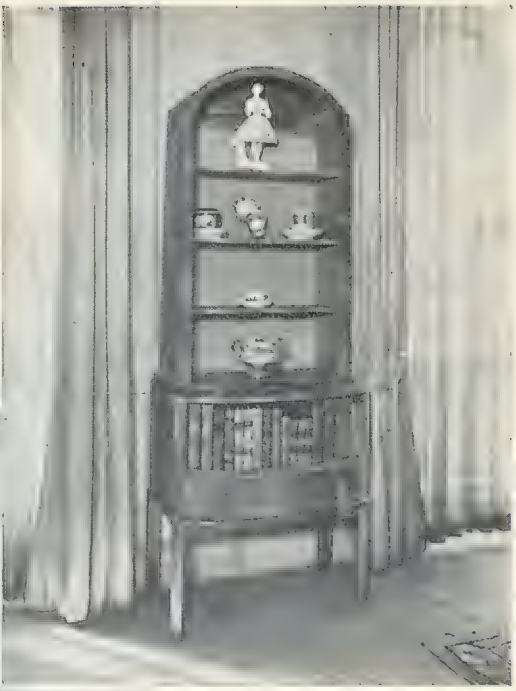
By G. Baseden Butt



THIS unusual china cabinet was designed by Frank Brangwyn and is made of macassar ebony



T'ANG figures and Irish silver lustre ware ornament the receding overmantel shelves shown in the photograph below



A COMBINED bookcase and china cabinet designed by Robert Lutyens is executed in walnut

CABINETS for the display and safe-keeping of china, glass and other treasures have for centuries been an indispensable item to connoisseurs and are to be found in the great majority of cultured homes.

In the reign of Queen Anne a fitment for the display of china was frequently built-in and was an important decorative feature of the parlour, the dining-room or the living-room. Such fitments were sometimes in the form of corner cupboards with doors which concealed their contents from view, at others they were constructed as niches or alcoves. Frequently made of pine, gracefully arched at the top and semi-circular in plan, they had three or four tiered and shaped shelves which provided special projections on which choice objects were placed.

A niche or corner cupboard in eighteenth-century style is still unsurpassed for gracefulness, but today collectors' cabinets show an extraordinary variety both with regard to style and practical treatment. For example, a cabinet recently designed by the well-known artist Frank Brangwyn, R.A., and illustrated on this page, stands on a pedestal of macassar ebony which recedes in steps at either side. Three sides of the cabinet are glazed, and the fourth, which is the back, is of macassar ebony. The shelves on which the china is placed are of plate glass and as a result of this treatment the contents of the cabinet can be inspected from every point of view and in a very clear light, without removing them from the cabinet. The doors by which the cabinet is opened are at either end.

Another interesting cabinet is in walnut and was designed by Mr. Robert Lutyens for his own house. The top is hooded and shaped, it has a charming bow-front and the legs, in keeping with the character of the piece, are chamfered. In addition to the china shelves there is a shelf for rare and precious books, and a drawer beneath which is pulled open by a yellow silk tassel instead of an ordinary handle.

An open display cabinet showing the greatest possible simplicity was photographed in a small West End study and is also shown on this page. It consists of a series of open shelves, which are a feature of the chimney-breast and rise above a stainless steel electric fire. The shelves are of myrtle wood and are used for a collection of pottery figures from Chinese tombs of the T'ang dynasty and for some Irish silver-lustre ware. On either side are small bookcases which are also of myrtle wood and complete the pyramidal effect of the furniture at this end of the room.

Another interesting fitment has been installed between two windows in a modernised drawing-room. This has glazed doors with stainless steel rims, plate glass shelves and electric strip lights concealed at either side in a perpendicular position. The interior is used for a collection of very rare and valuable Greek vases and statuettes.

Another suggestion which has many attractive possibilities is the conversion of an existing window for use as a built-in vitrine or daylight cabinet. Acided or ground glass should be used on the exterior and, of course, clear glass for the side of the cabinet which will be seen from the room. This method of treatment gives a soft and beautiful effect owing to the fact that the daylight from outside is filtered through the acided glass. The contents of the cabinet are thus shown up with remarkable vividness, and for use after dark strip lights should also be concealed in the fitment.

One vitrine of this kind has been installed in a Mayfair bedroom, where the colour scheme is almost entirely in soft green and cream. The vitrine is used exclusively for pink quartz figures which provide an exquisite accent of colour. Another daylight cabinet in a recently redecorated drawing-room is used for a collection of carved jade and crystal and is set between fluted pilasters of bleached and waxed silver-grey oak, while the walls are covered with silver-leaf.

The purpose of a display cabinet is, of course, to enable its contents to be inspected from as many points of view as possible without their being taken in the hand. Every display therefore should be, if possible, fitted with concealed lights and these cannot be regarded as an extravagance since the lights need only be switched on for a few minutes when it is desired to inspect the contents.

Another precaution which no one should overlook is an efficient burglar alarm connected with the cabinet, so that it cannot be opened by any unauthorised person without the alarm going off. A vitrine, of course, should never be installed in a window on the ground floor.

A HAPPY CHRISTMAS to YOU ALL

They got What they Wanted

Treasure Hunt: Can you discover the Perfect Present with the Help of these Clues?

1. A BON viveur: he will tell you what is the best liqueur to end a perfect meal, the right thing to put in your saddle flask on a cold morning, and will appreciate your remembrance of his eclectic taste.

2. HER exquisitely kept little home is her chief pride and interest. She superintends the housework herself, and a gift which eased labour and preserved her lovely rugs would bring her joy.

3. YOUNG and entranced with the gaiety of life, especially dancing, she has bemoaned the cost of perfect accessories to go with her pretty frocks —gold or silver or satin dyed "to match" . . .

4. SHE comes and goes, adventurous and perennially young, impervious to assaults of climate, hard water and the grime and fatigue of travel. She has a "beauty secret" which WE share. . . . It would be kind to send the same present to someone else . . .

5. "THEY might be made of mist." A lovely gift flattering to the taste of the recipient. A number of problems can be solved by a silken present which has a name and a number.

6. YOU can't "pick pipes" for him. He may seem a little brusque at times, but he has a heart of gold—and other securities! There is one thing that brings out his best stories and ensures a sympathetic audition for your sad ones. . . .

7. "COMFORT"—a divine word! And you can give comfort. Lines and colouring which conform to the modern feeling, æsthetic and practical, and the modern purse which is modest, if generous . . . The charming flat or small house you delight to visit will be even more hospitable.

8. THE most vital people we know must, for their own sake, be in touch with music, art and "news," and practical considerations such as "reliability" and "sound mechanical construction" belong to our vocabulary. This can be summed up in one word.

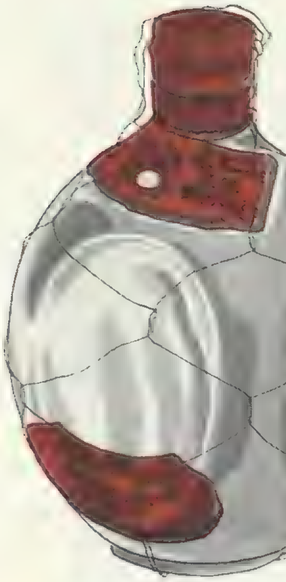
9. THE Greek ideal of beauty has permeated modern life, and massage is acknowledged by scientists as a basis of health and beauty. Geographic or financial problems are solved by an invention which would be a perfect present "from woman to woman."

10. WOMEN have a reputation for unpunctuality, but it would not be tactless to give a charming piece of jewellery which might hint that every minute is precious!

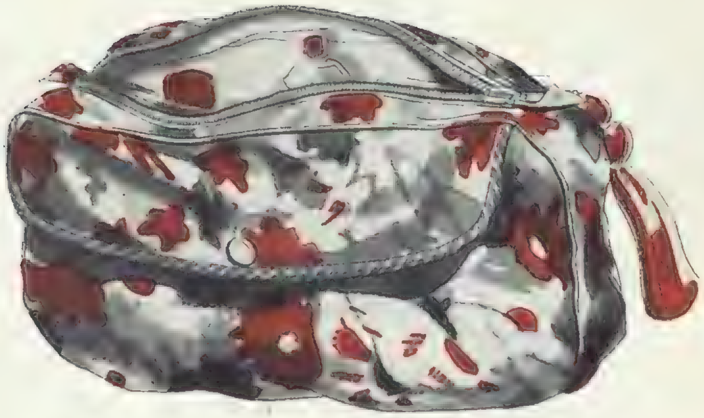
11. THEY have just moved into a new flat, charming but small. They delight to entertain and are proud that their friends "just drop in." Think of the joy of having "something on wheels" to facilitate service without encumbering limited space.

12. THEY are not only rich, but have excellent taste and possess inherited treasures: a contemporary objet d'art which would not look amiss beside antique silver, has utility value and is within the limited compass of the modern purse.

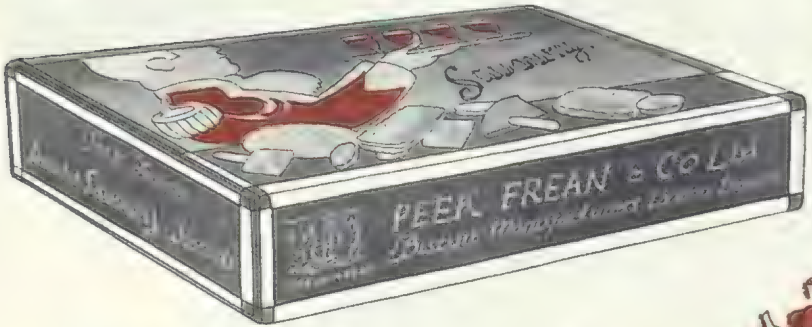
The objects referred to in the above paragraphs are illustrated on page 92 together with their prices and the addresses where they may be obtained.



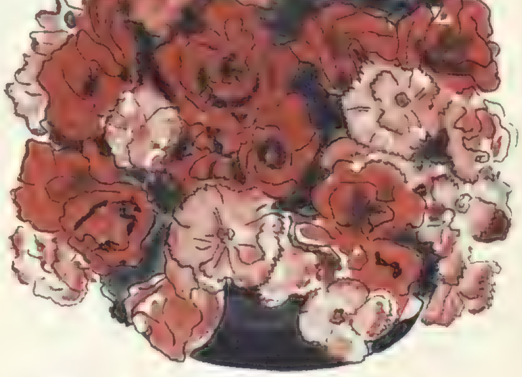
JOHN HAIG'S excellent whisky is always a welcome Christmas gift and looks particularly festive in the Dimple Scots bottle which costs 13/6



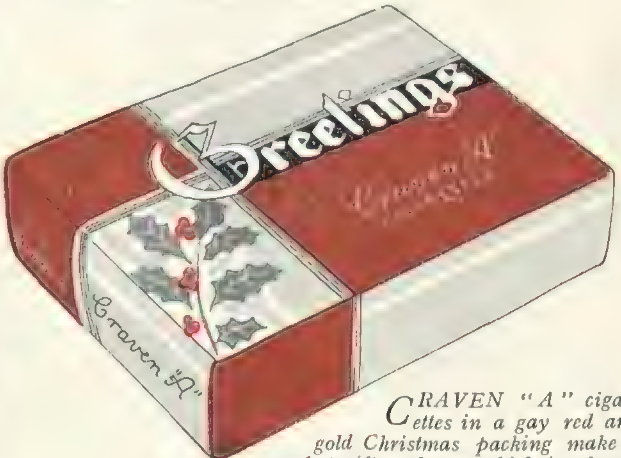
THE "Kabecom" toilet holdall is a Kirby Beard product and is the week-ender's delight. It consists of a waterproof silk cover with a zipp fastener and contains a towel, comb, screw-top glass bottles for scent, lotion, etc. From 3/6 to 8/6 according to size



PEEK FREAN biscuits are always available in attractive tins, many of which are treasured long after the contents have disappeared. Their Savoury Assorted biscuits, illustrated on left, cost 1/6

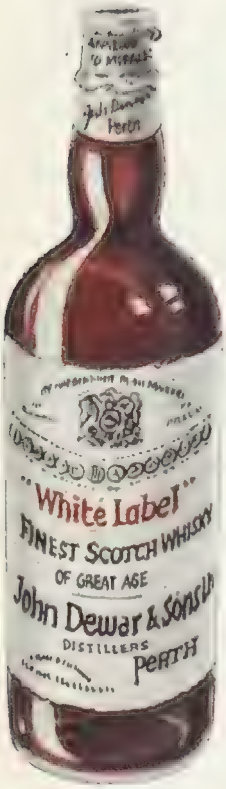


THIS exquisite bowl of flowers is made of the finest Staffordshire china. It comes from Marshall and Snelgrove and costs £6 6 0. Smaller clusters of similar flowers may be obtained and a tiny group is shown on page 54

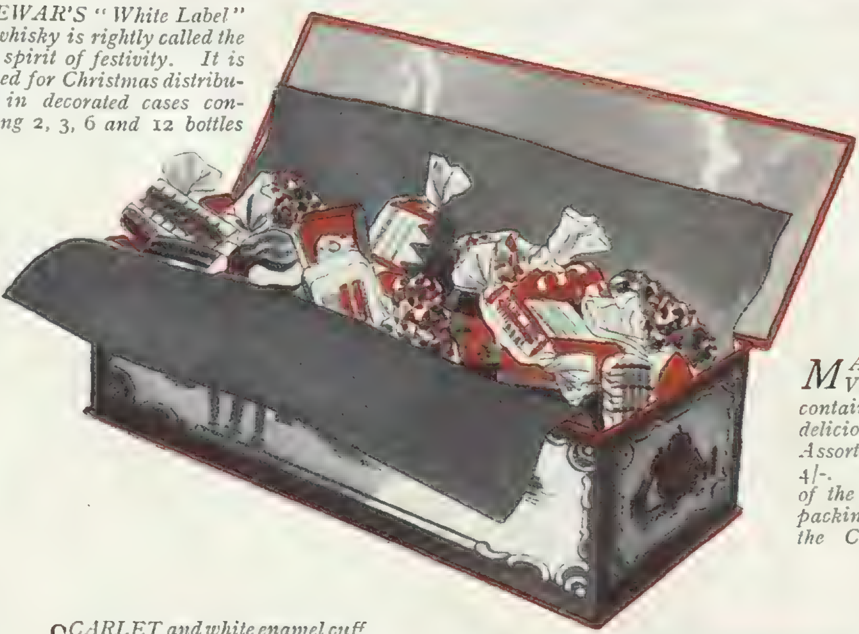


CRAVEN "A" cigarettes in a gay red and gold Christmas packing make a perfect gift and one which is always much appreciated. 200 cigarettes cost 10/-, 100 cost 5/- and 50 only 2/6

Gifts to Please all Ages and both Sexes

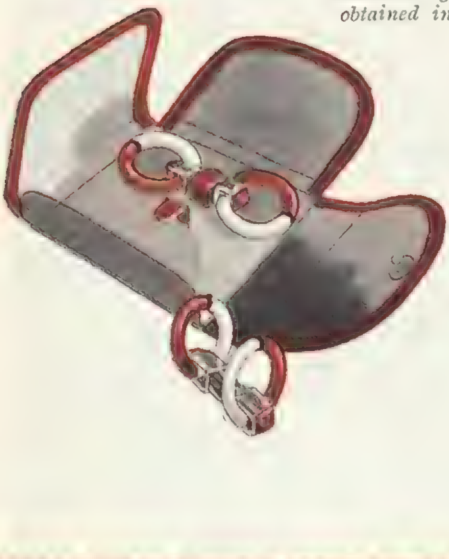

John Dewar
Perth
White Label
FINEST SCOTCH WHISKY
OF GREAT AGE
John Dewar & Sons Ltd
DISTILLERS
PERTH

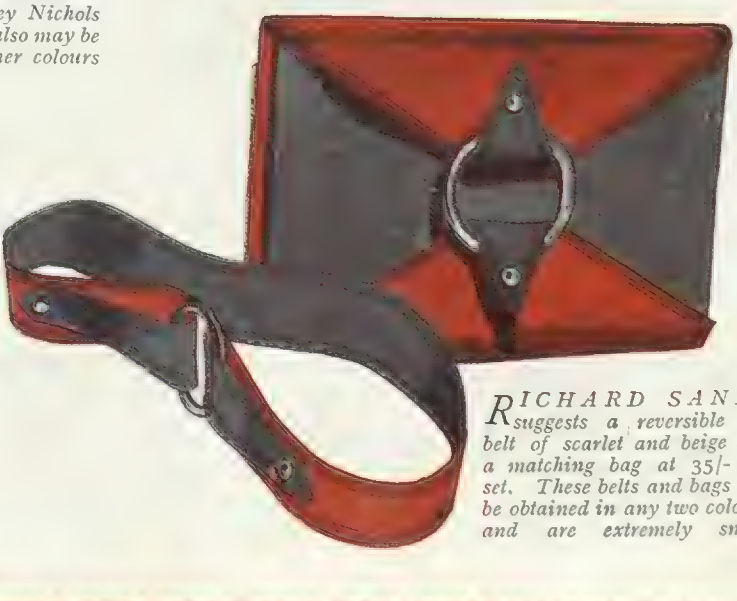
DEWAR'S "White Label" whisky is rightly called the very spirit of festivity. It is packed for Christmas distribution in decorated cases containing 2, 3, 6 and 12 bottles



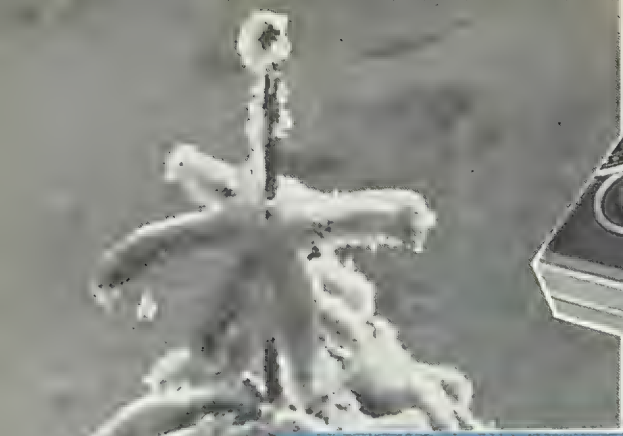
MACKINTOSH'S Venetian casket contains 2 lb. of their delicious Carnival Assortment and costs 4/-. This is only one of the many decorative packings prepared for the Christmas season

SCARLET and white enamel cuff links packed in a scarlet leather case come from Harvey Nichols and cost 15/6. They also may be obtained in several other colours





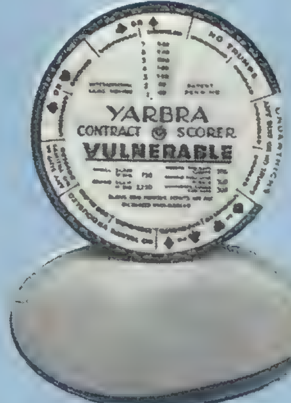
RICHARD SANDS suggests a reversible felt belt of scarlet and beige and a matching bag at 35/- the set. These belts and bags can be obtained in any two colours and are extremely smart



CHÉRIF
D. A. BUSANY

THE small Chérif cigarette is specially made for women smokers and costs 2/- for 25. The large Chérif, a super cigarette for men, costs 2/- for 20. They are hand-made of the purest Turkish tobacco

THE most entrancing little clusters of china flowers can adorn your Christmas table, and narcissi, tulips and violas are amongst the blooms available. These daffodils, about three inches high, cost 5/11 from Marshall and Snelgrove



THE most attractive flat powder box made of engine-turned chrome has a real Marcasite initial which may be obtained in any letter. This is made by Ciro and costs 21/-

A CONTRACT bridge scorer which automatically shows your score without you doing any counting on your fingers is a boon to all players. This costs 2/6 from Harvey Nichols

Player's Navy Cut Cigarettes
Christmas Greetings

THE true Christmas spirit is manifest in the packing of this tin of Player's "Navy Cut" cigarettes. It contains 50 cigarettes and costs 2/6

YARDLEY'S make up extremely attractive gift cases containing a selection of their toilet products. This Lavender gift case, containing toilet water, talcum powder, soap and powder compact, costs 21/-

ARDENA SKIN TONIC
SPECIAL

AN excellent idea of Houbigant's is to pack a small bottle of each of their famous perfumes—"Pour le matin," "Pour l'après-midi," "Pour le soir"—in an attractive coffret. The price is 25/-

ELIZABETH ARDEN'S preparations are too well known to require comment, but what is extraordinary about this beauty box is its excellent value. It is made of scarlet leather, is filled with every toilet preparation any woman could require and costs only £5/15/6

Grannie's Recipes

Here are some of the secrets of an old book which gives some excellent recipes concocted many, many Christmases ago

THE calm, uneventful life of when-Grannie-was-a-girl has given place to an existence fuller in incident but more restricted as to space. We travel over the whole world, but live in small flats: by means of journals, the cinema or the radio we see or hear of a vast number of various happenings, are aware of strange customs and fantastic occurrences, yet live stereotyped lives, do the same things at the same time, wear the same clothes as our neighbours and eat our food out of tins.

The individuality of the Victorian era has much to recommend it, and not least delightful were the goodies made by one's mother's mother in a spacious pantry which exists no longer. Most of the recipes used are, of course, too elaborate for the resources of the small modern kitchen (and for the time at the disposal of the busy modern housewife), but here are seven recipes, quite simple and easy to make, which have been chosen from a number of old recipe books. Some of these are nearly a hundred years old, but all are of good sound English fare—why not try some of them for a change this Christmas?

LEMON BRANDY—

1 dozen lemons nicely pared,

1¾ lb. lump sugar,

3 bottles of brandy,

1 quart of milk, boiling hot, added.

Let it stand for seven days, stirring it often; then bottle it.

GINGER POP—

1 oz. of ginger, bruised,

2 oz. cream of tartar, powdered,

2 oz. lump sugar. The rind and juice of two lemons.

2 gallons of water.

Boil it 20 minutes, taking care to take off the scum, and when nearly cold add two teaspoonfuls of yeast. Let it remain for 24 hours, then bottle it, and in two or three days it will be fit for use.

PORT WINE JELLY—

2 oz. isinglass,

2 oz. white sugar candy,

½ oz. gum arabic,

1 pint port wine,

Put to soak 12 hours, then place it in a jar to simmer until dissolved.

A piece the size of a walnut two or three times a day.

CALVES'-FOOT JELLY—

To two calves' feet put 3 quarts of water with an ounce of isinglass, which must be boiled until reduced to one quart. Then strain, and let it remain until the following day. Take off all the fat and wipe the jelly with a cloth. Stir it all the time it first boils. The next day, when it is just warm, put in a pint of wine, peel and juice of 1 lemon, whites of 5 eggs and shells. Colour with saffron (enough to lay on a sixpence). When all this is added, boil 20 minutes, not stirring it. Then strain through jelly bag. A little brandy is an improvement. Sugar to your taste.

POTATO PUDDING—

½ lb. of potatoes, boiled and mashed very fine,

6 oz. of sugar, pounded,

6 oz. of butter—to be mixed with the potatoes when warm,

The juice and rind of 2 lemons, and 4 eggs well beaten.

Mix well and bake in a moderate oven.

BLACK CURRANT VINEGAR—

Put 3 quarts of black currants and 1 pint of the best white wine vinegar into a stone jar.

Let it stand for a fortnight, then strain it through a jelly bag, squeezing the currants to obtain the juice.

Add ¾ lb. of lump sugar to every pint of liquor, and let it boil a quarter of an hour, skimming and stirring it all the time.

When cold, put the vinegar in small bottles.

RASPBERRY VINEGAR—

Take 1 pint of ripe raspberries, if bottled, dry carefully, and ½ pint of best white wine vinegar.

Infuse 24 hours in a glazed earthen vessel.

Strain the liquor, strongly pressing the juice—to a pint.

Add 14 oz. of lump sugar. Boil and skim. When cold, bottle in small bottles.

Our Yearly

THE Coffee Service must be as smart and as decorative as the rest of our table appointments. This novel triangular silver tray and service comes from the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company. The tray costs £7 15s. and the coffee service £10

> *It is not only the Main Dishes which count*

HOW often do we feel that a Christmas party has "not quite come off"! The dinner dishes in themselves have been all that could be desired; there was plenty to eat, and yet when it is all over we have the impression that something was missing. The wise hostess should see that on this great occasion nothing is lacking. From the first course to the pleasant moment of coffee everything must be right.

The pudding, of course, will be beyond reproach; but why not try something different as a sauce? Fruit, too, should be chosen with care and carefully arranged, not only for its decorative value but because many people like to eat fresh fruit at the end of a rich meal.

With coffee we will have good cigarettes, both Turkish and Virginia, and a small glass of liqueur will put us all into that right frame of mind for a Christmas gathering. And as we sip our glass of Cointreau, so soothing and mellow, we will be more than ever ready to enjoy the rest of the evening before us.

Rum Sauce

Break two eggs into a pudding basin previously warmed and add two ounces of castor sugar, two tablespoonfuls of rum and a tablespoonful of cold water. Stand the basin in a flat pan containing boiling water over the fire—the heat should not be too intense, just enough to keep the water at boiling point—and beat the contents vigorously with a whisk until you have a light frothy sauce. This sauce must not be kept waiting, but should be served the moment it is ready, also the sauce itself should not be allowed to boil.

Brandy Sauce

Make a smooth paste with a pudding-spoonful of cornflour and half a tumbler of cold water. Meanwhile dissolve a quarter of a pound of castor sugar in half a tumbler of water, bring it to the boil and simmer until reduced by a third. Add the cornflour, stirring it in slowly, bring to the boil and simmer until the sauce is thick, stirring all the time. Then add a tablespoonful or more of brandy and a little powdered cinnamon. Stir well and serve in a hot sauce-boat.

Suzette Sauce

Make a paste with cornflour as for the brandy sauce. Meanwhile take one orange and one lemon and rub all over the rind with lumps of sugar—a quarter of a pound of sugar being required in all. Put the sugar into a saucepan, add the strained juice of the orange and the lemon and sufficient cold water to make half a tumblerful of liquid. Bring to the boil, reduce by a third and add the cornflour as before. This sauce can be greatly improved by adding a pudding-spoonful of Cointreau stirred in just before serving.

Orange Salad

Peel some oranges with a very sharp knife and scrape away all pith. Cut the oranges into very thin slices, remove the pips and put the slices into the serving bowl. Sprinkle with Demerara sugar and let this stand for half an hour. Sprinkle the top with finely chopped sweet almonds just before serving. A little rum poured over the salad gives a very pleasant flavour for those who like it.

CANDLES are as important as flowers in table decoration. This delightful pair of Price's candles are complete in their own candlesticks, which they match. The scheme here is of red and green, toning with the holly

Feast: *By A. H. Adair*

"WHAT shall we serve with the turkey ?" That, indeed, is the question. But have we first of all decided that it is to be a turkey ? Why not a goose, a fat capon or even a tender, plump chicken? Anyway, whatever we choose, let us have "trimmings" worthy of the fine bird we are going to eat on the greatest day in the English Gastronomic Calendar. It is easy enough to pick out from the rich supplies at the poulterer's just the right thing, but we must be careful that it is served to perfection—and flanked by just the right vegetables, sauces and accompaniments. Here are some suggestions for various combinations :

Stuffed Roast Turkey
Purée of Chestnuts

Stuffed Roast Goose
Potato Croquettes

Stuffed Roast Chicken
Madeira Sauce
Baked Potatoes

And in all three cases a crisp salad should be served either with or immediately after the bird.

Purée of Chestnuts

Prick all over one pound of chestnuts and roast them in a hot oven for twenty minutes. Remove the shells and scrape off the inner skins, then boil in salted water until quite tender. Strain, mash and pass through a sieve. Work this *purée* with a little butter, salt and pepper, and just before serving add a tablespoonful of the gravy from the turkey.

ON Christmas Day, or indeed any other day on which we receive guests round our table, a glass of Cointreau is clearly indicated. With this liqueur we can never go wrong. The price is 17/6

Details that make a Difference

A GOOD meal must finish with a perfect cigarette. When we open this lovely State Express Casket everyone knows that they are having the best

Madeira Sauce

Peel and chop finely one onion and brown it in butter. Add one tomato cut into small pieces and cook together for a few minutes. Then add two teaspoonfuls of flour, working it in smoothly ; cook for a few minutes more, allowing the flour to become brown. Now put in, little by little, enough hot stock to make a thick sauce. Bring to the boil and simmer for a quarter of an hour. If the sauce becomes too thick add more stock from time to time. Strain into a clean saucepan and add a port-glassful of Madeira or brown sherry and simmer for five minutes before serving.

Stuffing for Turkey

Take half a pound of pork (half lean and half fat) and mince it with two rashers of streaky bacon. Add a teacupful of white breadcrumbs, a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, mixed spices, salt and pepper. Mix well together and then add an egg, working it well into the mixture. It is important that the stuffing should be well seasoned, so plenty of salt and pepper should be used.

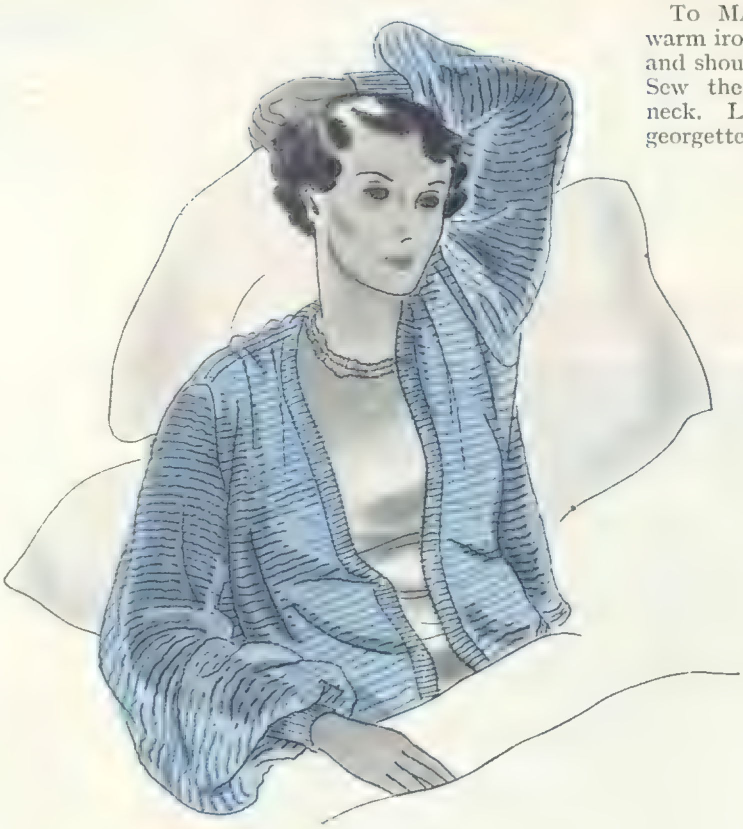
Potato Croquettes

First prepare a good *purée* of potatoes, adding less milk than for ordinary mashed potatoes as the *purée* should be fairly stiff. Add one egg beaten, salt and pepper and mix well together. Turn the mixture on to a floured board and form it into little oblong cakes. Dip these in beaten egg and fry until golden brown in boiling fat. Drain well and arrange on a hot dish.

A Knitted Bed-jacket

Tight-fitting cuffs ensure warm hands, a georgette lining adds to its comfort and a pair of matching bed-socks completes a bed-time ensemble

A CHIFFON or georgette lining is an extra luxury which is much to be recommended because it adds considerably to the warmth of the jacket



A PALE blue soft and fluffy bed-jacket would be a welcome present, and this one is very simple to make

Materials Required.—6 oz. "Bairns-Wear" 2-ply Layette Vest Wool in pale shell pink. One pair of bone knitting needles, No. 10. One pair of No. 16 needles. These are required for the cuffs.

How to make.—Begin at the lower edge of the back. Cast on 150 stitches on No. 10 needles. Knit 12 rows of garter stitch.

Then knit a plain row winding the wool twice round the needle at each stitch. Purl back as if there was only one strand of wool on the needle, letting the second strand drop. These two rows form the dropstitch pattern. Repeat these rows 35 times. Now cast off 24 stitches each side for the armholes. Knit 27 more dropstitch rows, then cast off 24 stitches for the neck, thus leaving 39 stitches on each shoulder. Knit 2 more dropstitch rows for each shoulder. Then cast off.

Front.—Cast on 75 stitches on No. 10 needles. Knit 12 rows of garter stitch. Then 35 rows of dropstitch. Cast off 20 stitches at the armhole. Knit 19 more rows of dropstitch. On the 20th row knit 11 drop stitches, then knit 2 together 16 times, still continuing the dropstitch. Then knit the remaining 12 dropstitches. (This gives a gathered effect across the front.) There are now 39 stitches on the needle instead of 55. Knit 9 more dropstitch rows. Cast off. Work the other side the same up to the armhole, reversing the cast off.

Sleeve.—Cast on 100 stitches on No. 10 needles. Knit 68 rows of dropstitch. Then knit 2 together all along one row leaving 70 stitches on the needle for the cuff.

Cuff.—Knit the cuff on No. 16 needles in 1 plain, 1 purl for 54 rows. Repeat these instructions for the second sleeve.

Band.—Cast on 10 stitches on No. 10 needles. Knit in garter stitch until the band is long enough to measure round the fronts and neck. Cast off.

To Make Up.—Press lightly with a warm iron. Join the under arm seams and shoulder seams. Stitch in the sleeves. Sew the band round the fronts and neck. Line with pale pink chiffon or georgette.

Bed-Socks

Materials Required.—1½ oz. "Bairns-Wear" Layette Vest Wool (2 ply). 4 No. 10 bone knitting needles with points at each end.

Cast on 66 stitches (22 on each needle) and knit into the back of the stitches. Continue in rib of K. 1, P. 1 for 16 rounds.

Knit 18 rounds plain, purling the last stitch on each round to form a seam stitch, and decreasing every 6th round by knitting 2 tog. on either side of seam stitch. (60 stitches left on needles.)

Now knit 8 rows of K. 1, P. 1 ribbing, to make sock fit snugly round ankle.

Next knit 16 rounds plain, making the seam stitch as before.

Divide stitches for the heel. 31 on back needle (15 each side of seam stitch), 14 on one front needle and 15 on the other.

Knit backwards and forwards on back needle for 19 rows (plain forward and purl back), discarding the seam stitch, and slipping the first stitch of each plain row. End on a purl row.

To turn the Heel.—Beginning on the next plain row, K. 18, K. 2 tog., K. 1, turn. Slip 1, P. 6, P. 2 tog., P. 1, turn. Slip 1, K. 7, K. 2 tog., K. 1, turn. Slip 1, P. 8, P. 2 tog., P. 1, turn. Slip 1, K. 9, K. 2 tog., K. 1, turn.

Continue in this manner until there are 19 stitches (*Continued on page 102*)

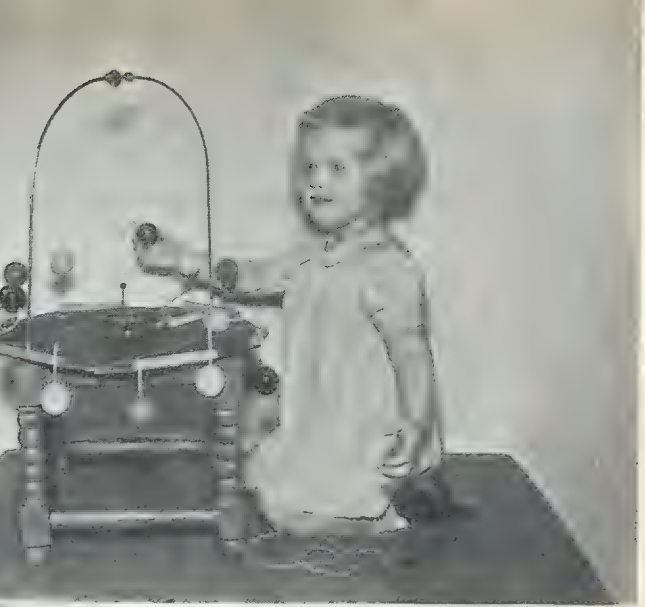
The Games Corner

A Modern Solution of the Nursery Problem

NURSERIES and Nannies are fewer than they used to be, and for this eason the new idea of the ames Corner, in place of the der-fashioned nursery, is eadily gaining ground. I ecently visited a friend who s successfully adopted this ethod with her children.

A large corner of the living-om was divided by a low iling, in the centre of which miniature wicket-gate bore e inscription, "Games Corner. t and Jane." A Wendy use stood in the centre of is freehold property, and we ad talked some while before occupants put their heads t of the window, or paid any ention to us.

Children's play necessitates muddle and upheaval. The adult's life is orderly, it asks for comfort and neatness. The child and the adult, with their quite contrasting outlook, cannot easily live together, unless the one imposes rather harshly its unacceptable standards on the other. But the Games Corner solves all this. The children are blissfully happy and free in their own domani, and prefer it to Mother's world, which is not so interesting, and where you cannot "do as you like." But gradually the children beg.n to admire the neatness of the adult world and, always imitative, they begin themselves, *in their own time and manner*, to put their province in order.



BOMBARDO, a novel game made in Lord Roberts's workshops for disabled soldiers, requires four players, each of whom chooses differently coloured balls. 15/6 from Gorringe

TREASURE COT make every kind of garment required by the young lovelies of to-day. This very smart corduroy velvet coat costs 25/-, and a complete costume of coat, leggings, and hat, 36/9

BUSY mothers will delight in the "Little Buffer" wheel chair, which will keep baby safe from harm. It has a detachable food tray and costs 17/6 in waxed wood or 21/6 if white or coloured

A WENDY house makes a perfect games corner and one in which its small occupants will take the greatest pride

A LOVELY soft lion or leopard made of plush realistically coloured and marked may be obtained from Gorringe. The lion costs 25/6 and the leopard 18/9

Cannons of Hollywood

Complexion—*Care or Cares?*

Beauty *Can* and *Should* be *Cultivated.* Preparations based on the formulæ of a famous Dermatologist *procure* and *preserve* the Essential Beauty of the Skin

By "CHRYSIS"

EVERY woman must believe in predestination in regard to symmetry of form and feature, but both artists and laymen agree that beauty is not necessarily inherent in perfect features and classic measurement. An analysis of loveliness, which would have to be historical, psychological and scientific, is beyond the scope of this article. Suffice it to say that what may seem to be indefinable beauty and attraction frequently depends on colouring and complexion and that, by modern scientific methods and intelligent care, these are within reach of every woman to-day.

The work of Doctor François Debat and his dermatological laboratory at the Hospital of St. Antoine, Paris, is well known to skin specialists and beauty culturists throughout the world, and treatment and preparations based on his formulæ necessarily inspire confidence. These Innoxa preparations, as they have been called, have been specially adapted to the needs of English complexions and are manufactured in this country. Their claim to recognition lies in the fact that they are not merely attractive and fragrant toilet preparations evocative of transient charm, but that they are actually "*aides-de-camp*" to nature, cleansing and stimulating, enhancing and preserving the tissues, cells and surface of the skin with accumulative beneficial effect, and they include treatment and cosmetics appropriate to every type of complexion.

A normal complexion can be washed in tepid water, but should subsequently be sponged with Innoxa complexion milk, which cleanses the pores of all impurities and helps impoverished tissues to regain strength and natural activity, thus clearing and whitening the complexion and at the same time making it softer, finer and more elastic.

Greasy skins should be washed with hot water to which borax has been added, and the application of the complexion milk, which is the basis of this treatment, may be followed by the astringent lotion and, if "make up" is used, foundation lotion is preferable to Matine Cream or Mousse, which are delightful powder bases for a normal skin.

If the complexion is dry or sensitive, it may be wiser to substitute the complexion milk for soap and water—it is, in itself, a complete cleanser—and, at night, the complementary skin food should be massaged into the skin and the residue left to be absorbed.

The skin tonic and complexion vitaliser are both valuable accompaniments to this treatment.

NOW that most women use cosmetics it is of infinite importance that these should be pure, of high quality, and should contain no harmful ingredients. The sponsors of these preparations make a particular point of supplying powders and day creams which in no way detract from the good work of the cleansing milk, tonics, skin food, and their rejuvenating facial cream pack, while fulfilling the demands of the most exigeant and "fashionable" user of cosmetics.

There is a special powder (No. 2) for dry and sensitive skins, and this is prepared in the same variety of colours as the powder for normal skins. In response to requests from clients for powders in a shade suitable for use when the skin is tanned by sun (the summer sun-bathing has dovetailed into the winter sports season this year!) two special Innoxa powders have been prepared: "Pereena," an ideal shade for the blonde, and "Aprella," which conforms to the richer tan attained by the brunette. These powders, with the complementary rouges and lipsticks, constitute a perfect "make up," natural and becoming, and eliminate all the dangers of unscientific and harmful cosmetics.

But the fact must be emphasised that even the best cosmetics cannot disguise a bad skin, and the cleansing complexion milk, appropriate tonics and skin foods are an essential basis for the loveliness that is more than skin deep.

To complete their series of beauty preparations, Innoxa have created a sextet of the most deliciously fragrant scents, "Gardenia" being particularly reminiscent of this most lovely flower's perfume.

The Gift *of* BEAUTY

SOME SUGGESTIONS FOR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS WHICH WILL BE WELCOMED BY ALL WOMEN

NEED it be so very difficult to choose a present? Primarily one wants to give pleasure, and the reward of giving is the consciousness that one has chosen well and that what one has sent will be appreciated.

Manufacturers of toilet accessories, realising this, have excelled previous efforts in the production of presents which in beauty and charm recommend themselves, while their contents are practical and range in price from sums which represent little more than the cost of an elaborate Christmas card to that of a "serious" present. For instance, there are the delightful "Evening in Paris" Bourjois coffrets, recognisable in their lovely blue and silver dress, which range from the little gift sabot containing a bottle of perfume at one and ninepence to the coffrets containing every conceivable toilet requisite.

CYCLAX have designed the most intriguing case of bright red leather which contains lotions, creams and powders—in fact, everything which any woman can want for her toilet—and which is priced at 25/6

THIS charming coffret is made of imitation shagreen and contains a series consisting of toilet powder, shaving soap, after-shaving lotion and brilliantine. It comes from Floris and costs only 15/-

While one's mind is on toilet accessories it is equally easy to choose the ideal present for a man. "Floris" of Jermyn Street, for so long famous as London's luxury perfumers, have provided for the wants of fastidious men friends with a really attractive gift case of imitation but decorative shagreen, containing shaving soap, talcum powder, after-shaving lotion and brilliantine. These sets can be had in most of the famous Floris perfumes, including "Honeysuckle" and the perennially popular "Rose Geranium."

TANGEE'S compact rouge costs 3/6, their face powder costs 4/6 or 2/6, and their miraculous lipstick 2/6

LAROLA'S finely sifted face powder is to be recommended for the most sensitive skin. In many lovely shades it costs 2/6 a box, the rouge costs 2/6, and their famous lotion 1/6

"Cyclax" is a name to conjure with and Mrs. Hemmings' contribution to British Beauty Culture deserves a special chapter to itself. Either as an introduction or a contribution, the little leather cases, containing all the preparations necessary for the special home beauty treatment, would make an ideal present. They contain the famous cleansing lotion and astringent milk, skin food, complexion soap, "Braceine," and the "Special" lotion which clears and refines the skin and is the basis of the Cyclax treatment.

BOURJOIS "Evening in Paris" is a deliciously fresh perfume, and this coffret containing face powder, a powder compact, a bottle of the scent and a lipstick, would be appreciated by any woman. 17/6

A FLACON of the well-known "4711" Eau de Cologne is always welcome. It may be obtained in various sizes from 2/6. The coffret containing soap, talcum powder and a bottle of the Eau de Cologne costs 7/-

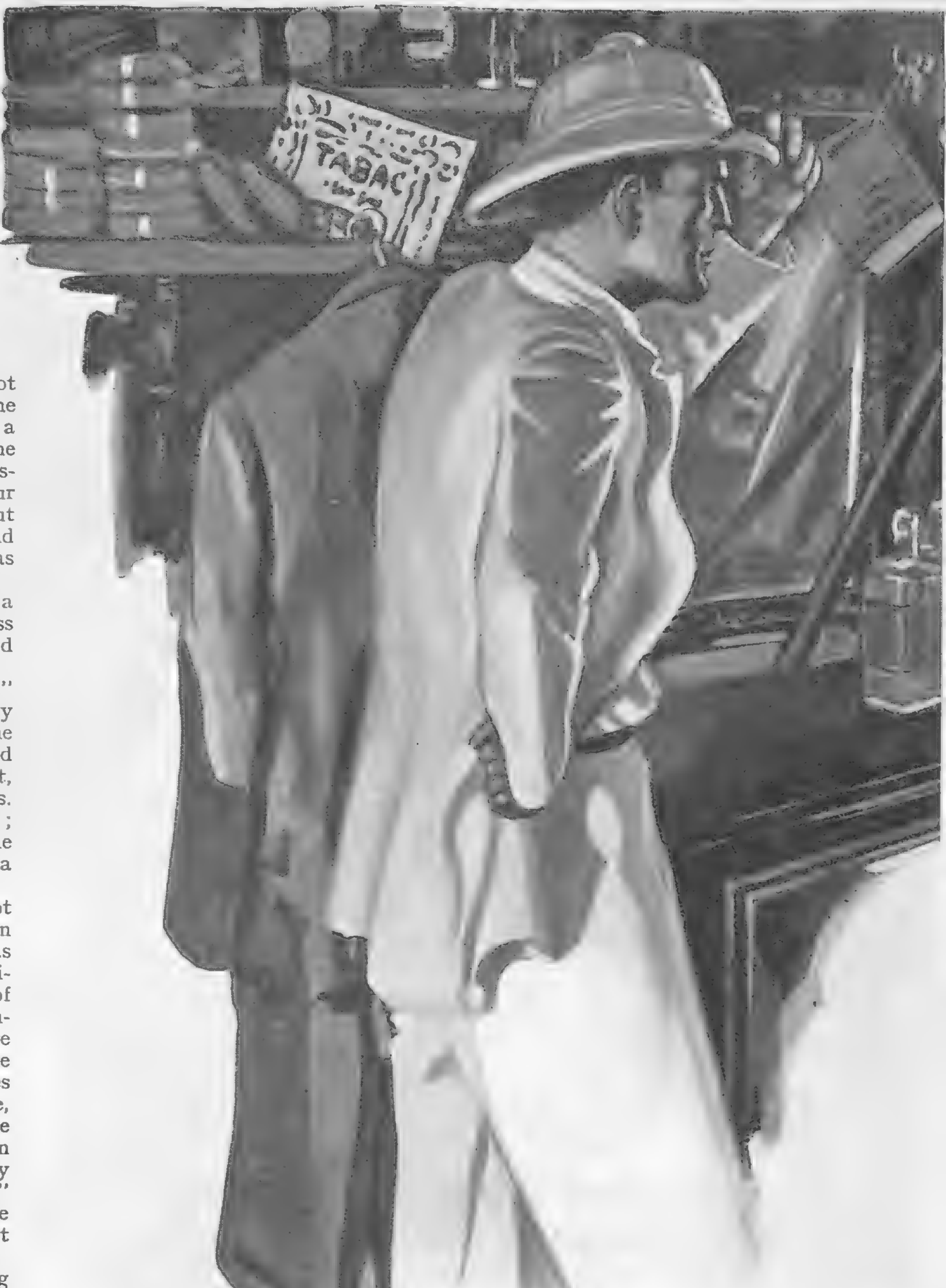
A simple and inexpensive present, both for the innumerable regular "Larola" fans or those who are unaware of its virtues, would be a bottle of that delightful toilet milk, which cleanses and soothes the complexion and keeps the hands smooth and white.

There is one gift that would be universally acceptable to all, whether old or young, men or women, and which has been part of the "toilet" of what the crossword specialists call the "élite" for several centuries, and that is Eau de Cologne. "4711" Genuine Eau de Cologne Toiletries, bearing the famous blue and gold label, solve innumerable Christmas present problems. "4711" Genuine Eau de Cologne itself needs neither description nor eulogy, and its uses as a toilet accessory or as a restorative are known throughout the world. But perhaps it is not so generally known that the proprietors of "4711" Genuine Eau de Cologne have not only incorporated the famous essence in a delightful series of toilet preparations but have added to their repertoire another series of toilet preparations under the name of "Tosca."

Devil's Island

Illustrations by D. Ll. Wynne

THEN a door opened and out walked Madame Picot followed by Fo Ling. She jumped right back when she saw me, collected herself and came forward



MONSIEUR and Madame Picot were fellow passengers of mine on board the s.s. "Biskra," a French boat, bound for the Guianas. There was considerable discrepancy between their ages. Monsieur Picot was a fine upstanding Norman about fifty years of age; Madame Picot could not have been more than thirty; she was blonde and attractive-looking.

She had, so Monsieur Picot told me, a distinguished record as a Red Cross nurse in Morocco, and had been awarded the Croix de Guerre.

"They are always fighting in Morocco," Monsieur Picot said; "but not many women go out to nurse our soldiers; the heat in the summer time is terrible and the dust—you would not believe it, if you had not seen it with your own eyes. But my wife does not mind bad climates; she was quite willing to come with me upon this journey; we are to stay a month at Cayenne."

I wondered why on earth Monsieur Picot was going to Cayenne, which has been aptly described by a French writer as "The Cesspit of the Western Hemisphere." The population consists of prison officials, convicts, liberés (convicts who have been set free and are allowed to live on the mainland) Chinese store-keepers and half-castes. Les Iles du Salut comprise the Isle Royale, Isle St. Josef, and Isle du Diable, and lie just off the mainland. Cayenne is, in fact, the port for the French penitentiary the newspapers call "Devil's Island." I gathered that Monsieur and Madame Picot had only just been married. What a place to choose for a honeymoon!

However, it transpired that mining interests made it necessary for Monsieur Picot to go to French Guiana at this season; he had actually booked his passage before his marriage, and Madame Picot insisted on going with him.

Despite this I got the impression that she was not a very devoted wife; indeed as the voyage wore on she grew fretful and made it clear that the old man bored her to death. I suspected she had left a lover behind in Paris.

I was going to Cayenne for my own purposes. I wanted to meet Henri Bellon, the only other Frenchman besides Dreyfus who has been put on the actual *Isle du Diable* and afterwards found innocent of the charge upon which he was convicted. Bellon, I had heard, kept a little barber's shop in Cayenne, and as I happened to be in Martinique, which is only five days' journey from French Guiana, I thought I would run down and see him. It is a simple enough matter to go to Devil's Island if a traveller is prepared to put up with the accommodation of the "Biskra," which is, so far as I know, the only passenger ship in the world that calls at Cayenne. Incidentally, the "Biskra" drops anchor off the *Isle du Diable* itself to land mails, and she is certainly the only ship in the world that does that. She is a terrible little boat carrying the dregs of humanity as passengers. My cabin mate for the five days was a Chinese opium smuggler. Imagine pretty Parisian Madame Picot and her elderly husband in such a craft!

"Where does one stay in Cayenne?" I asked Monsieur Picot the night before we were due to land.

"There is nowhere except the Café du Verdun; it is kept by a mulatto woman; she has a few bedrooms. A single man could go to the Hospice kept by Les Soeurs de Chartres, but they do not take in women, so I could not go there with my wife."

"Then will Madame remain at the Café du Verdun while you go into the interior to inspect this mine?" I asked.

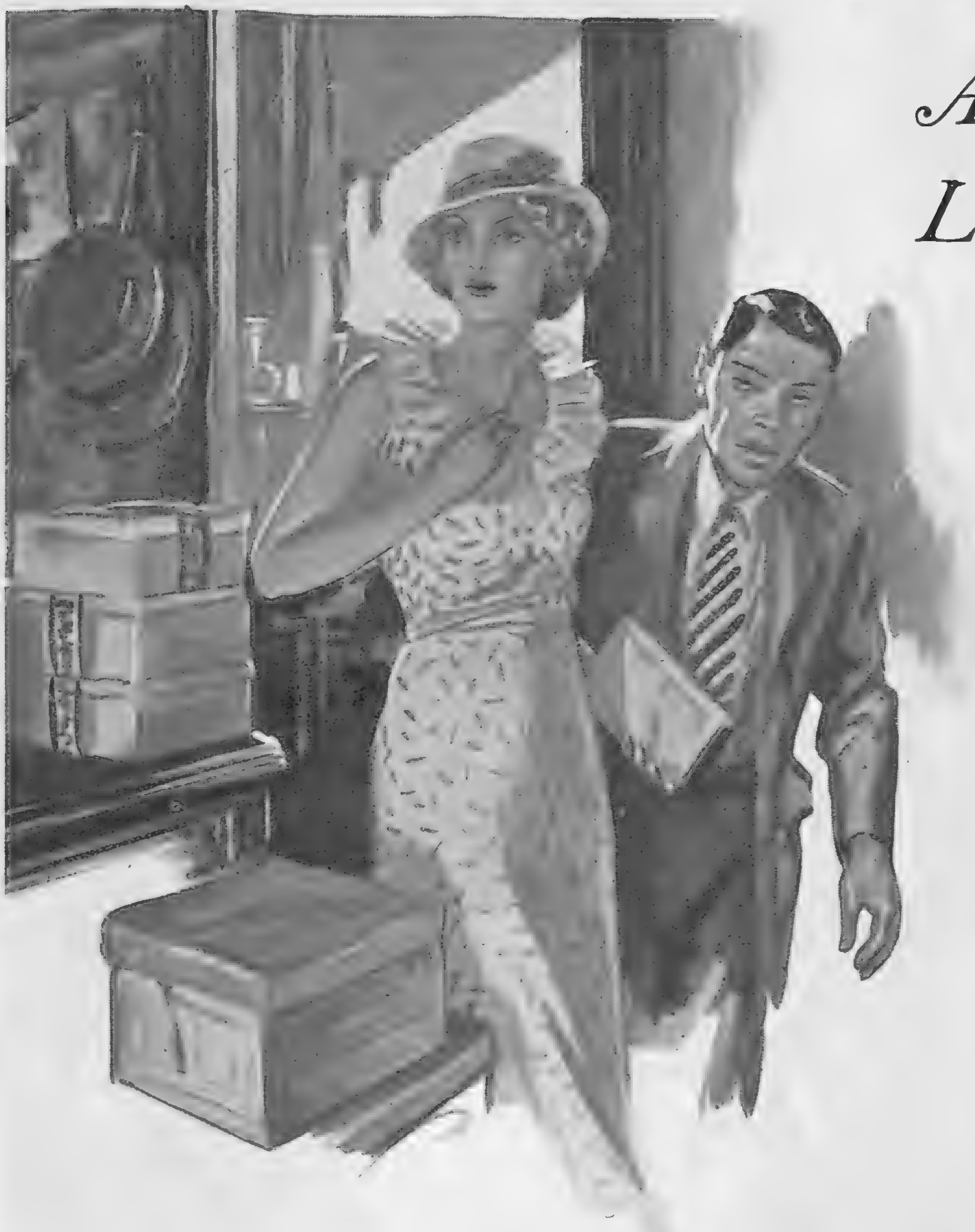
"No; she is coming with me into the interior. My wife is an adventurous woman, monsieur. I have told her that a journey into the interior of La Guyane is not without risk, for there are many

Convict escapes . . .

A Story of La Guyane

By

Arthur Mills



convicts that have escaped into the forest and have been living there for years. She laughs at me; she says she was behind the lines with the Foreign Legion in Morocco, and that she is not afraid of convicts. They are bad men though, the convicts that are sent out to La Guyane; for the most part they have killed."

"And then there are traitors?" I said.

"A few; and also in certain cases men who have deserted from the army."

"Le Bagne is a terrible sentence to give a man isn't it?"

"It means death, monsieur; though the release may not come quickly."

"A good many escape, don't they?"

"They escape; but they do not live. The voyage across the water in an open boat is the end of some; others die of hunger and privation in the forest. Perhaps one in ten of those you read about in the papers as having escaped from Devil's Island get clean away alive."

Monsieur Picot evidently knew what he was talking about. He had been to La Guyane before. A day or two later when I met Henri Bellon he told me much the same story. To try to escape from Devil's Island was a desperate venture.

"Maybe if a man has friends outside he might accomplish it," Henri Bellon said; "otherwise he stands little chance."

Friends outside! I thought. What friends outside could a Devil's Island convict have?

Bellon told me that the most favoured method of attempting to escape was to cross the river by canoe above St. Laurent du Maroni, thence traverse the jungle lands of Dutch Guiana, come down the Paranahibo River, and get a ship from the Dutch port. From the outset the task presented staggering difficulties. First the man must elude the guards at St. Laurent du Maroni, then obtain a canoe; once he was at liberty in Dutch Guiana he had the terrible jungle to cross; and, if he was not killed by starvation, fever, poisonous snakes or Indians, and came to the Paranahibo River, he had still the Dutch authorities to deal with. The Dutch do not welcome escaped convicts in their colony, and return all they catch to the authorities at St. Laurent du Maroni.

The other way, by open boat to Trinidad, Bellon considered more hazardous still, and quite impractical for one man alone. It was necessary for five or six convicts to club together, arrange for the purchase of a boat from a Chinese storekeeper and rely upon him to have it secreted, stocked with food, at some prearranged point along the coast. The weak link in this scheme was the necessity of several men being concerned in it; invariably one of the number turned traitor and betrayed the plan. Bellon said that a really determined convict always preferred to try to escape alone. A certain number had got away into Dutch Guiana, but whether they had lived or died no one knew.

These then must be the men whom Monsieur Picot had in mind when he spoke of the danger of a visit into the interior. In the meanwhile he and Madame Picot were making preparations for their expedition.

THEY were to be away for about ten days. Taking a guide and porters with them, they were going to follow the old mining trail as far as an Indian village called Itachi. Here the engineer of the mine in which Monsieur Picot was interested was to meet the party, take them to the mine, and then conduct them to a point on the Paranahibo River where Monsieur Picot had ordered a launch to be waiting to take them down to the port. In fact, they were going to take much the same route that a convict trying to escape from the Penal Settlement would take, only they would have ample food supplies, competent guides and a specially chartered launch waiting to meet them.

Moving as they would in a large, well-armed party, I fancied they would be in little danger from any wretched half-starved escaped convict dragging his way through the jungle.

"I rather envy you your trip," I said to Monsieur Picot. "It is more interesting to see the interior of a country than only the coast line."

"Yes, the interior of Guiana is interesting," Monsieur Picot agreed. "I have already been there, and look forward to going back; it is for my wife that I am anxious."

"Marie, really it would be more prudent for you to remain behind."

"I come with you," said Madame Picot. There was the most determined glint in her eye that I have ever seen in the eyes of any woman. I began to understand why she had been awarded the Croix de Guerre for her services nursing behind the lines of the Foreign Legion in Morocco. No bullet would frighten her and most certainly no man. Yet she was dainty and pretty enough to look at. Queer that she should have married the elderly Monsieur Picot! I felt there was a mystery there and inclined to think some man had let her down and in a fit of temper she had taken the next that came along. Monsieur Picot had told me they had been married very suddenly.

Monsieur Picot, having lit a black French cigarette, looked at me and smiled benignly; he was proud of his intrepid wife.

"It is a pity, Monsieur, that you cannot accompany us," he said, "but I suppose you have affairs in Cayenne."

I jumped at his offer: "No, Monsieur, I have nothing more to do here; I should be very glad to go with you, that is if Madam will allow me to come?" I looked at Madame Picot.

Her eyes met mine; I felt that she was trying to read something in them; I could not make out what. She said nothing for an instant, then smiled: "It would be company for us to have Monsieur with us, André."

Instinctively I felt that with these words she was offering me a pact of friendship: it would be up to me to keep the pact. Later that evening I learnt that it was Madame Picot in the first instance who had suggested I should be invited to accompany them.

"My wife say to me this morning, why do I not ask you to come with us," Monsieur Picot said when he and I were alone. "I tell her it is a journey I do not think a man would care to make unless he is obliged; but she say to me to ask you. She is a remarkable woman, like a young tigress sometimes I think. When I first meet her she was very unhappy for the man that she love have been killed in Morocco. She say that she hate Paris and want to go abroad. I tell her I am going to Guiana and she get very excited and say to me, 'Take me too! If I stay in Paris any longer I will go mad.'" Monsieur Picot paused and tapped the ash off the end of his cigarette; then he looked at me quizzically.

"Monsieur, you are English and I do not wish to shock, but we are to travel together into the interior and maybe to face death. Monsieur before we three set out upon our venture, it is right that I should tell you something."

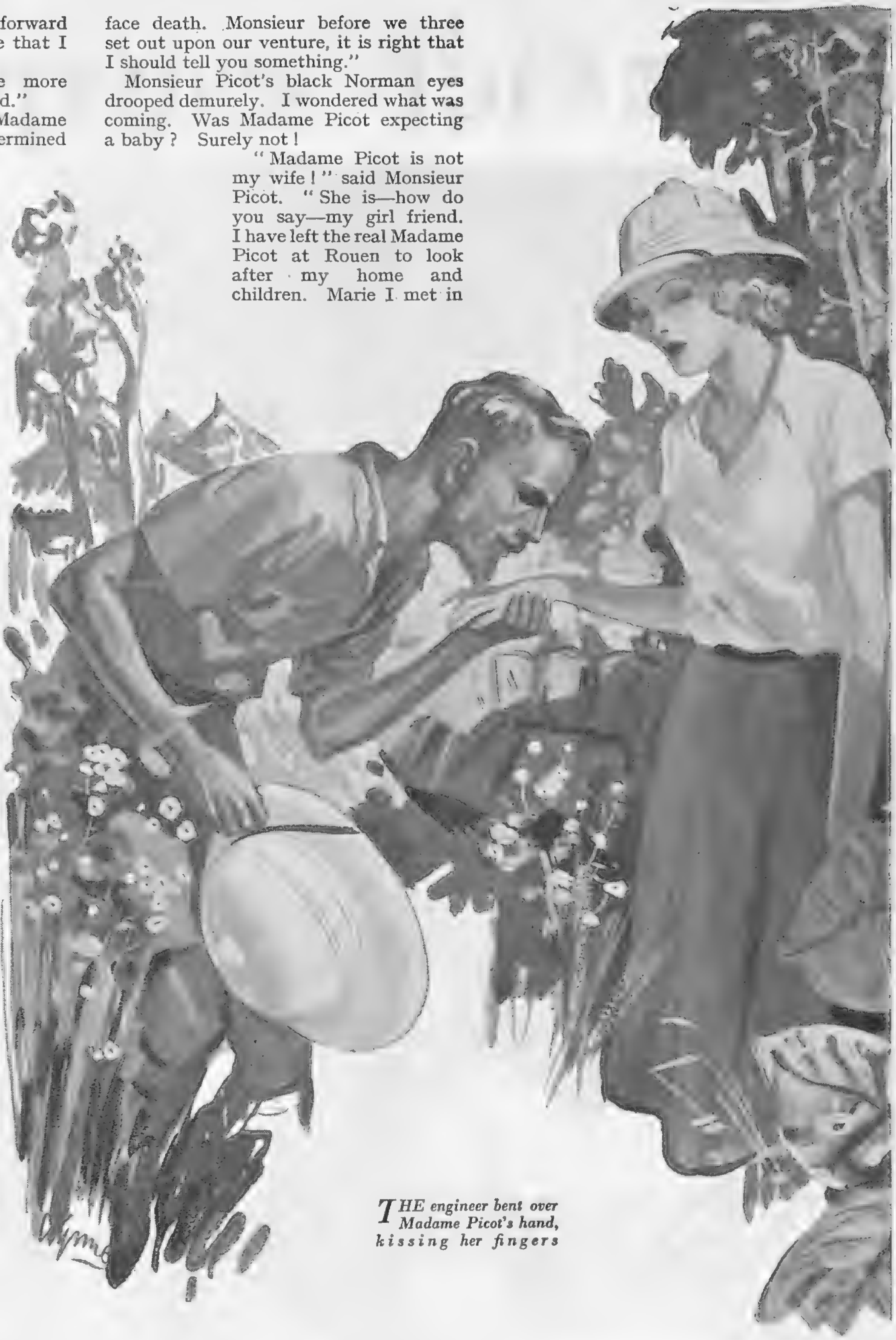
Monsieur Picot's black Norman eyes drooped demurely. I wondered what was coming. Was Madame Picot expecting a baby? Surely not!

"Madame Picot is not my wife!" said Monsieur Picot. "She is—how do you say—my girl friend. I have left the real Madame Picot at Rouen to look after my home and children. Marie I met in a café in Montparnasse. In Montparnasse you meet all kinds of people, actors, artists, writers, airmen—but perhaps Monsieur knows?"

"Yes, I do," I said, thinking of a pretty girl I once met at the Cupole whose summer profession was to tour the country diving from an incredible height into a tank of water.

"It was like that that Marie and I became acquainted. We were sitting next to one another in the Dome. We talked, she told me about her experiences in Morocco and of her lover that had been killed. She has really the Croix de Guerre and she did nurse behind the front lines. I told her of my expedition to Guiana. Her eyes lit. I can see them now. She said how she would like to come with me. I thought she must be joking and then I see she is really serious. The desire for adventure is in her eyes. Maybe there is the chagrin, too, of her lover's death. I have a kind heart. I like a pretty face." Monsieur Picot beamed complacently. "I say 'all right' and so here we are, but I did not mean she should go into the interior. Ah, no!"

Had it not been for the look I had seen from time to time in Madame Picot's eyes—a look that I can only describe as being something between desperation and determined intent, I should have thought the whole story wildly improbable. As



THE engineer bent over Madame Picot's hand, kissing her fingers

it was, and in view of the death of her lover in Morocco, it might well be that the girl had jumped at the first opportunity of getting out of France that came her way. I was certainly looking forward to my journey into the interior with the strange pair.

ON the morning of the day before we were due to leave an incident happened which for an instant I believed provided the explanation of everything.

It must be admitted there was plenty to explain. Madame Picot was young and attractive; Monsieur Picot a man of fifty with whom she was not in the least in love. Despite this she had begged to be allowed to accompany him on a voyage to La Guyane, the dreaded fever-ridden penal colony of France. True the man she loved had been killed fighting in Morocco and she craved to travel to get away from her thoughts. But there were other places she could have gone to, other men who would have been glad of the company of such a charming girl.

Well, then, the explanation of the whole matter, as I believed, was suddenly offered to me at 10 o'clock in the morning on our last day in Cayenne. I had gone down to Fo Ling's store to make a few purchases for the trip. Such stores as there are in Cayenne are kept by Chinese. They sell tropical clothing, tobacco, crude hardware, tinned foods, tafia, and opium, doing extremely well out of the last-named product among the liberés, who have to live for the rest of their lives in French Guiana. I should smoke opium if I was a liberé.

I had gone up to the counter of the store and was giving my order to an assistant when I heard a woman's voice coming from an inner room.

"*Entendu,*" was the only word she spoke, then a door opened and out walked Madame Picot followed by Fo Ling. She jumped right back when she saw me, collected herself and came forward.

"Allo! You come to do shopping, too?"

"Yes, Madame," I said, wondering why it had been necessary for Madame Picot to do her shopping in the private sanctum of Fo Ling; also what it was that was meant by "*entendu*" or—as we should say—"agreed between them?"

Fo Ling's face, of course, told me nothing. No Chinese face ever gives the slightest indication of its owner's thoughts But Madam Picot's expression had been tell-tale for an instant. She had been taken aback, to put it mildly, at being discovered by me in Fo Ling's store.

Then the inspiration came to me. I suddenly believed I had guessed the reason for Madame Picot's visit to Guiana. I thought of my talk with Henri Bellon. Bellon had said: "It would be necessary for five or six convicts to club together, arrange for the purchase of a boat from a Chinese storekeeper and rely upon him to have it secreted, stocked with food, at some point along the coast."

A Chinese storekeeper! And there stood Fo Ling, mysterious and inscrutable as a bronze Buddha.

Had Madame Picot come out to Guiana to help some convict to escape? "He must have a friend outside," Henri Bellon had said.

We all of us get ideas which we think brilliant at the time; after a bit they die on us and we realise we have been wrong.

Madame Picot waited in the store while I made my purchases, saying we would walk back to the Café de Verdun together. Crossing the Place des Palmiers, the Hyde Park of Cayenne, where grubby little coloured children play and the bodies of dead dogs are devoured by vultures, she suggested we sat down for a few minutes on a seat. I agreed willingly; the heat was terrific.

"If you'll promise not to tell André I'll tell you a secret," she said, when we were seated.

I promised. As I have said, from the outset she had silently implied that she considered I was going to be her friend.

Madame Picot opened her bag and showed me the black shiny butt of an automatic.

"That was what I was buying at Fo Ling's store," she said: "I had to go into his private room, for fire-arms may not be sold in Cayenne."

That I could well believe with so many liberated convicts walking the streets.

"A gun!" I said.

"Yes; I know that you and André will be with me, but a woman should be able also to protect herself." She closed the bag. "André must not know; he would be horrified by the idea of a woman carrying an automatic."

"Even though she had been with the Foreign Legion and wore the Croix de Guerre!"

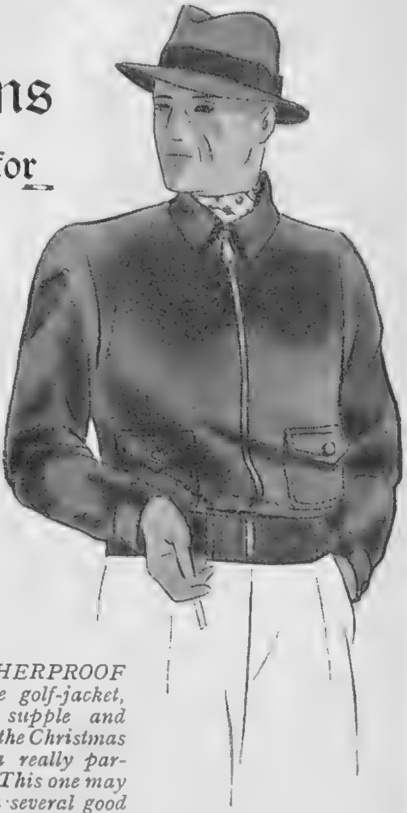
"Ah that! It was after Emile had been killed all that happened. I was working in the big hospital at Fez when the news came he was dead. I asked at once to be sent up to a dressing station near the line. I was so miserable, so desperate, they let me go; they feared I would kill myself if they refused. In work and danger I found forgetfulness—but only for a time. A heart that has been torn as mine has been cannot be mended."

She talked on telling me about Emile, the young Frenchman she had loved. He had, it appeared, been an officer in the Spahis. He was not a soldier by profession, but because he loved adventure. So he had volunteered for service with the army in Morocco. His actual work was science; he had been studying in Paris when they first met; when he went to Morocco she followed him.

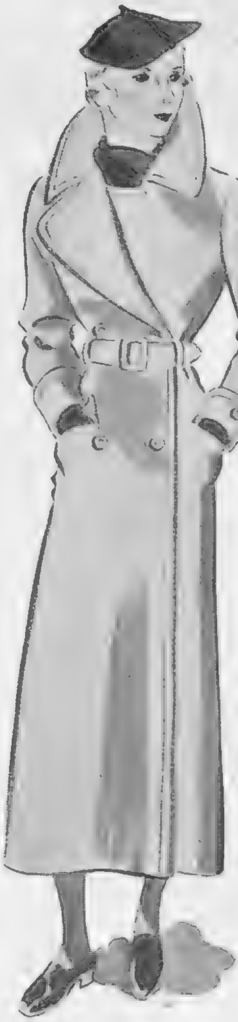
Listening to her story I realised how wild my conjecture had been that she had come to Guiana to assist a convict to escape. It is the worst of having a mentality that can see a fantastic drama in the most ordinary meeting between two people in the street. But there it is; that is the way I am. (*Continued on page 120*)

Seasonable Suggestions

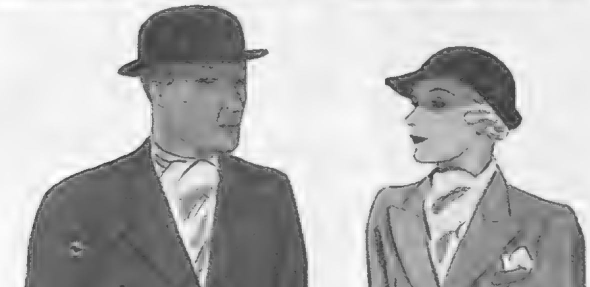
A sextet of practical gifts for country lovers



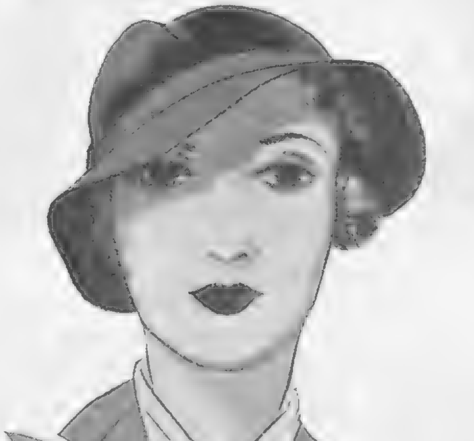
A WEATHERPROOF gaberdine golf-jacket, windproof, supple and roomy, is just the Christmas present for a really particular man. This one may be obtained in several good colours, has a zip-fastener and costs £1 12s. 6d. It comes from Austin Reed



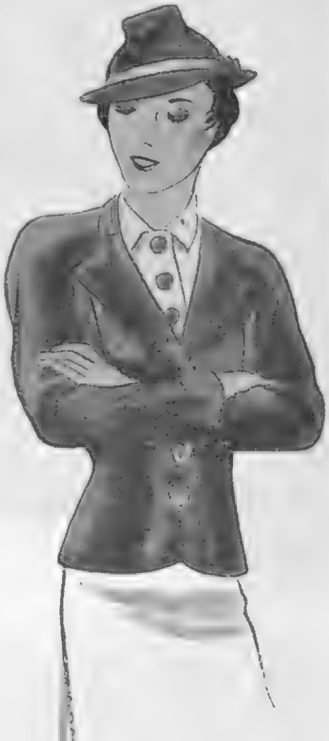
STUDD AND MILLINGTON'S camel-hair coats are the last word in comfort. They may be obtained in plain camel-hair or in the new check camel-hair coatings. Hand-tailored, with wide lapels and trim belt, they cost 6½ guineas. Patterns will be sent on request



A SMART riding outfit need not be considered a luxury, for Bedford Riding Breeches Co. will make ladies' jacket and breeches from 84/-, men's from £3 10s. 6d. Children's ready-to-wear jodhpurs may be obtained from 13/6. Excellence of cut and material is guaranteed and a catalogue giving details will be sent on request



WOODROW'S unspottable fur felts will withstand any treatment and even our climate, and are to be had in a number of becoming styles. The riding and sports hat shown here has the new crease in the crown and can be supplied in grey, black, brown or navy. Quote size when ordering. Price 29/6



PERHAPS you may think you cannot afford this attractive suède coat for your very best friend, but you really can, for it is to be obtained by deferred payments from Corot. It is of specially supple suède and can be had in dahlia red, vivid blue or yellow, price 4½ guineas. Why not write for their catalogue and details of their terms?

F. J. Gutman

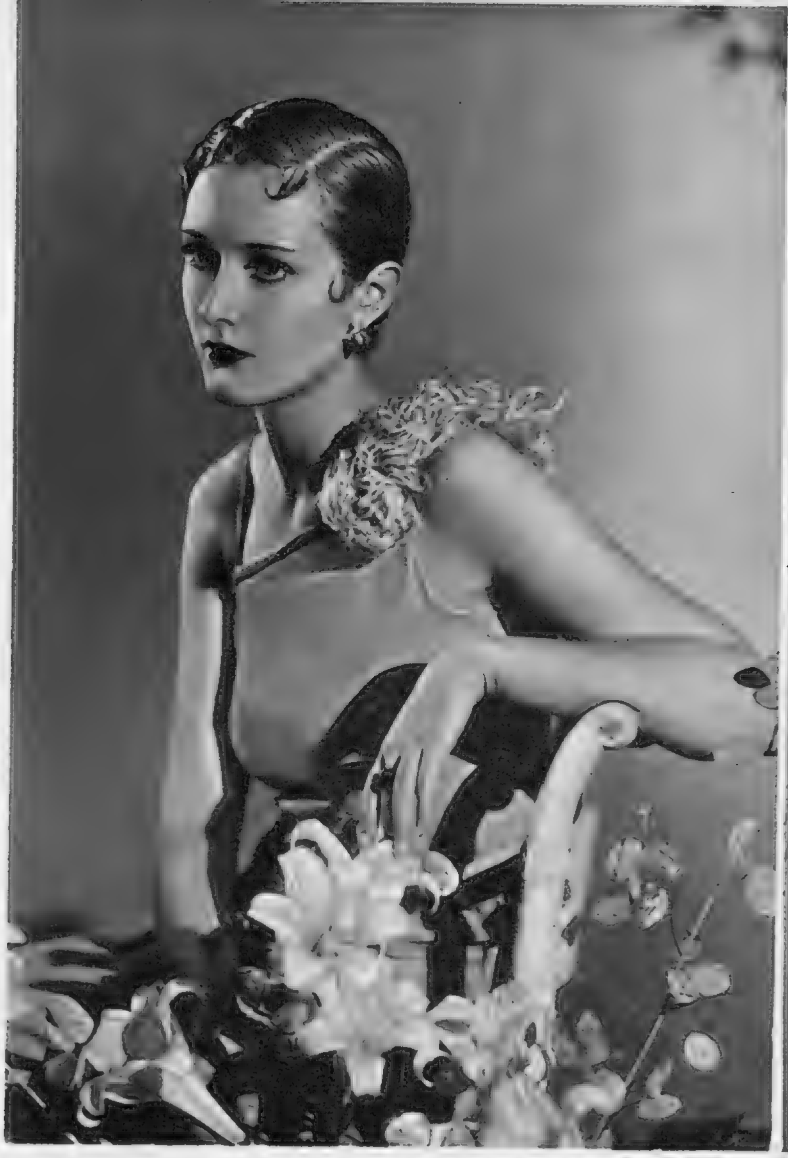
A NOTE of the MONTH

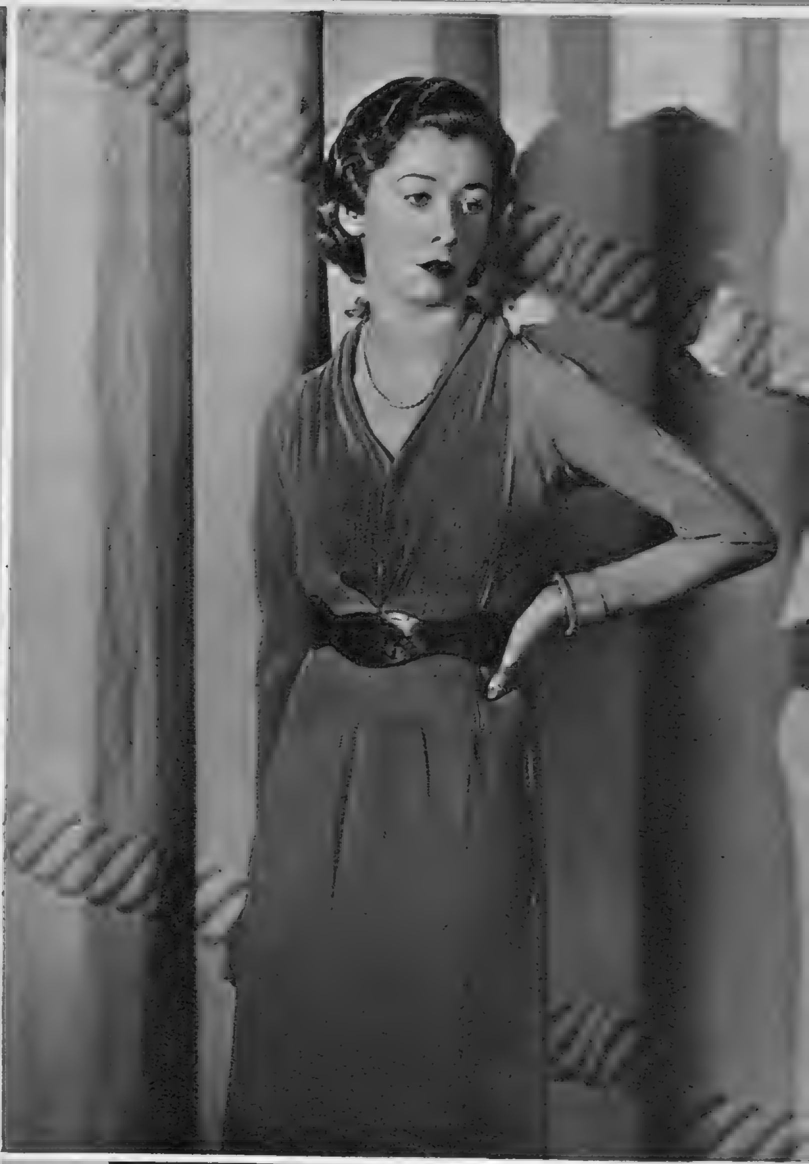
FOR a real Scrooge's Christmas, all snow, furs and good feeling, nothing could be more appropriate than the costume pictured here. The ermine wrap (one almost says "tippet") is worn over a plain, ankle-length black velvet dress which has long sleeves and a moderate décolletage. It is accompanied by a barrel muff and a black felt hat trimmed with a band of ermine. The hat, the furs and the dress are all to be found at Marshall & Snelgrove

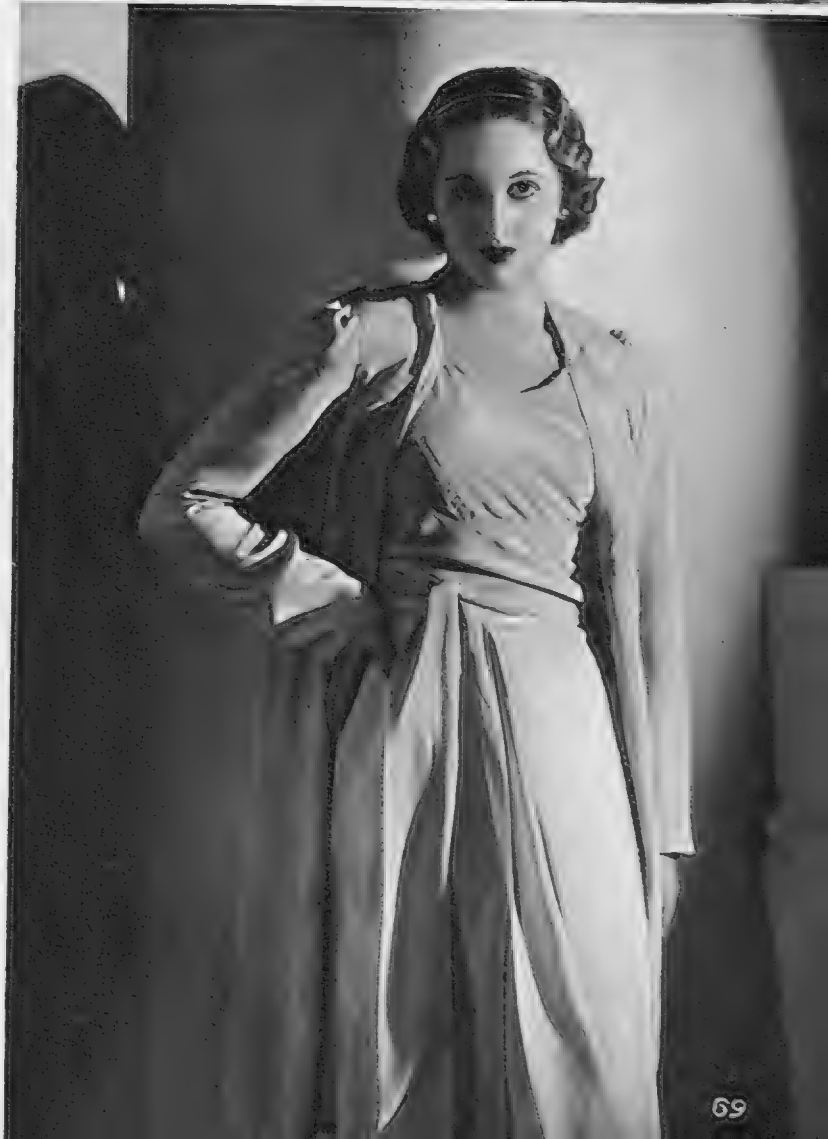
THE HON. SHEILA BERRY
Top Left: MISS DOROTHY HYSON

Photographs by Paul Tanqueray

MISS ANGELA BRETT
Left: THE LADY MARY LYGON







MISS PRIMROSE SALT
Top Right: MISS LISA MAUGHAM
Right: THE LADY PAMELA SMITH

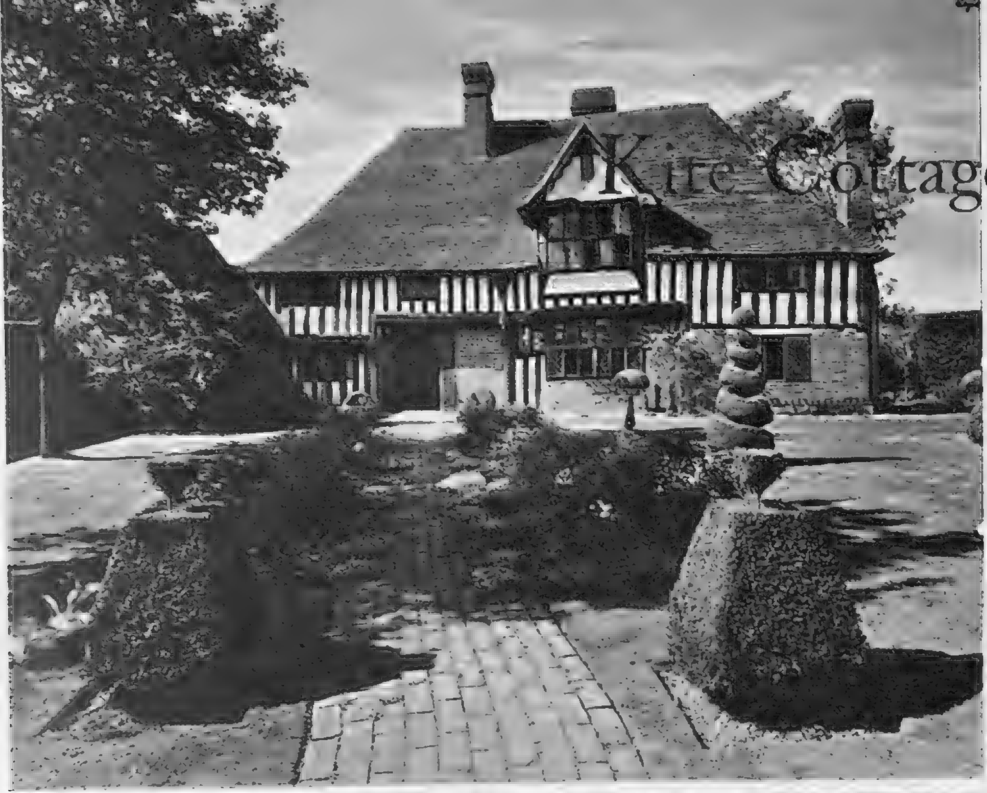
Seven Examples of ENGLISH CHARM

Members of the younger set pose specially for "Britannia and Eve" and illustrate the fashions of 1933

A VERY sane simplicity is noticeable in the varied types of clothes chosen by these representative members of London's smart young set. Miss Dorothy Hyson, the lovely daughter of Miss Dorothy Dickson, and the Hon. Sheila Berry, Lord Camrose's daughter, have both chosen severely simple evening gowns, each illustrative of a new décolletage. Miss Hyson's off-the-shoulder bertha is carried out in white silk interwoven with silver; Miss Berry's wine-coloured woollen crêpe has a plain V front, but is backless save for the cross-over formed by the shoulder-straps. Lady Pamela Smith, sister of the present Earl, favours an exquisite turquoise velvet gown and coat which relies for its effect entirely on its cut; her friend Miss Lisa Maugham, Somerset Maugham's only daughter, wears an afternoon gown which is simplicity itself. Tiny tucks and a red leather belt are the sum total of its adornment. Miss Primrose Salt, one of last season's prettiest débutantes, allows one small ostrich tip to rest on the shoulder of her apple-green satin gown. Lady Mary Lygon, second daughter of Earl Beauchamp, chooses the extreme richness of paillettes for an evening ensemble, but insists on a classically simple cut. Miss Angela Brett, daughter of the lovely Zena Dare and niece of Lord Esher, is soon to be married. Her navy blue afternoon dress has short sleeves, white pin-spots and bows

Kite Cottage, Monk's Horton,

is the home of Mary Grey, the well-known actress, and was a gift to her from her famous husband, the late James Bernard Fagan. The house dates from the XIVth century and was once a part of an ancient Priory

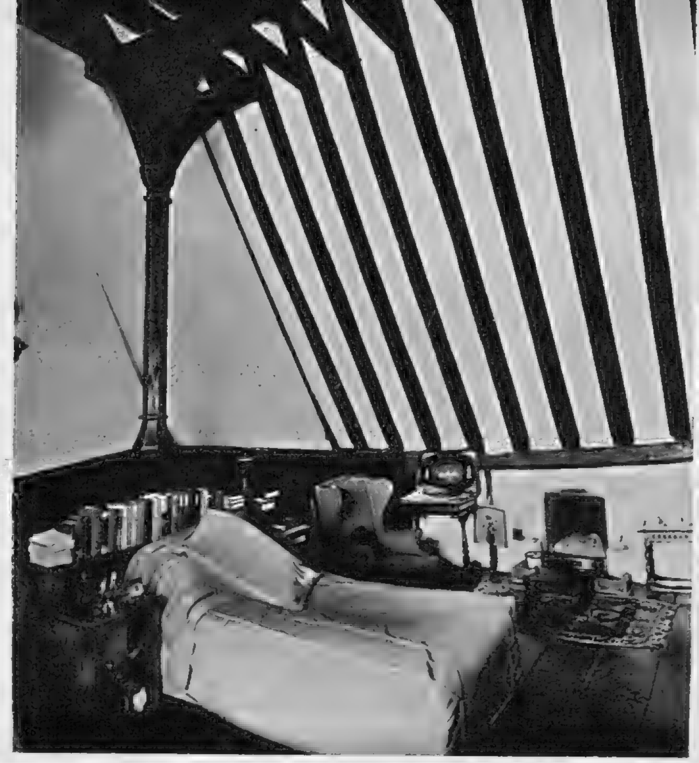


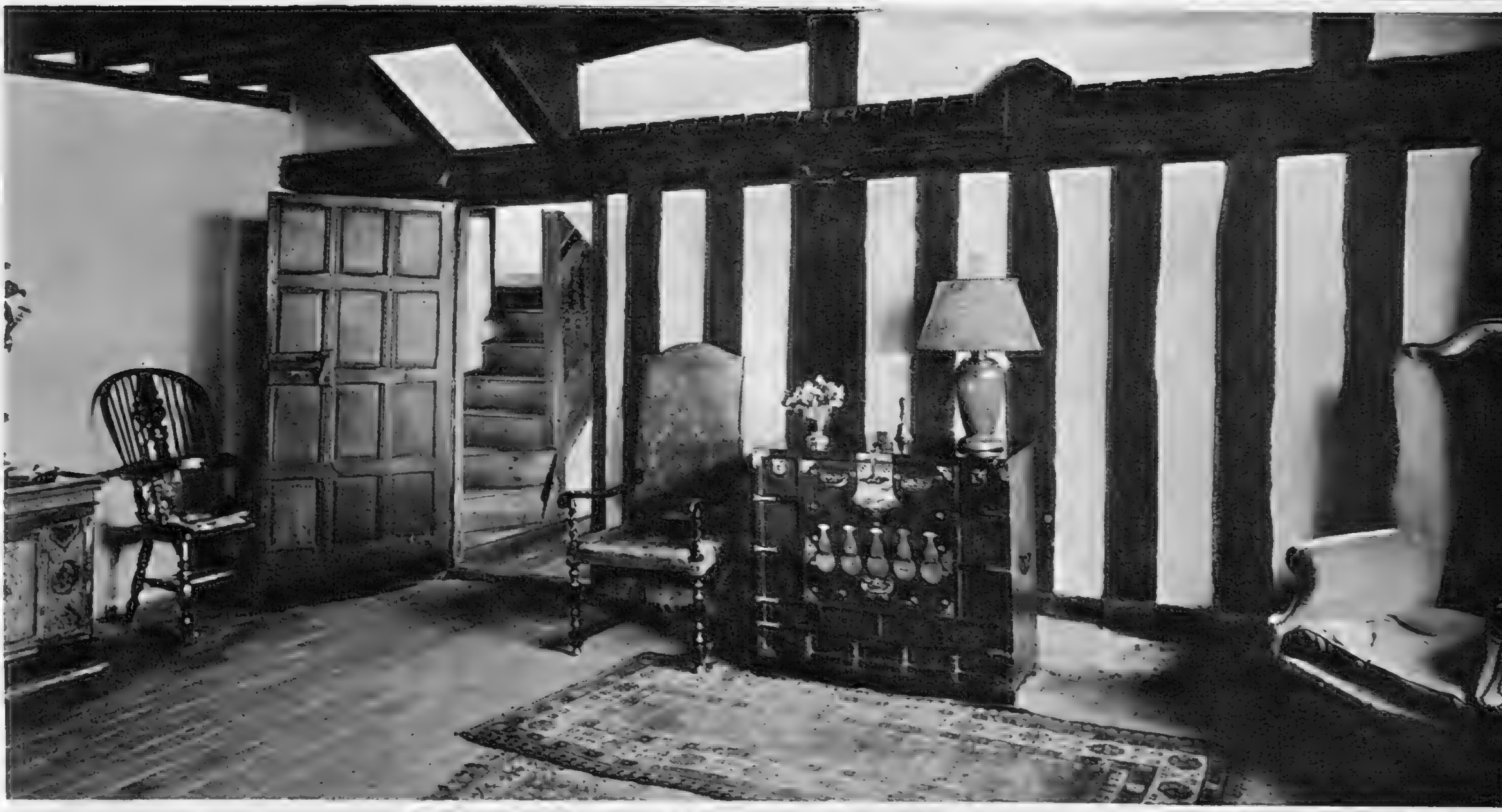
(Left.) Incorporated in this mullioned window is a small piece of rare stained-glass whose lettering no one can construe. It is beneath the top-left fastening, but is barely discernible in the photograph

The hall has a brick floor, and on the right is a door leading to a wash-house, which Mrs. Fagan is converting into a dining-room, with a table built around the pillar which supports the roof

Kent

This is Mrs. Fagan's bedroom, which is decorated in a colour scheme of soft green, beige, and black. The high-raftered roof is supported by a huge king-post. The small table in the corner on the right came from Ellen Terry's house



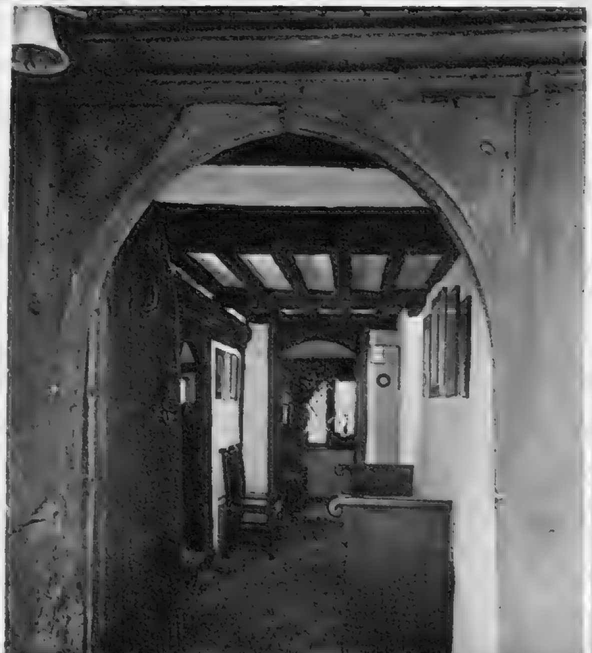


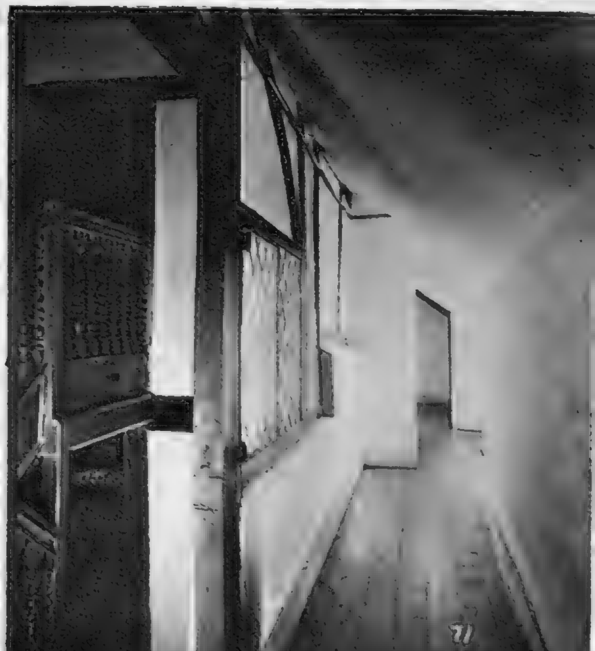
(Above.) The large living-room looks to-day very much as it must have done in Tudor times. Twelve great oak joists support the floor above, and there is a fine crenellated cornice

(Right.) A view of the hall looking from the porch and showing the panelled oak front door. This still has its original key, which is no less than one foot long and turns the wrong way

(Extreme right.) The upper story was probably added in the sixteenth century, and the staircase has a very beautiful carved oak balustrade. Many of the windows contain very ancient glass

(Left.) The exceptionally wide recessed fireplace in the living-room is notable for the giant beam, over thirteen feet long, which is carved with a Tudor design and bears the date





How they did it Then

"But is old, old, good old Christmas gone? Nothing but the hair of his good, grey old head and beard left? Well, I will have that, seeing that I cannot have more of him"

By Winifred Lewis

"NOW capons and hens, besides turkeys and geese and ducks—must all die. . . . Now plums and spice, sugar and honey, square it among pies and broth. . . ."

IT is one of the sad features of our time that the hearty old customs of Christmas have so nearly passed away. Many of the games, the ceremonies, and lusty traditions of the season are now only a matter of speculation and dispute, and with them seems to have gone some of the spirit of homely kindness and the characteristics of lusty enjoyment that flourished in the good old times. Progress has invested our pleasures with a more elegant tone, but are they so enjoyable? Where are the traditional customs of hospitality and good cheer that have served poetry and drama with such rich material? Gone, with the baronial castles and the stately manor houses in which they were celebrated.

But, bereft as it is from its traditional customs, Christmas is still a season of delicious excitement, and if our modern circumstances do not lend themselves to the vigorous celebrations of more picturesque times, we can look back to them with pleasure and mould our humbler festivities upon a similar pattern, for they have much to teach us on the subjects of hospitality, good living and good cheer.

The housewife of the past was a superior craftsman, for all our modern efficiency, and an old writer's description of an English kitchen at Christmas time has a spirit of which the modern labour-saving apartment is lamentably shorn.

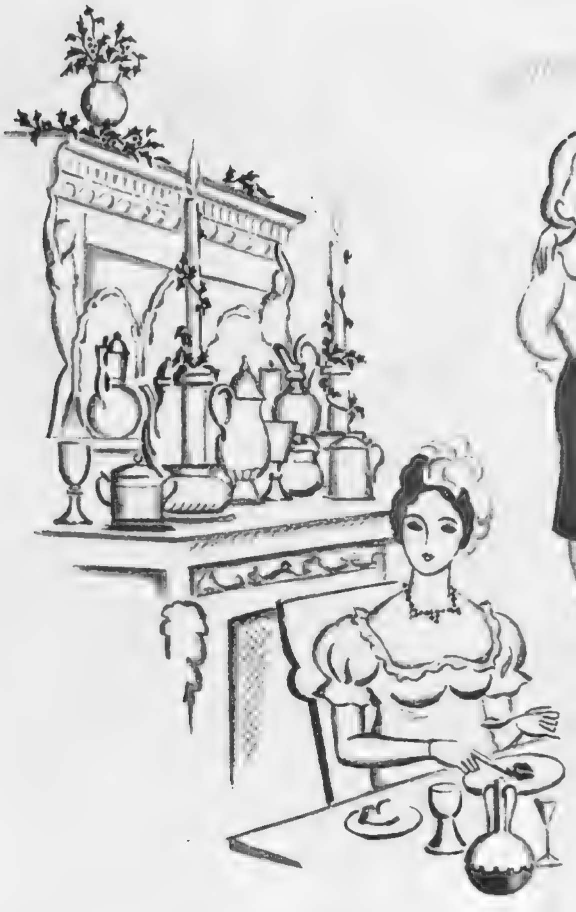
"It was of spacious dimensions," he writes, "hung round with copper and tin vessels highly polished, and decorated here and there with Christmas green. Hams, tongues, and flitches of bacon were suspended from the ceiling; a smoke-jack made its ceaseless clanking by the fireplace, and a clock ticked in one corner. A well-scoured deal table extended along one side of the kitchen, with a cold round of beef and other hearty viands upon it, over which two foaming tankards of ale seemed mounting guard."

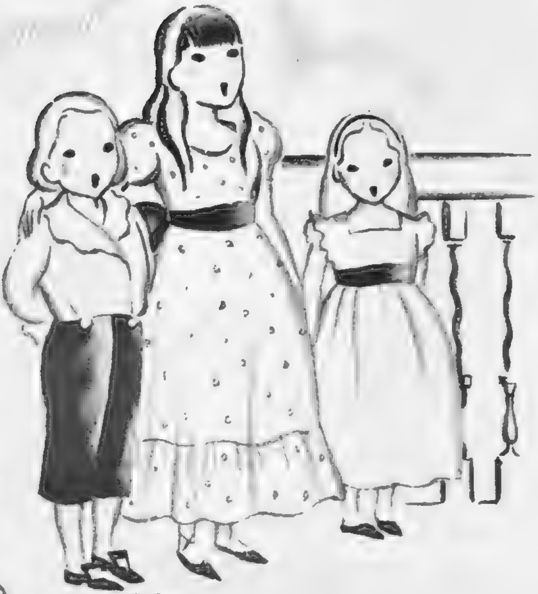
One can imagine the Christmas dinner that came to table from such a kitchen as that, and, from the pampered security of our labour-saving existences, we may well look back and wonder.

So brisk and hearty were the housewife's preparations for Christmas that the scene had an animation beside which our own preparations seem pale indeed. From another old writer's description we read again: *"Now capons and hens, besides turkeys and geese and ducks with beef and mutton—must all die; for in twelve days a multitude of people will not be fed with a little. Now plums and pies, sugar and honey, square it among pies and broth. Now or never must music*

WHEN all was ready, the cook knocked thrice upon the table with the rolling-pin. This was the signal to carry in the meats—and hearty indeed were the viands that came to table

INTRODUCTION to the feast: Serving up the boar's head was an excuse for a delightful ceremony, a custom we might emulate in honour of the turkey, accompanied, as then, with carols and candlelight





(*Above*)

ON Christmas morning a choir of small voices was heard chanting carols outside each bedroom door, and much was the whispering and giggling that accompanied the performance

(*Left*)

THE Christmas candles, wreathed with holly, were placed among the family plate. Pictures were decorated with holly and ivy and the Yule Clog burnt briskly upon the hearth

be in tune, for the youth must dance and sing to get them a heat, while the aged sit by the fire."

This delightful atmosphere depended much upon the customs and ceremonies which were so faithfully followed, particularly in the country. The hanging of the mistletoe—a custom which, in an anæmic form, still remains to us—was, of course, among them. Large bunches were hung about the houses and the young men had the privilege of kissing the maids beneath it, plucking for each kiss a berry. When the berries were all plucked, the privilege ceased.

The Yule Clog was important among the superstitions, and, above all, the comforts of the Christmas Season. This was a great log of wood, often the root of a tree, which was brought into the house on the night before Christmas. It was lighted with the ashes of last year's fire, and while it burned there was eating, drinking and carol-singing, which went on far into the night, lit by the blaze of the great fire and the flickering Christmas candles, wreathed with green, which occupied their place of honour in the room. It is said that if the fire burnt out before dawn there was fear and trembling for the ill-luck that would surely come upon the house. The brand, or ashes, of the fire was carefully preserved for the lighting of the next Christmas fire, and in other ways also were the bad fairies of the Season placated.

The open-hearted hospitality of this time in days gone by is a study in human kindness—to say nothing of an object-lesson in catering.

On Christmas morning an English country gentleman threw open his house to tenants and neighbours, and all were gathered in his hall by daybreak. The strong beer was broached, and there was hearty feasting upon such morsels as " toast, sugar, nutmeg, and good Cheshire cheese." A very lusty sort of cocktail-party, this, at which the cook, if failing to serve the meats by daybreak, was taken by the arms and run round the market-place " till she was shamed of her laziness."

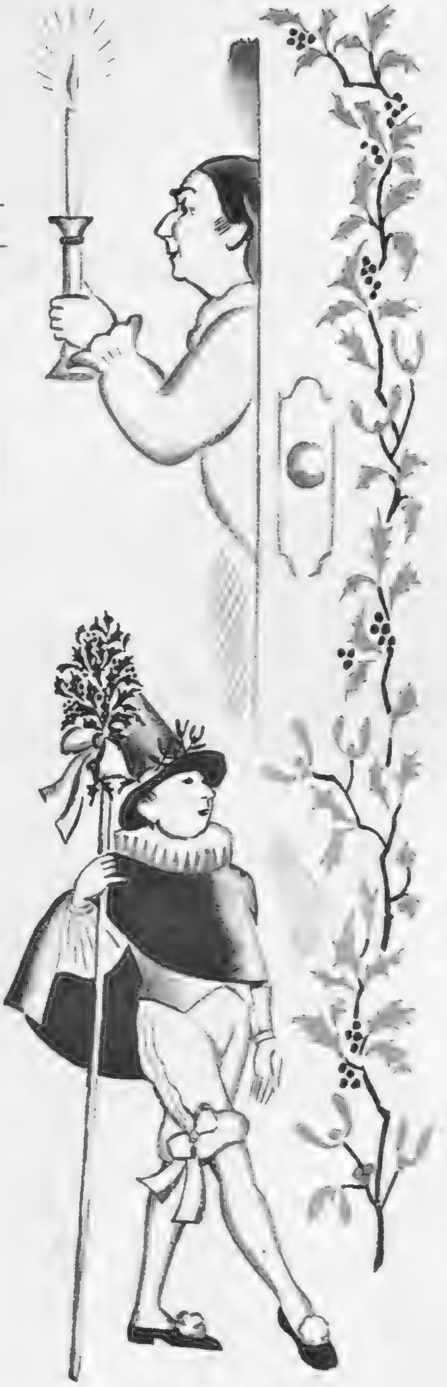
It seems that close upon this early endeavour to whet the appetite for the feasting to follow there came breakfast, an exhibition of true old English heartiness that censures our modern repast of tea and toast for its effeminacy and sends our thoughts in wonder and admiration to the presiding genius of the kitchen. Cold meats, wine and ale, besides wheat-cakes and other morsels, were on the bill of fare, stimulants, perhaps, to the main feast to which they were a mere introduction.

The Christmas dinner was served up to the crackling of blazing logs and illuminated with candles which cast their warm reflection upon a proud display of silver. Sometimes a minstrel sat by the fire, twanging his strings and entertaining the assembly with carols and legendary songs as they fed.

The rolling-pin struck upon the dresser three times was a signal that the cook was ready to send in the meats, and then was ushered in, with commendable gravity, a procession of waiting-maids or men, bearing the boar's head. Their arrival was accompanied by carol-singing, during which time the table was loaded with good cheer, to which they all afterwards addressed themselves.

The passing of the wassail-bowl concluded the feast after a considerable interval, and was invariably a huge silver vessel brought in and placed before the master of the house. Its appearance was hailed with acclamation and singing, for it was a beverage of skilful, not to say extravagant, mixture—a potation of the richest wines, highly spiced, and sweetened with roasted apples.

Having raised it to his lips with the heartiest wishes to the company, the



" AT Christmasse there was in the King's house, wheresoever hee was lodged, a lorde of misrule, or mayster of merry disportes ; and the like had ye in the house of every nobleman of honour. . . ."—(Stow)

host sent it round the board, and there was much laughter and exchanging of sallies as it circulated among his guests.

Maskings and mummeries were the favourite pastimes for the rest of the day, and there was much bustling about to furnish each guest with some fantastic disguise. Now were kept up the old games of hoodman blind, shoe the wild mare, bob apple and snapdragon, and many were the burlesques that were enacted and the tales of tradition and ghost that were told about the fire.

There was a peculiar zest about this revelry of which we seem to have lost the art—these Christmas times that reeled with joviality and wassail are gone; yet never was the need for such a spirit so great or the words of the old verse so applicable as now—

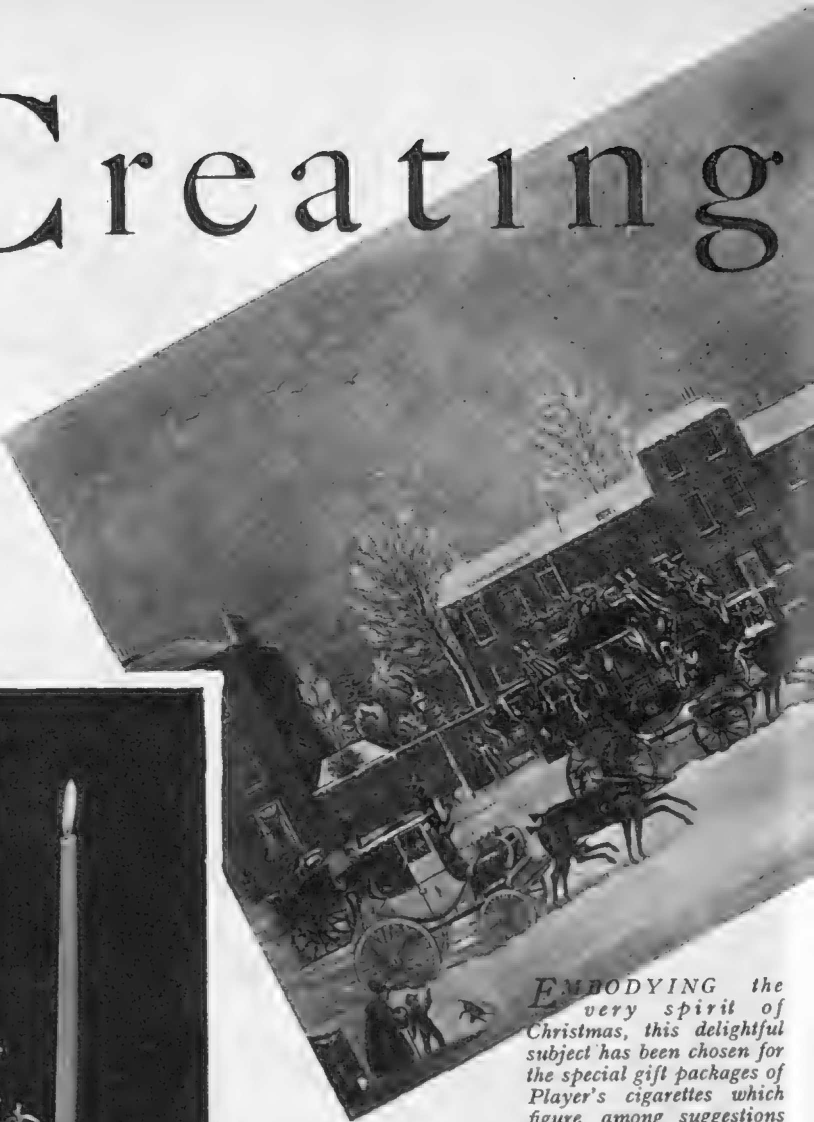
> " Without the door let sorrow lie,
> and if, for cold, it hap to die,
> we 'll bury't in a Christmas pye,
> and evermore be merry."

Creating

To illuminate your Christmas festivities there is an Aladdin Lamp which combines the mellow charm of the past with the slick efficiency of the present. This decorative unit with chromium finish adapts itself at will to the use of oil or electricity. The price is 52s.

Set for the feast—and what more appropriate than a scheme of silver, linen and lace? A linen cloth of hand-embroidery and lace costs 35/6 from Hamptons. The silver is from Mappin and Webb

Helen MacGregor



Embodying the very spirit of Christmas, this delightful subject has been chosen for the special gift packages of Player's cigarettes which figure among suggestions for gifts this season

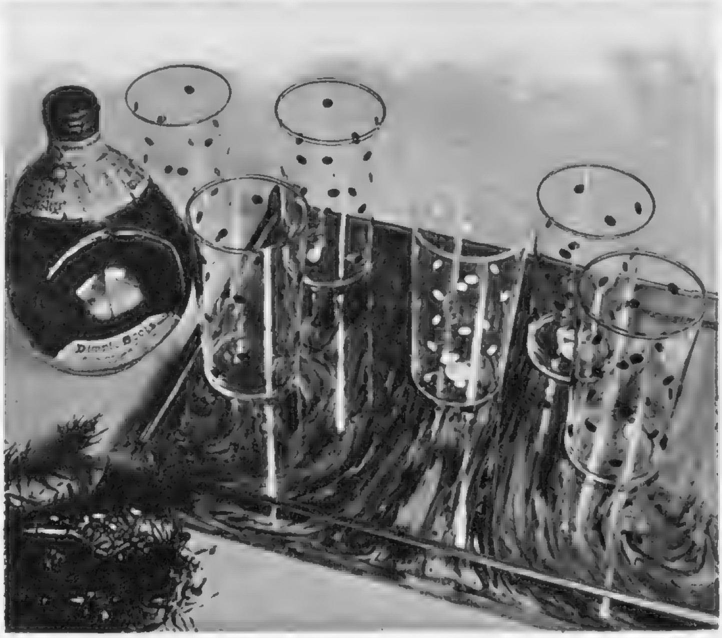
If ever there was cause to anticipate Christmas with pleasure and good cheer, it is this year. The silver lining is at last gleaming in the clouds of depression that have overhung recent Christmases. Some have caught the reflection in their own affairs, others merely accept, as yet, the assurance that it is there, and all of us can polish the Christmas bells and practise the good old greetings in anticipation of a season of true Thanksgiving.

Efforts to achieve Christmas comfort for ourselves and others, to decorate the scene appropriately, and in every way to foster the traditional spirit of kindness and thanksgiving, will be rewarded this year with the comfortable assurance that our individual efforts are helping on the good work to recovery. Each Christmas gift has a double significance, inasmuch as it pleases the individual recipient and benefits the world at large by stimulating the circulation of money. The greater the confidence with which we celebrate the coming season, the more potent the tonic to the nation; and the more earnestly we strive to encourage the spirit of kind old Christmas, the greater assistance we render to the cause of happy Christmases to come.

So let us bestir ourselves early this year to put our dwellings and our affairs in order for the good Season, so that everybody and, as far as possible, everything, shall be in good looks and good spirits for the occasion. Let us be gay with the glossy branches of holly and ivy, and replete with the luxuries of the table, as with the joys of entertaining and of enjoying our neighbours' kindness.

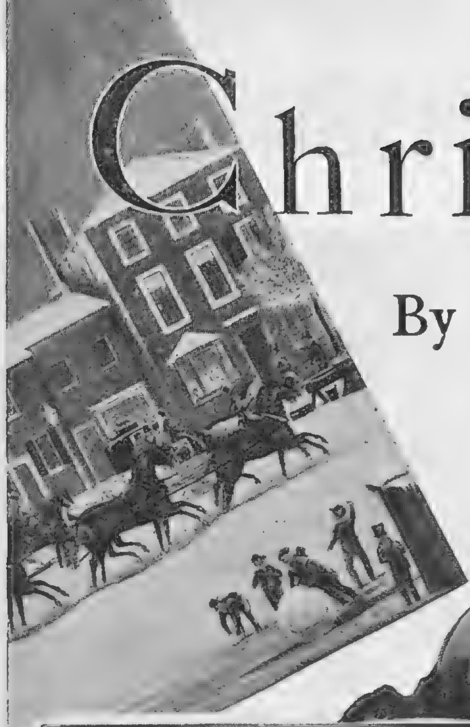
Let these things combine to make for us a truly Happy Christmas, a season when our friendly sympathies are aroused, when we are more responsive to the charm of each other's society and more dependent upon each other for enjoyment. Let us, in fact, express Christmas with the simple sincerity of the old song—

> A man might then behold,
> At Christmas in each hall,
> Good fires to curb the cold,
> And meat for great and small;
> The neighbours were friendly bidden,
> And all had welcome true,
> The poor from the gates were not chidden,
> When this old cap was new.

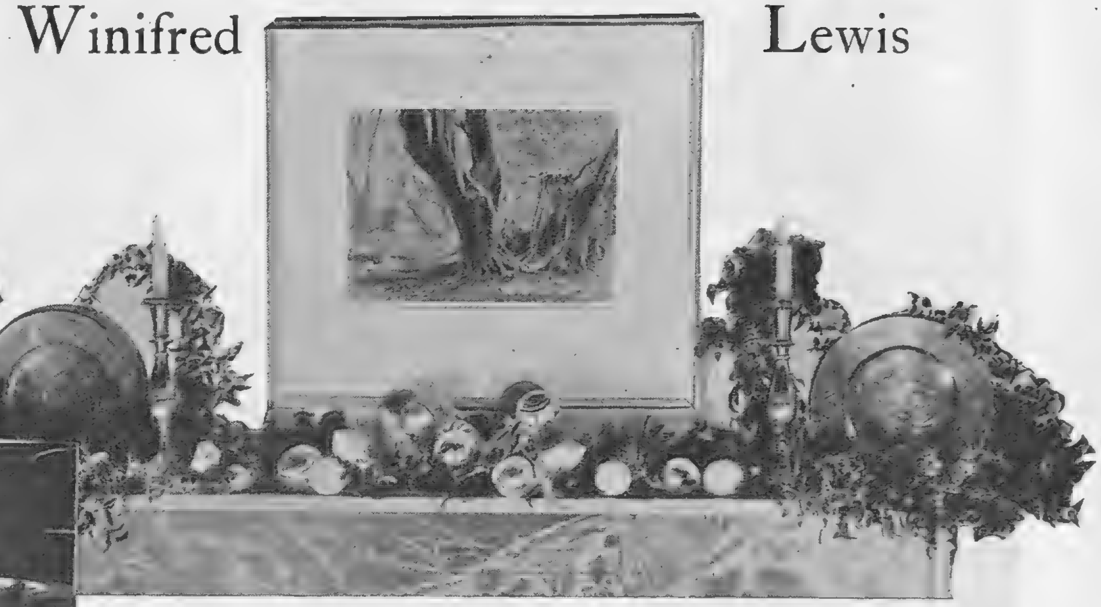


Attractive and gay, not to say useful, on party occasions, is this tray and six glasses specially designed for Mappin and Webb. The set is available in a variety of colours

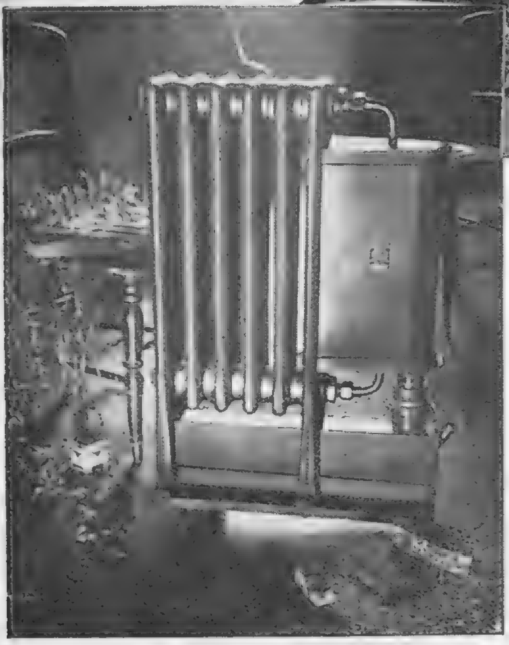
Christmas



By Winifred Lewis



GREEN foliage and coloured Christmas-tree balls impart a seasonable spirit. This mantel with its old brass, and candlelight glimmering upon a charming watercolour, is effectively bedecked, but has a simple dignity withal



GUESTS will receive a warm welcome if the Latona Oil Radiator is included among Christmas comforts. This portable model costs £6 17s. 6d.

ON these pages I have collected things that help to achieve the spirit of comfort and festivity which Christmas demands this year. A mantel decorated for the holiday gives some idea of what charming effects can be obtained in the house in simple and inexpensive ways. Trailing foliage is specially adaptable to decorations, and Smilax was used to bedeck this mantel, eked out with holly and mistletoe and enriched with the scintillating colours of Christmas tree "baubles." This decoration could be repeated at the table by arranging trails of green foliage in the centre and surmounting it with a tall bowl of fruit, dusted with "snow." Fruit is always a splendid decoration at the feast, besides serving another vital function, and the table set as I have suggested and lit with candlelight is sure to receive full marks of approval.

Very elaborate table arrangements are unquestionably a mistake at Christmas time, when food is the honoured feature of the day. So decorate to your heart's content, but confine your inspirations to other parts of the house and use restraint in bringing the table into the scheme.

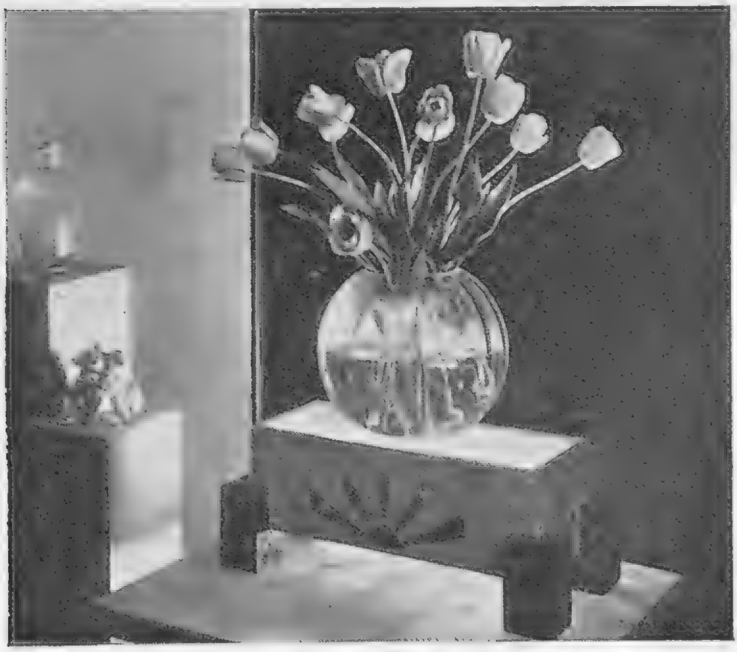
Even in decorating the house, it is wise to exercise restraint, otherwise decorations can be an annoyance and quite often a danger.

On the Continent they have a delightful custom of carrying Christmas decorations out of doors, and we might well borrow the inspiration for our celebrations this year. In many houses a Christmas tree is stood at the front door, decorated with coloured balls and lighted with candles or electric bulbs at night, to show the world at large that the occupants are prepared to share their Christmas cheer with all who pass. Windows and porches are decorated with foliage and the streets take on a most stimulating air of conviviality.

Hackneyed though the advice may seem, there is no better assurance of a successful Christmas than to make preparations early, no matter what your circumstances. If one's affairs require that gifts and festivities should be economically planned, then start your gifting and your planning in good time. In this way you will enjoy the advantages of cheaper shopping. Prices always rise in the last hectic days before Christmas. Moreover, you will have plenty of time to look around for the novelties that are crowding the market this year—and a real novelty, however inexpensive, is so much more acceptable than that which is expensive but uninspired.

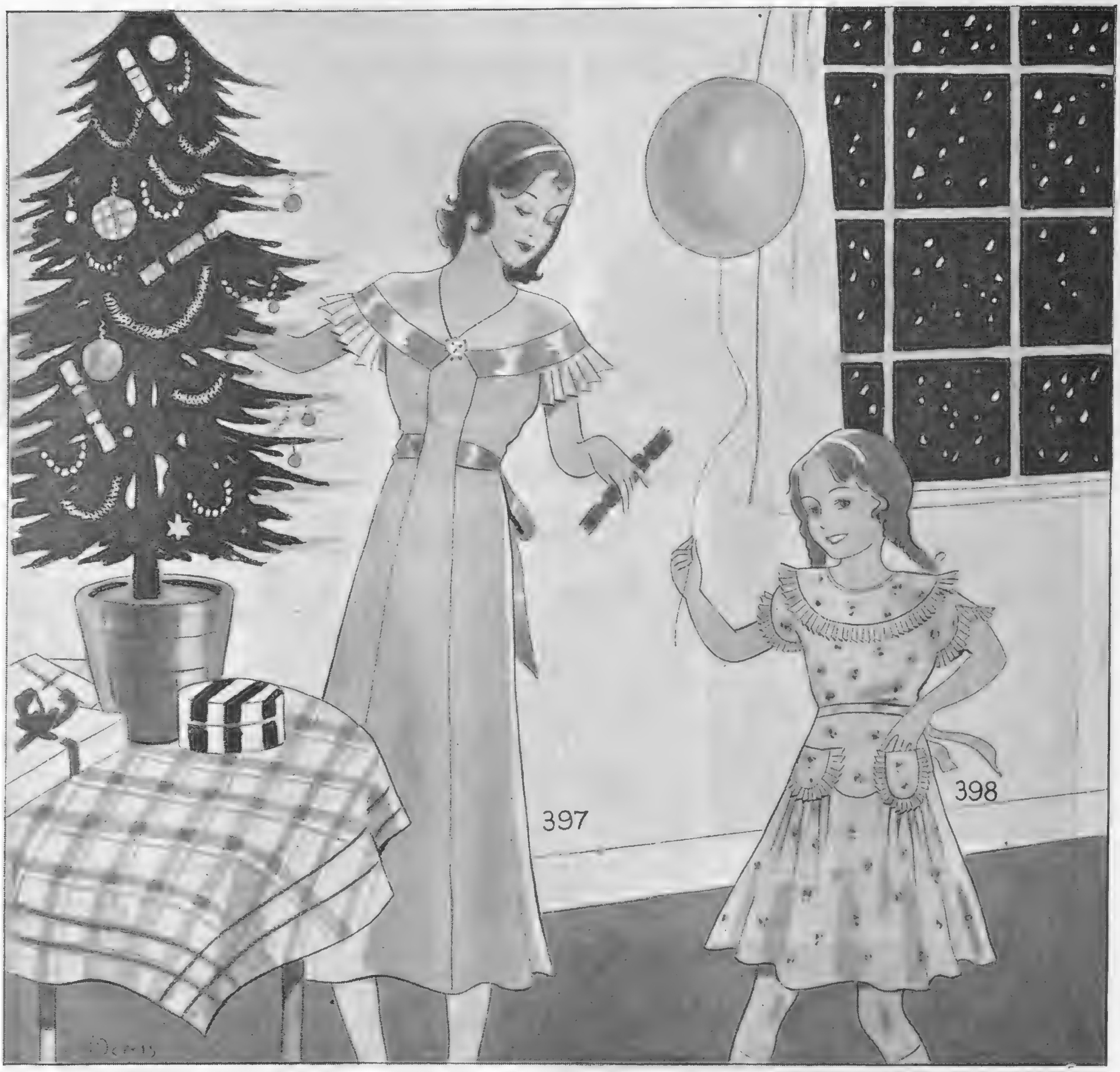
Again, if you enjoy the rare privilege of bounteous funds or have wisely saved against this expensive season, make your preparations early so that your purchases are selected before the cream is skimmed from the stores, as it were, and give yourself the leisure to enjoy your privilege to the uttermost.

By thoroughly exploring the stores and properly sifting their catalogues one can discover so much that is exciting and seasonable in the way of good things to eat, drink and make merry with. But a real Christmas is not made in a day, so start your preparations now.



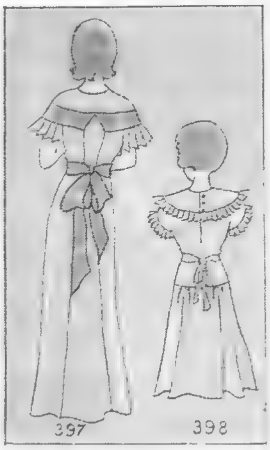
HERE is an attractive form of Christmas decoration to make yourself. It is a painted box fitted with a glass top, beneath which lamps are concealed to illuminate a vase of flowers

OUR PAPER PATTERN SERVICE



How to

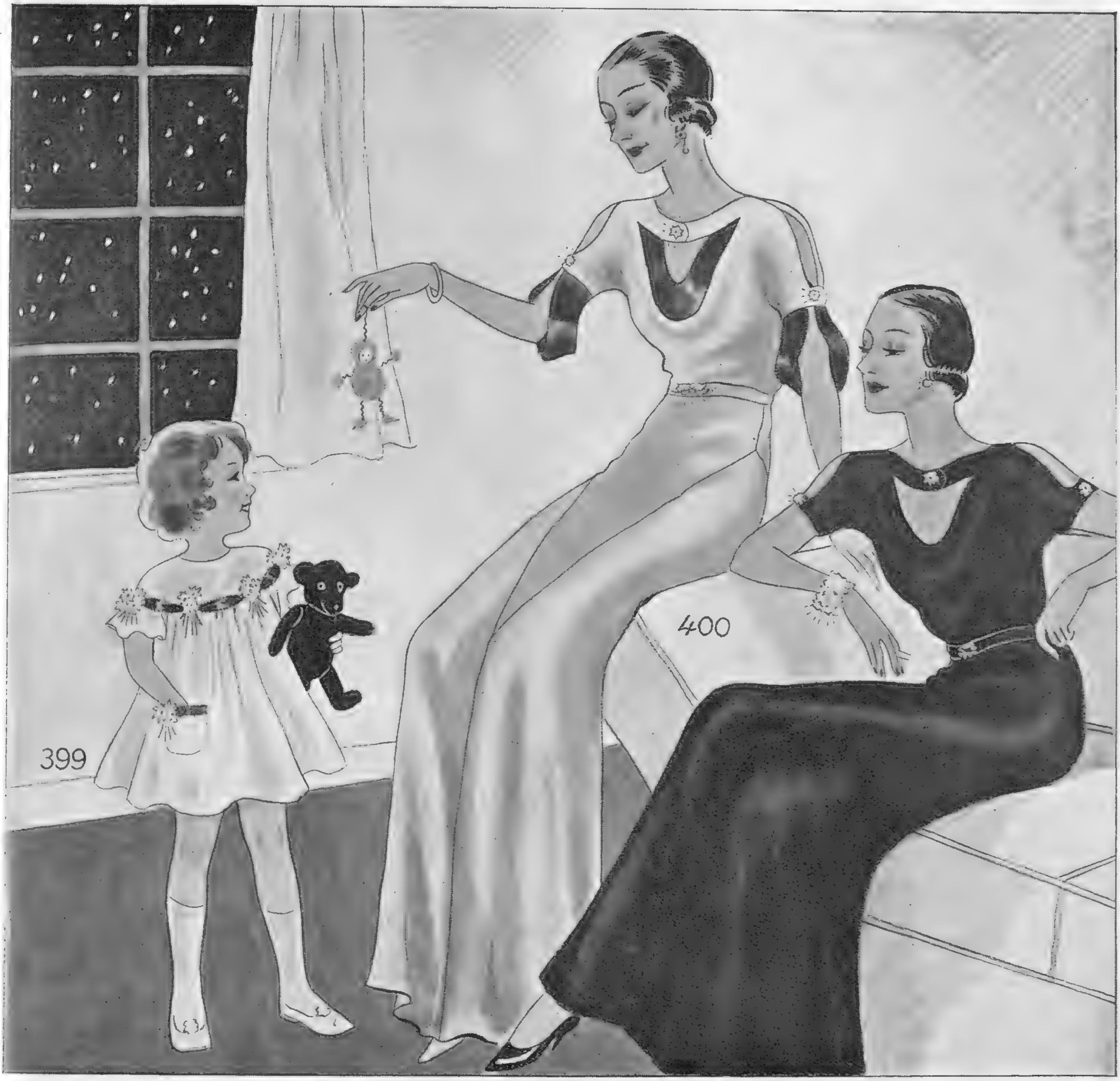
THE Patterns are post free all over the 42 in.; Hips, 4 in. larger in each case. Dress children's frocks, 1/- each; costumes, 2/-. Please 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. Please note that



397. A pretty party frock which would look attractive in Celanese satin utilises the dull and brilliant sides of the material, or it would look equally well carried out in two contrasting colours. Pleated frills of the material replace sleeves. $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 36 in. material are required. Ages 14—16. Price 1/-

398. Flowered crêpe de Chine or one of the new crease-resisting cottons would make this simple frock which has a round collar and patch-pockets trimmed by pleated frilling. It buttons down the back and the skirt is gathered on to a low yoke. $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36 in. material are required. Ages 6—8. Price 1/-

for the HOME DRESSMAKER

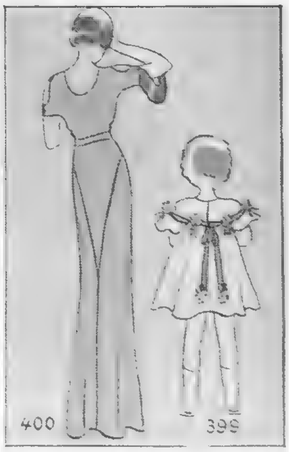


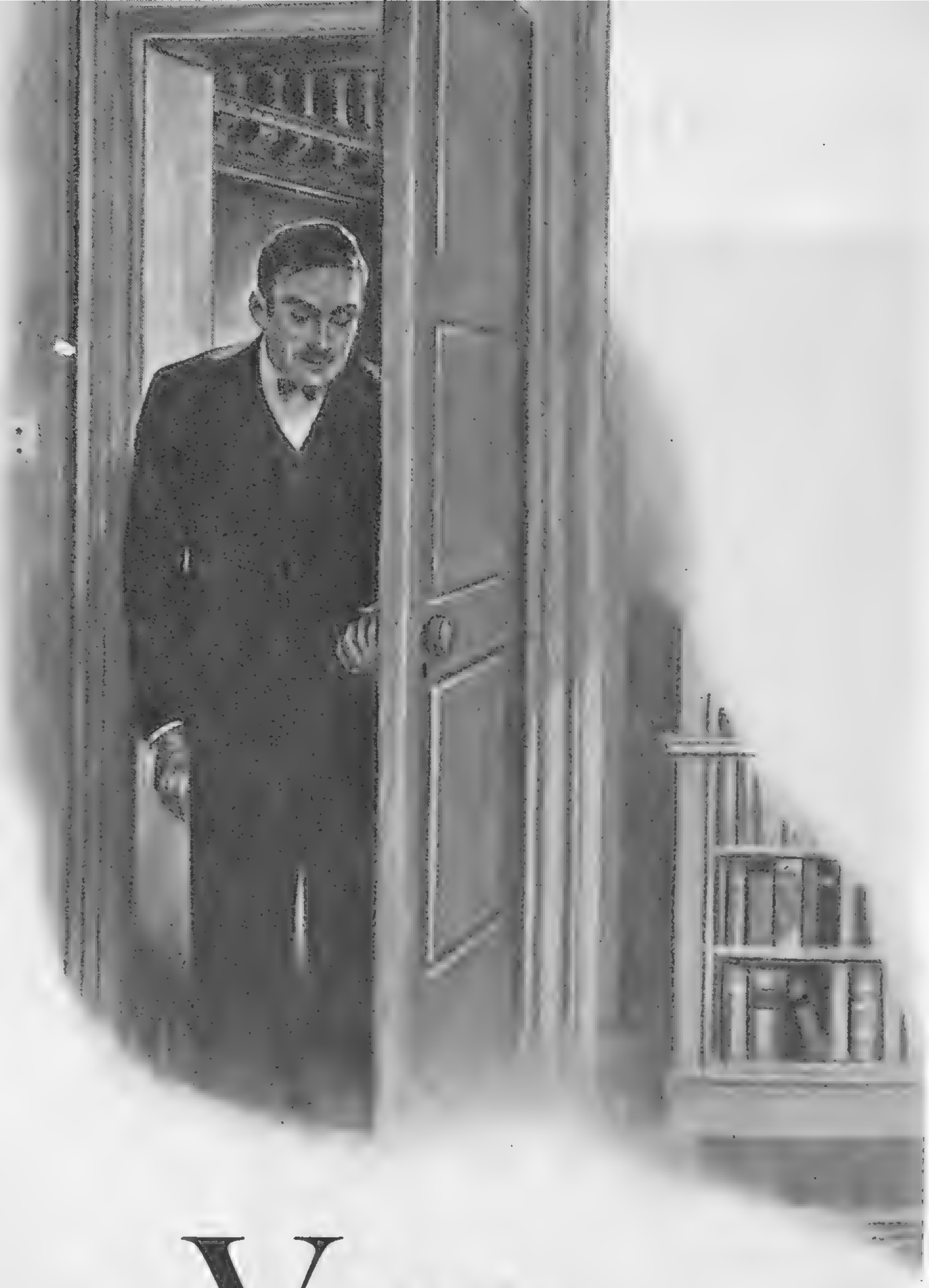
Buy

world. Sizes: Bust, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and
patterns, 1/- each; blouses, lingerie, hats and
remit to "Britannia & Eve's" Pattern Service,
these patterns may be obtained only by post

399. A very easy-to-make but effective little frock would look charming carried out in white silk or spot muslin with green ribbons threaded through eyelets and with small bunches of white daisies to adorn it. 1½ yards of 36 in. material are required. Ages 2—4. Price 1/-

400. Here is a dress which can be worn equally well for tea or for dinner. In a light colour, parma violet for instance, with fuchsia red ribbons to fill in the décolletage and to make sleeves: or in black satin for dinner. Buttons of brilliants fasten it. 5¼ yards of 36 in. material are required. Price 1/-





Very Comfortable

By
H. T. W.
Bousfield

"THE average criminal," said Old Rowley, "is a fool. Everybody agrees about that, except the police. Naturally, they want the public to believe their job's a difficult one. Keeps wages up."

He drew the whisky bottle nearer and filled his pipe.

"Why do you imagine I'm living in Rio ?" he asked suddenly.

I coughed. "Well, I suppose you like it."

"*Quelle délicatesse !* You, same as everybody else, think I'm living here because Europe—England, anyway—isn't too healthy. Oh, I know there are extradition treaties and all that, but Rio's better than Paris.

"Ain't it ? Further away. Don't bother so much. Safer.

"You, like everybody else, think I'm a retired crook. Don't you ?"

"Come, now," I temporised, "surely you haven't been bothered by gossip ?"

"Bothered ! Hell ! It's true, of course. I'm a believer in Democracy. I helped to make it safe for the world. So the majority's always right. If everybody says I'm a retired crook, well, sir, that's what I am.

"Here's how ! It's lucky whisky agrees with my constitution."

"So now," I said, "I suppose you're going to tell me the story of your life ?"

"Of course I am. So's you can print it. You writer fellows have no morals, no heart, no reverence, no pity. Only an itching palm."

"And an empty purse," I remarked.

"Naturally. Or you wouldn't be such fools as to write."

"Well, what is the story of your life ?"

"It's a sad one," said old Rowley, "but you want to hear it, and although I don't know much about you, I should imagine from the whisky you keep you're a good enough scout."

A MAN who sets out to be a crook, as if it were a learned profession, like an architect or a doctor, is bound to crash. Nobody ought to try the game unless he gets a real good opportunity. That's why I always tell you young fellows that honesty's the best policy and there's no fun like work.

I believed all that myself—really believed it—when I left school. I was the younger son of a penniless parson, and what I don't know about the dietetic merits of porridge and bread-and-margarine wouldn't fill a tract.

I got a job as a bank clerk, when I left my grammar school, and my genteel shabbiness, my under-nourished body, my quick and willing brain roused the favourable notice of my employers. If the war hadn't happened, I might even have earned a pension of £350 a year at the age of fifty.

But the war did happen, and I joined up because someone stood me a couple of drinks before they played "Land of Hope and Glory" at our local recruiting meeting in January, 1915.

They were very decent about it at headquarters, and promised to hold my job open for me when it was all over.

And as they'd made that promise in writing, when the war did finish, and I was demobilised with the honorary rank of full lieutenant, I found myself assistant cashier at the Revelstoke branch of the London and Western Bank. And as if that weren't enough glory, in six months' time I was promoted manager, cashier, and general dog's-body at the experimental lock-up branch at Skelton—a little place in Kent.

That's where the fun began.

Skelton was one of those villages which are too far from London for daily-breaders but near enough for the Generals of Industry who proceed in Rolls-Royces three days a week in time to reach their offices by eleven. We had a few of these magnificents and two of them kept a small account with us. Every other client was the usual small local fry except an eccentric who had bought and modernised the old Manor. This chap, named Schreiber, had made a packet during the war as a shipping magnate (because I believe he'd owned a rotten freighter in 1914), and success had so gone to his liver that he'd made up his mind to be a country squire and a feudal chieftain and a father-bountiful to the whole county.

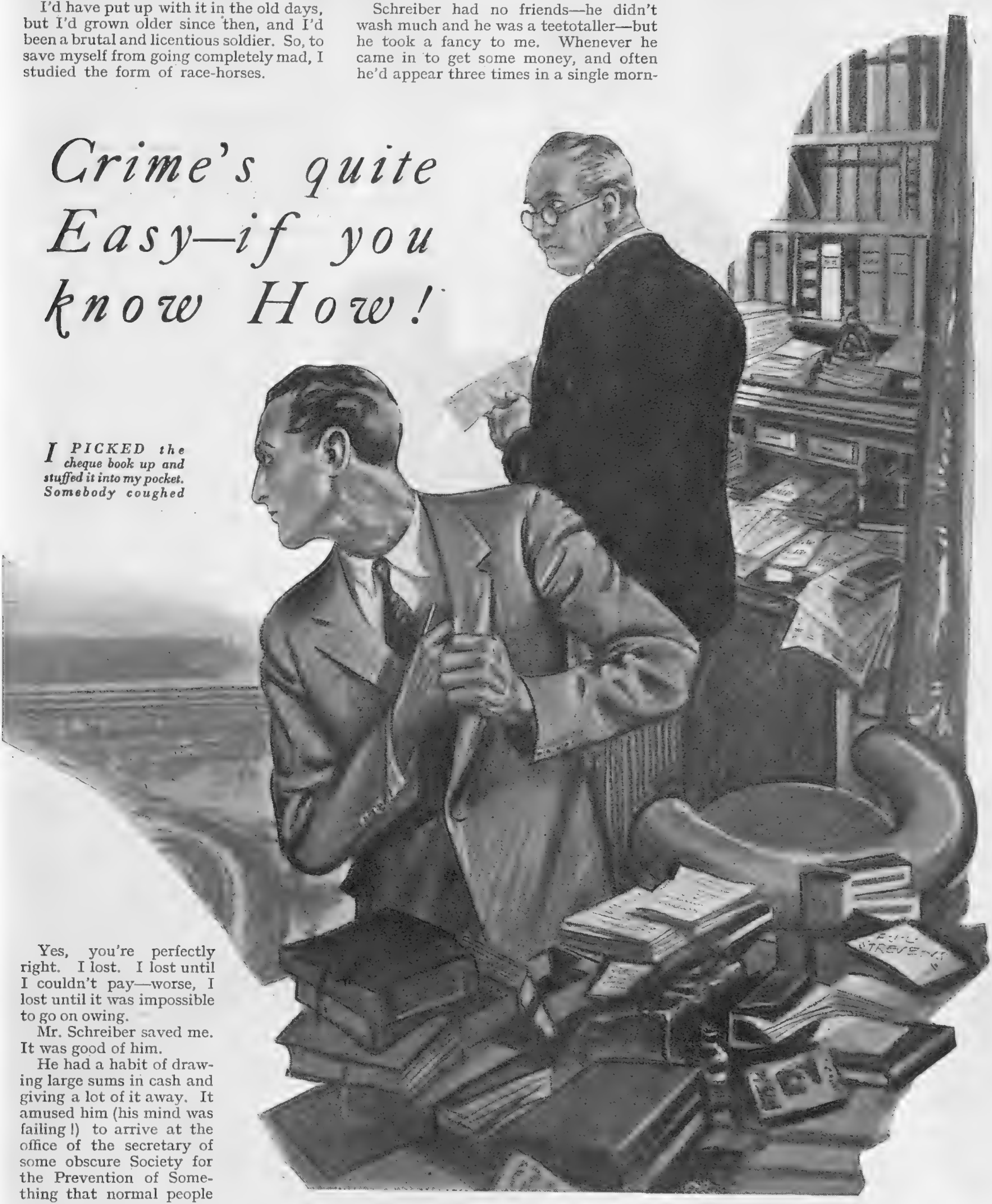
He was so keen on local patriotism that my rotten little branch of the London and South Western had practically all his business.

You bet I made it *my* business to play the faithful retainer !

Skelton's about the dullest place this world has yet seen. If I ever go to hell, I shall be back in Skelton. One pub, which sold the worst beer in England. One vicar, who was agreed to be half-witted,

Crime's quite Easy—if you know How!

Illustrated by F. J. L. Strevens



I PICKED the cheque book up and stuffed it into my pocket. Somebody coughed

and a few predatory farmers whose daughters had the sort of faces you dream about when the lobster you ate at supper is getting its own back.

I'd have put up with it in the old days, but I'd grown older since then, and I'd been a brutal and licentious soldier. So, to save myself from going completely mad, I studied the form of race-horses.

Yes, you're perfectly right. I lost. I lost until I couldn't pay—worse, I lost until it was impossible to go on owing.

Mr. Schreiber saved me. It was good of him.

He had a habit of drawing large sums in cash and giving a lot of it away. It amused him (his mind was failing!) to arrive at the office of the secretary of some obscure Society for the Prevention of Something that normal people like to do, and hand over a hundred pounds in notes and fade away. At the same time he lived in a style that it would be polite to call frugal, and kept the sort of servants that nobody else would have had in the house.

All except his secretary-valet-butler, who was a shifty looking specimen called Lomax, and seemed to be nailed down to his job. He didn't look as if he enjoyed it, and I should have thought he might have got a better one, for he wasn't a fool. But there it was.

Schreiber had no friends—he didn't wash much and he was a teetotaller—but he took a fancy to me. Whenever he came in to get some money, and often he'd appear three times in a single morning to cash cheques for varying amounts, he'd stop and chat for a moment, and I greased to him as my duty was and picked out the cleanest notes. Sometimes he sent Lomax. Sometimes they both came.

Not many little branches of the London and Western had a current account like old Mr. Schreiber's.

As I said, Schreiber hadn't many friends. Sometimes he'd invite me in of an evening—after dinner, of course—and give me a cup of cocoa and a British cigar and tell me what a hell of a fellow he was.

He was a bachelor, like me, and his own sitting-room in the Manor was about as untidy as it was possible to imagine. I remember I once remonstrated with him for leaving his cheque-book about—I saw it lying in a pile of magazines on the floor.

"That?" said old Schreiber. "Why, what good would that do anybody? There's no burglars in Skelton, and if there were I've got good locks and bolts on my doors and windows. And it takes a clever burglar to do himself much good with a blank cheque form.

"As a matter of fact," he said, "I think that book's about finished. Didn't I write and ask you for another one?"

"I posted it to you yesterday, sir."

"You did? Well, where the devil is it?"

He fumbled in a pile of unopened letters and produced a registered packet.

"Ah, here it is."

He tore it open. It contained a new cheque book and, as a matter of fact, his pass-book and a large bundle of cancelled cheques.

The pass-book and cheque book he put in an unlocked drawer. The cancelled cheques he burnt.

I went home then and found a letter from my unsavoury Bookie informing me that if I did not pay £120 within three days he would write to my superiors.

I can sketch a bit. I sketched old man Schreiber's signature on a cheque for £150, cancelled it, and sent £120 in one-pound notes by registered post to that damned bookie.

It was a bit rash. But it worked. I didn't do a silly thing like that again.

You can imagine that an honest, well-brought-up fellow like me had an anxious time until it was evident that old man Schreiber had never noticed the cheque was an odd one and never wondered what he'd done with the money. It became increasingly evident that the money to him (and he had over a million, well invested) meant merely something to chuck about; unless there was a chance of chucking it to those who might have some claim on his consideration.

He'd sweat an employee, but he'd hand a thousand gladly to any busybody who could show a few titled names in his list of patrons.

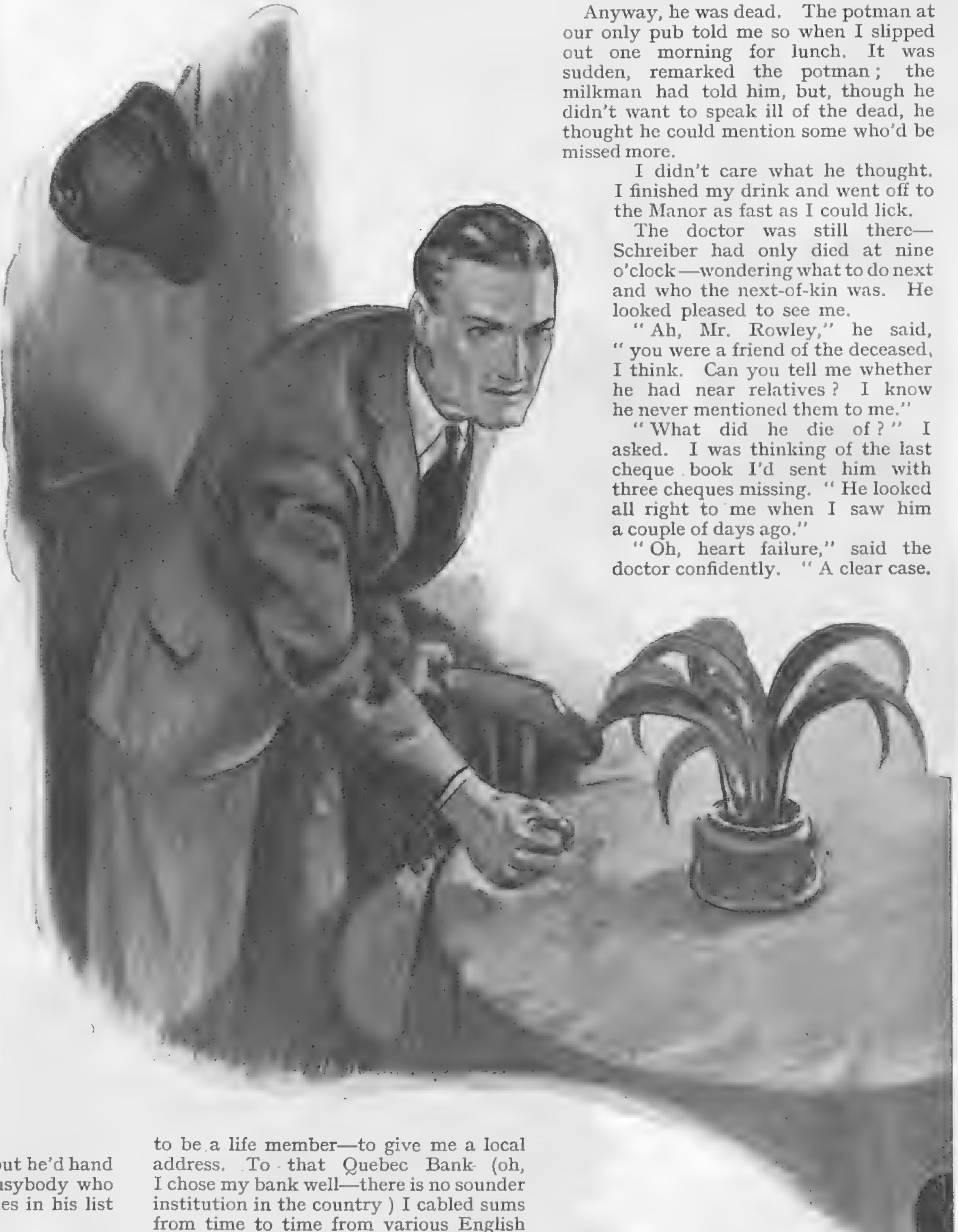
When the coast was absolutely clear, I considered the matter.

It had been a rotten summer, and my bad luck at racing had held. The local females had not improved. The local beer had, if possible, deteriorated. I thought hard, and next time my distinguished client sent for a cheque book, I carefully removed the last cheque from it, counterfoil and all.

I made that cheque payable to self for five hundred pounds. I cancelled it and put in my little suitcase five hundred one-pound notes.

Did he notice that one cheque was missing from that book? He did not. Did he notice that two cheques were missing from his next book? He did not.

I took one of those Atlantic cruise holidays next summer, and opened a deposit account in a Quebec bank under another name. In that other name I joined a local club in Quebec—paid cash to be a life member—to give me a local address. To that Quebec Bank (oh, I chose my bank well—there is no sounder institution in the country) I cabled sums from time to time from various English towns.



Time went on. I drank a lot of Mr. Schreiber's cocoa. I began to feel I ought to insure his life. I fawned upon him. I prophesied to him a peerage. I made myself extremely popular.

Racing I had given up. I devoted myself wholeheartedly to getting out of Mr. Schreiber's current account as much cash as I dared. Each month I staked my liberty against several hundred pounds. Each month I won.

I believe I should have made a real fortune, when poor old Schreiber went and died.

You can imagine how furious I was.

Somehow I hadn't really considered him dying for years and years. He looked healthy. Cocoa is seldom actually poisonous. I knew he had the local doctor to dinner now and then (the doctor, of course, was a step higher socially than me), but I never imagined they had particularly professional relations.

Anyway, he was dead. The potman at our only pub told me so when I slipped out one morning for lunch. It was sudden, remarked the potman; the milkman had told him, but, though he didn't want to speak ill of the dead, he thought he could mention some who'd be missed more.

I didn't care what he thought. I finished my drink and went off to the Manor as fast as I could lick.

The doctor was still there—Schreiber had only died at nine o'clock—wondering what to do next and who the next-of-kin was. He looked pleased to see me.

"Ah, Mr. Rowley," he said, "you were a friend of the deceased, I think. Can you tell me whether he had near relatives? I know he never mentioned them to me."

"What did he die of?" I asked. I was thinking of the last cheque book I'd sent him with three cheques missing. "He looked all right to me when I saw him a couple of days ago."

"Oh, heart failure," said the doctor confidently. "A clear case. He'd been consulting me for some time for pains in the chest. I confess I thought for a while it was indigestion (if there's a worse cook than the one in this house I hope I never meet her!); but it was heart all right. Lomax here says he came in to call his master late this morning and found him simply twisted up with pain—blue with it.

"Of course, he sent for me. But poor Schreiber was dead before I got here.

"Yes, it's a clear case of angina."

I hardly listened. I was thinking of that cheque book.

"Very sad," I said. "Very, very sad. By the way, have you asked Lomax who to send for?"

"Lomax!" called the doctor.

Lomax oiled in.

"Oh, Lomax, do you know the address of your master's heir?"

"No, sir," said Lomax, looking like a bereaved weasel. "I've been with the master only three years, and a good master he's been to me"—he gulped—"but I've never known him mention anyone. Perhaps his lawyer, sir, Mr. Maddocks, who lives in Maidstone——"

"Ah, yes," said the doctor. "Let's send for him.

"Well, I can give a certificate; there'll be no need for an inquest."

Was it my fancy, or did friend Lomax smirk the least little bit? Anyway, I filed that impression in my mind, without at the moment quite knowing what to do with it.

"Put a call through," I said. "But nobody could get here from Maidstone for some hours. I think, doctor, you and I should see if we can't do something."

I led him down to Schreiber's library.

"Let's have a look here," I said. "Perhaps we shall find out who to send for without waiting for Mr. Maddocks."

"But," objected the Doctor, "do you think we ought?" He poked the litter on the desk with his finger.

"Certainly we ought. Weren't we the only friends poor Mr. Schreiber had? I shouldn't be surprised if he's got no relatives at all."

I began rummaging. I watched the doctor out of the corner of my eye. Pretending to search for some letter that looked human, I hunted for that cheque book.

"Come on, man, lend a hand."

Delicately the fool doctor began fingering the piles and piles of bills and charitable appeals.

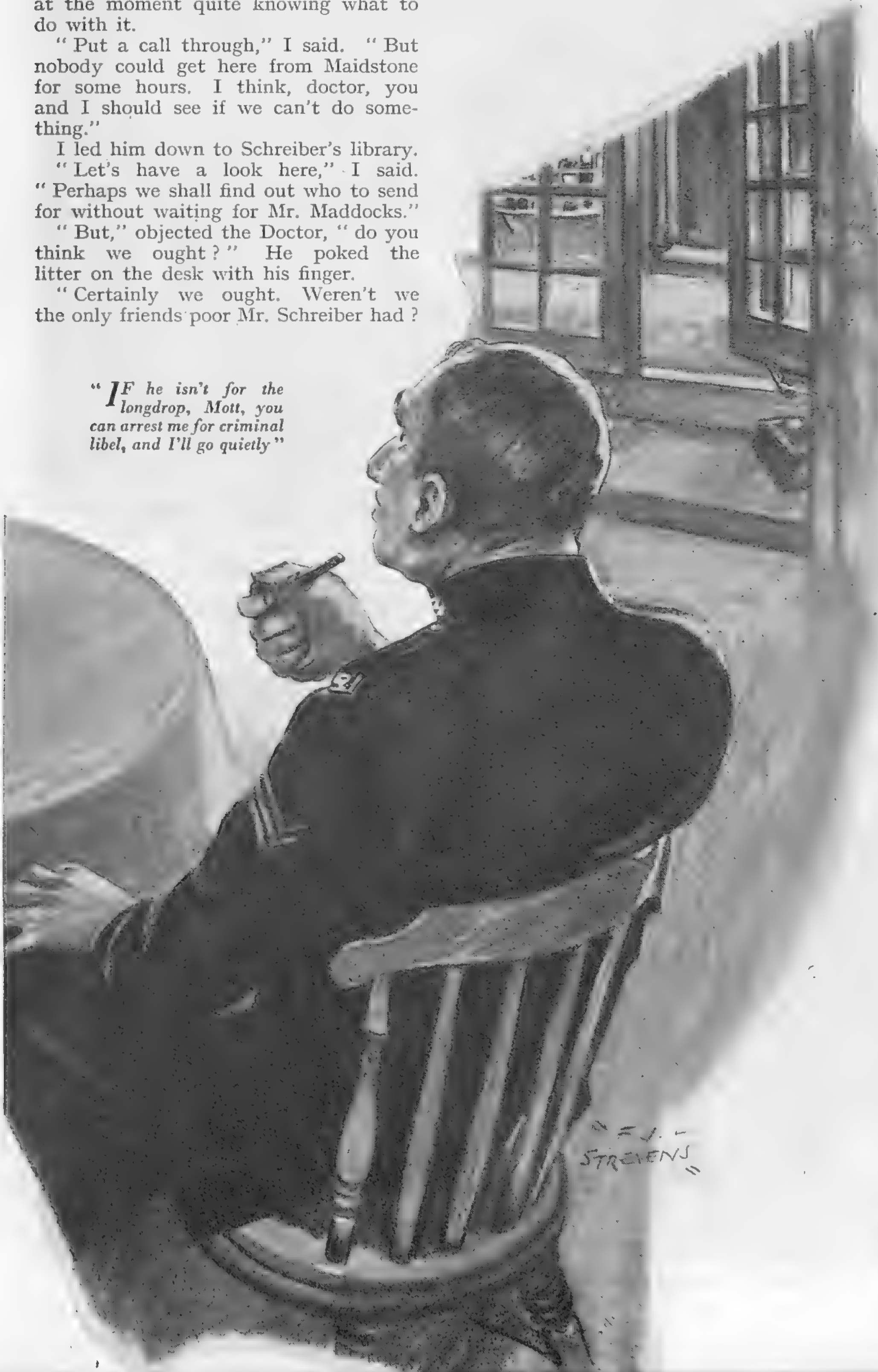
As a matter of fact, I hadn't a very difficult job. I found the cheque-book. The other fellow was reading a folder about some new religion or other. I picked the cheque-book up and stuffed it into my pocket.

Somebody coughed.

"I've rung up Mr. Maddocks, gentlemen," said Lomax respectfully, "and he'll be along as soon as he can, by car."

This time there was a palpable smirk on his face.

"Capital," said the doctor, "capital."



"IF he isn't for the longdrop, Mott, you can arrest me for criminal libel, and I'll go quietly"

"Er—Mr. Rowley, I don't really think we shall do much good here. I really feel this—er—investigation ought to be left to Mr. Maddocks. Don't you agree?"

"Well, perhaps you're right," I said. "I just sort of felt we ought to do something. Have you notified the police? Even if you don't think an inquest is necessary, in cases of sudden death, doesn't one tell the police all the same, and so on?"

"Do you really think so?" said the idiot. He looked startled. "This neighbourhood is really so quiet, I confess I've had little experience. Er, Lomax——"

"Sir?"

"Please, will you go down to the village and fetch Sergeant Mott."

"Very good, sir."

I pulled out my watch. "Really, I ought to be getting back to the bank," I said. "Perhaps you'd be good enough to see Mr. Maddocks when he comes and tell him that I shall be at his disposal at any time to go into poor Mr. Schreiber's affairs. Perhaps he would call round and see me."

"I'll tell him. Yes, I had a quiet morning before me. There is really very little illness here at this time of year. I can stay for a couple of hours, anyway."

"Oh, doctor," I said, "do you mind if I have another last look at the body?" I tried to appear pathetic—not difficult, for I was feeling scared. "He was a good friend of mine . . ."

"Why, certainly, Mr. Rowley."

I had a good look at the remains. I was careful not to convey the impression that I thought anything was amiss. And, anyway, I'm no doctor. I've seen many men die from various causes, mostly violent ones. But that doesn't teach you very much.

I glanced round the room. Everything looked rather unnaturally tidy. "Isn't he a bit blue about the face still?" I asked. "Must have been an awful attack."

"Must have been," nodded the doctor.

"Well, good-bye," I said. "I must go or the bank will be losing business. Don't forget to put Mr. Maddocks in touch with me. Mr. Schreiber's accounts are quite in order.

"Good morning."

I let myself out. Half-way to the gate I stopped, turned and went round to the back premises. I knew my way about, and I went straight to the potting shed. In it, of course, was the solitary gardener, reading a racing paper, which he stuffed away as soon as he saw me.

"Morning, Smith," I said. "Having a busy morning?"

"I'm that upset, sir," said the old liar, "I can't hardly bring myself to turn my hand to anything."

"So I see. Well, it's a day of tragedy. I've lost a friend, I can tell you."

We both sighed.

"Tell me," I said. "I don't suppose I shall be round here again. I want your advice"—I produced a half-crown—"Mr. Schreiber advised me some days ago to ask you what I ought to do about the weeds in my little potato patch. He said you knew more about weeds than any man in Skelton." He ought to, anyway, for he grew more than any man I've ever seen in my life. "What do you do for them ?"

The half-crown changed hands.

"Funny you should ask me that, sir," said Smith. "Only last week Mr. Lomax told me the Governor was riled at the weeds here, though it's God's truth I work myself to the bone, day in day out, to keep 'em down."

"I know," I said, "but are you doing anything special about weeds just now ?"

"Well, Mr. Lomax said the Governor was so riled, so of course I got some killer in."

"Used any of it yet ?"

"Not yet, sir. You see, it's not the right time of year."

"I see," I said. "May I see some ?"

"With pleasure, sir."

At the back of the shed, behind a stack of rusty tools and mowing machines, was a couple of drums of arsenical weed-killer.

"Hullo," I said, "you have used some of it." The lid of one was loose ; I lifted it off. "You seem to have used quite a bit."

"Funny," he said, "I could er sworn——"

"Well, if you tried it I hope it did its job. I don't know much about these things. I'll take its name down."

I did so solemnly.

"If you want a job," I suggested, "I'll be glad to have someone I could trust to see the weeds were well taken care of. But I expect you wouldn't like to take on my little garden—only two days a week."

"You're very kind, sir, I'd be glad to, if the new tenants don't want me.

"Good day, sir, and thank you."

I got back to the bank as quick as I could, and I burned that cheque book and obliterated the ashes, and I burned the two remaining cheques of the three I'd cut out. One I'd cashed. It was from the middle of the book. I felt safer.

I felt, on reflection, almost happy. Had old Schreiber kept any of the counterfoils of earlier books ? He usually tore them up, I knew, but carelessness works both ways. If Mr. Maddocks found some, and if Mr. Maddocks was a Nosy Parker——.

I felt less happy.

I was thinking over a lot of things when the door opened and Lomax came in.

"What do you want ?"

He grinned in a deprecating manner.

"Mr. Maddocks hasn't come yet, sir," he said. "But we expect him in about three-quarters of an hour. So as there's time I thought I'd ask you if you wanted any of Mr. Schreiber's used cheque-books, sir. Of course, the one you took is only half used. Mr. Schreiber sometimes used to burn them and sometimes he gave them to me to keep. 'We must have some check on our accounts, you know, Lomax,' he used to say."

The man sniggered—if one can snigger obsequiously—and held out the stub of a cheque book.

I looked over his shoulder. No one was approaching. We were alone. I thought pretty quick—I'm good at that.

I decided to become scared.

"Give it to me I . . ." I gasped. I tore at my clothes. I searched all my pockets. I scrabbled and panted. At last I produced six one-pound notes. I held them out. "Give it to me," I whispered.

Lomax ceased to be obsequious.

"Not enough," he said.

"It's all I've got . . ."

He glanced towards the counter. "I've got six more," he said, "all with cheques missing."

"Listen," I implored. "Take this now. It's all I've got, but to-morrow I'll give you a hundred pounds for each book-stub you can produce. I will, so help me."

He hesitated.

"I'll give you a hundred and fifty," I said. "I can do it to-morrow, but I can't to-day. Isn't it reasonable that one must have a little notice ?"

He weakened. He allowed me to take the old book and thrust the six pounds into his hands.

"Well," he said, "I don't want to be unreasonable, but, mind, if I don't get nine hundred pounds—call it a thousand—for the six book-stubs to-morrow by the time you close, I shall go to Sergeant Mott."

He leered.

I burned that stub, of course, and I washed the ashes, like those earlier ashes, down the drain. Then I locked up and walked over to Sergeant Mott's. He was still out when I got there, but after ten minutes he came in. We were good friends and he'd served in the same Division as me.

"Hullo, Mott," I said. "I've got a job for you. I've no proof, but I've a hunch. It's about poor Schreiber. That fat ass of a doctor has told you Schreiber died a natural death. Well, he didn't. He was murdered."

"Here, half a mo'," said the Sergeant, "half a mo.' Who murdered him ? Who'd get anything out of it ? Nobody. He'd got no heirs as far as we can see. Where's the marks of violence ? There aren't any."

"He was murdered," I said, "by one of those daring and resourceful criminals that anybody but a policeman would arrest on sight. Lomax did it, of course."

"But . . ."

"Weed-killer. The gardener told me Lomax ordered him to get a couple of drums. None of it's been used by Smith, but enough has gone out of one drum to de-weed Kent."

"What do you know about that ?"

"Now, as for motive, I'll give you motive. Old Schreiber was dreadfully careless about his money affairs. Many a time I protested at the casual way he'd draw a few hundreds to-day and several hundreds to-morrow—sometimes Lomax came for the stuff, sometimes Schreiber himself.

"Motive, my good Mott ? It's as clear as mud. Lomax has been embezzling the old man's cash, and the man either caught him out, or Lomax knew he was going to. A nice hot cup of arsenical weed-killer instead of early morning tea. That's Mr. Lomax.

"And to think I warned him and warned him. But he wouldn't listen.

"You see, you can't *trace* money when a man makes a habit of handing it out all over the place in cash.

"Well, now I have lost the business. Mott, it's going to mean a good deal to me.

"Mott, if I can get the man that did the poor fellow in . . ."

"I know just how you feel," said Mott soothingly. "But where was all this cash really supposed to go ?"

"Why, to all sorts of 'right quarters.' Schreiber used to take bundles of notes in person to half the cheap charities in London. And when any other eccentric *sent* a large sum to a hospital anonymously, Schreiber would roll up next day in person with a bit more—to make it a round sum, he'd say, the old doublecrosser—and get all the credit.

"But he did me proud, and now he's dead...

"Mott, Schreiber's dead of arsenic poisoning. He's got enough arsenic in his inside at this moment to run a national rat week.

"You and I are going right now to get a warrant—I'll fix it with the Admiral—and we'll get master Lomax before he's had time to make his get-away ; before he knows he's suspected. I bet half the cheques he brought me to cash were forged. I bet you'll find hundreds of pounds stowed away on him or in his room.

"If he isn't for the long drop, Mott, you can arrest me for criminal libel, and I'll go quietly."

"Well, I'll be damned !" said Mott.

Well, I locked up the bank and we went along to the Admiral—the nearest magistrate, and an impulsive old God-bless-my-soul with very little brains—and got a warrant out of him whilst I had him all warmed up.

We got back to the Manor, just as Maddocks was starting out to find me, and Mr. Lomax neatly walked into our arms.

You wouldn't believe the things that man accused me of. But it didn't do him any good. Fifty pounds we found on him—all in one pound notes. Everybody laughed when he said six of them were a bribe from me. In his room, under the carpet, we found nearly five hundred more.

And we found six stubs of cheque books. It was easy.

I was the principal witness at the trial, and the judge complimented me on my public spirit. I pointed out how clumsy it was of Lomax to cut out cheques and counterfoils from his master's cheque books and go on gaily forging cheques under his very nose. I said I'd often protested at the careless way Mr. Schreiber handled his money. I produced a cheque that had come from the very last book I'd supplied and pointed out what a suspicious signature it had. I said Mr. Schreiber simply wouldn't listen when I called his attention to it, though he admitted he'd no recollection of signing the cheque or using the money.

I called on Lomax to admit that the very last night of his master's life I'd asked for an appointment on the following day to discuss a very important matter—signatures, of course.

He didn't admit it, naturally, but that didn't matter.

There was any amount of circumstantial evidence to show that Lomax was about the only person who could have given old Schreiber the weed-killer.

Of course I was right about that. Schreiber was so full of the stuff that nobody knows to this day by what means Lomax got him to drink so much.

But Lomax was a tough and wiry little reptile, with about as much compunction as a wasp.

Wouldn't any judge and jury convict in a case like that ? Wasn't it clear enough ? Wasn't it clear why Schreiber's cheque book stubs were carefully removed by Lomax (they didn't pause to think a sane man would have burnt them) because any lawyer who got hold of them would spot that there were gaps in the numbers ?

They were righteously indignant at the prisoner's attempt to make out that I'd cut out the cheques and forged them whilst he, at worst, had only been an ordinary thief. Even when he tried to prove it by declaring he'd meant to blackmail me, it was no good.

No reprieve for Lomax. He was hanged. And, joking apart, he deserved it, for he murdered Schreiber all right.

I made the most of it all. I trotted out the Judge's kind words and asked for promotion. When I didn't get it, for the Board—would you believe it ?—chose to consider I'd been too careless and easy-going, I resigned in a dignified way.

After a decent interval, I went to Canada and stayed at my club for a year.

I hadn't had time to get rich, but I was comfortable. I'm still comfortable.

Now my point is this. I may have been a crook, but I didn't set out to be one. I took a big risk. The murder of Schreiber was a big danger to me. If he had really died a natural death it would have been tiresome, but I should probably have been safe. The fact that he'd been murdered made things dangerous. Ordinary servants wouldn't have spied. Only a criminal like Lomax would have spotted the neat gaps in those cheque books.

But he was a *professional* criminal—get me ?—and so he couldn't see farther than his nose.

Exit Lomax. Criminals are fools, all right, but you can't get the police to admit it.

* * * *

"Thanks very much," I said. "Have another drink. I've got another bottle somewhere."

"No, I think not ; I must be getting along."

"Don't you really mind if I publish this ?"

"Why should I ?"

"But wouldn't somebody perhaps recognise you from what you've told me ?" I hesitated. I didn't particularly want to have the old man run in.

Old Rowley laughed and got up.

"Bless your innocent heart," he said. "Do you imagine that's my *real* life story ? You're not the first literary tourist I've met in Rio.

"Don't get sore. Mind you, I like you, and I like your whisky.

"But I'm very comfortable here."

DUNLOP
DUNLOP MAGNA
GOODWILL

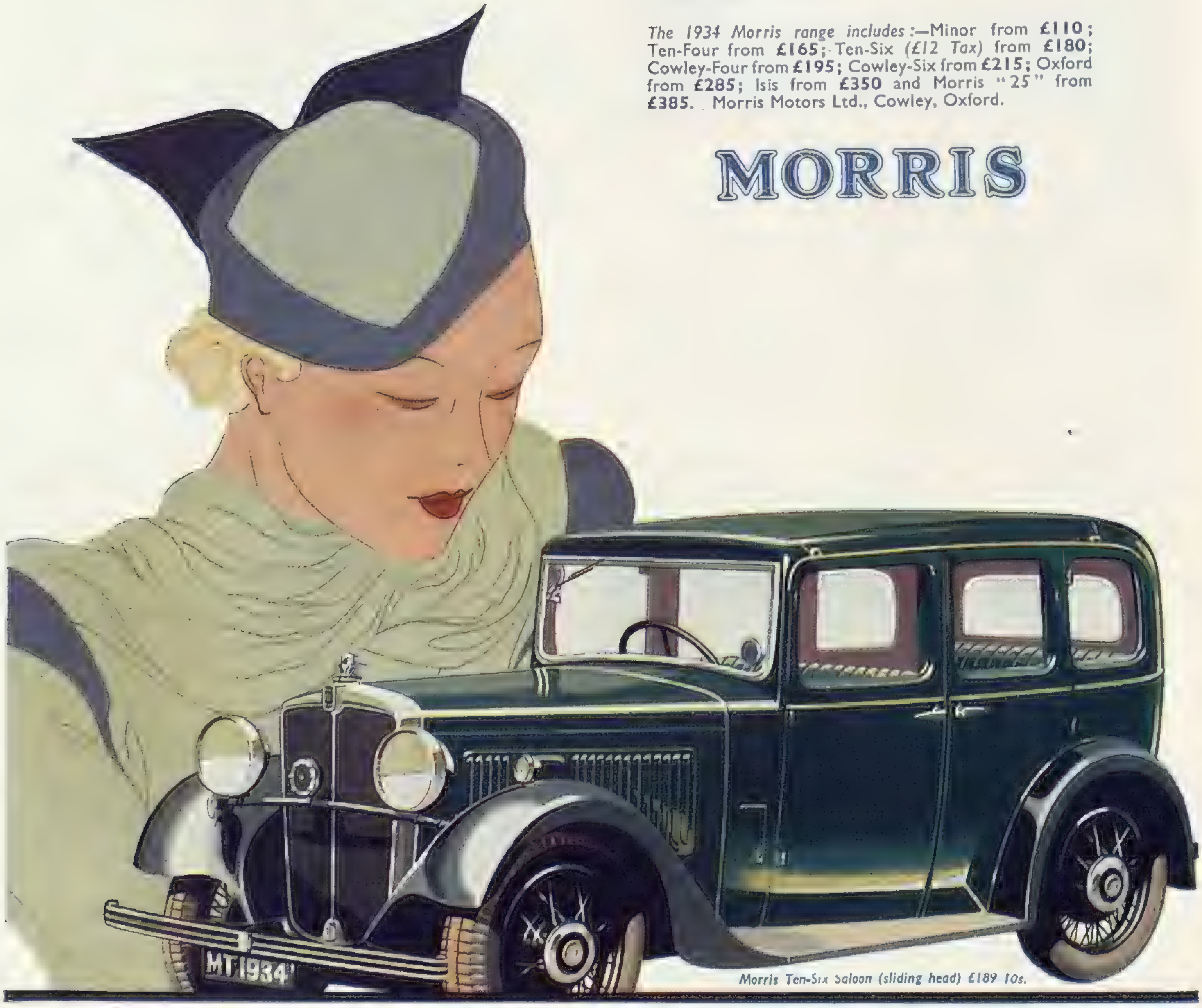
C.F.H.

ICH DIEN
BY APPOINTMENT

Today, as often as not, *she* is the 'man at the wheel'! To her, for example, the practical driving simplicity of synchromesh gears appeals immensely. They're crisper; cleaner in action; nothing new to be learnt but definitely nicer to handle. And that's the way it is all through these 1934 Morris cars . . . confident brakes; silken-smooth travel; spacious cushioned comfort. No doubt about it—Morris cars are designed to make satisfied owners, and in their designing everybody has taken *extra* trouble to find out just what women motorists like.

The 1934 Morris range includes:—Minor from **£110**; Ten-Four from **£165**; Ten-Six *(£12 Tax)* from **£180**; Cowley-Four from **£195**; Cowley-Six from **£215**; Oxford from **£285**; Isis from **£350** and Morris "25" from **£385**. Morris Motors Ltd., Cowley, Oxford.

MORRIS



Morris Ten-Six Saloon (sliding head) £189 10s.

THE CAR YOU'RE PROUD TO OWN

Service advtg. Co.

Eternal Triangle

(*Continued from page* 47)

would come across him suddenly, now and then, and she would see him, wondering, puzzling out something in his brain.

Once she challenged him, taking advantage of their sympathy, their isolation in a large house in which, when child and father met, there was at least an irritation, harsh words sometimes, but in which, when the two were alone, there was not something akin to peace, but at least a condition which was tolerable.

" I am always wondering," he said. " Do you know, I seem to have known father *before* ?"

She looked at him curiously. His seriousness impressed, in spite of words which, to her, had no meaning.

" Before ? " she asked. " What do you mean ? "

" I don't know," he said. " Perhaps it is a dream that I remember. . . . Perhaps it is mad of me. . . . Sometimes I feel a little odd. . . . But I seem to have known him in another place. Sometimes I feel older than I am, grown-up, experienced. . . . And he comes into a life I do not understand.

" It is our wills that clash, you know. I must thwart him. I do it, at times, just to make him angry. Yet he is my father. It is not because he is my father that it happens, but somehow in spite of it."

Then, when he was fourteen or so, they missed him. In the night he had gone, just vanished into the air. The strain had broken his nerve, and he had disappeared. The father heard nothing, nor was given a reason.

" I had to go," the boy said, to the governess, in a note. " I hate him so. I cannot stand it. If I had stayed, and grown up, I should have killed him one day."

She did not know that, in his room, the father had paced the floor half the night through, hating his son . . . just hating . . . and just wondering why. . . .

* *

He read the letter again. " Dear Father," it said, " I am sorry and I am coming home. Let us make a start again.

" You are my father, after all, and I want to remember that. I have worn out my hate for you—yes, it was hatred, and you should know—and I want to make amends.

" You used to hate me, too. That must end. I am determined that it shall."

Again and again he read it to himself.

What was the likeness he was trying to recall ? It dated back years in his mind, so far back that, indefinable, it eluded memory.

To-day, perhaps, he would know.

What would his son be like, after nearly twenty years ? He had seemed a little swine when he was young. Would it be all right, now ? Would those strange antagonisms of the years that had gone be intensified—or would it all be over now ?

Still wondering, the father waited. . . .

At last downstairs there was a ring, and then a footstep on the stairs. And then the door opened.

" *I have come back*," said a voice.

And through the door came a man, raven-haired and tall—and with a crimson scar upon one of his pale, thin cheeks. . . .

" My God, it's *you* ! " said the man who had waited. . . . And he collapsed in the chair, and sat staring. . . .

" What on earth's the matter ? " said the young man.

There was no answer from the chair.

He picked up one of the wrists that were hanging down.

" Good God ! " he said. " He's dead."

And he stood there staring.

" I wonder why I always hated him ? " he asked himself.

And, instead of calling anyone, he looked around the room, as though looking for a clue. But there was no clue. He looked down on the lifeless figure in the chair.

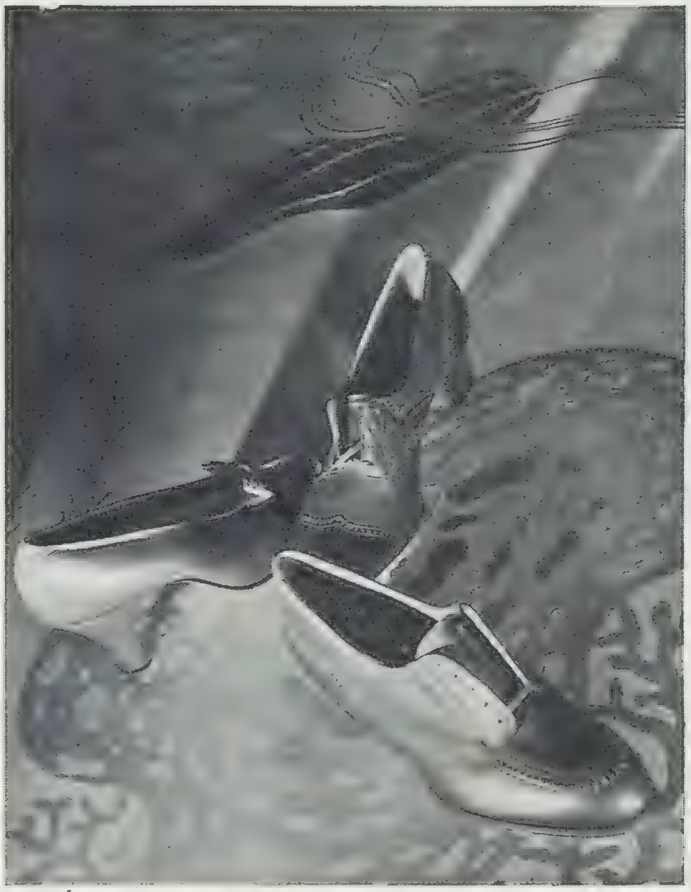
" I wonder why I always hated him ? " he said.

* * *

" I have no beginning," said Life. " I am like a wheel. I have no beginning and no end. I go round and round. Yet, even when I stop, I still have no end and no beginning."

All Crossword Enthusiasts

will realise that the answer to " really high-class shoes at a reasonable price " in one word, is DOLCIS. *Here are a few of their new styles*

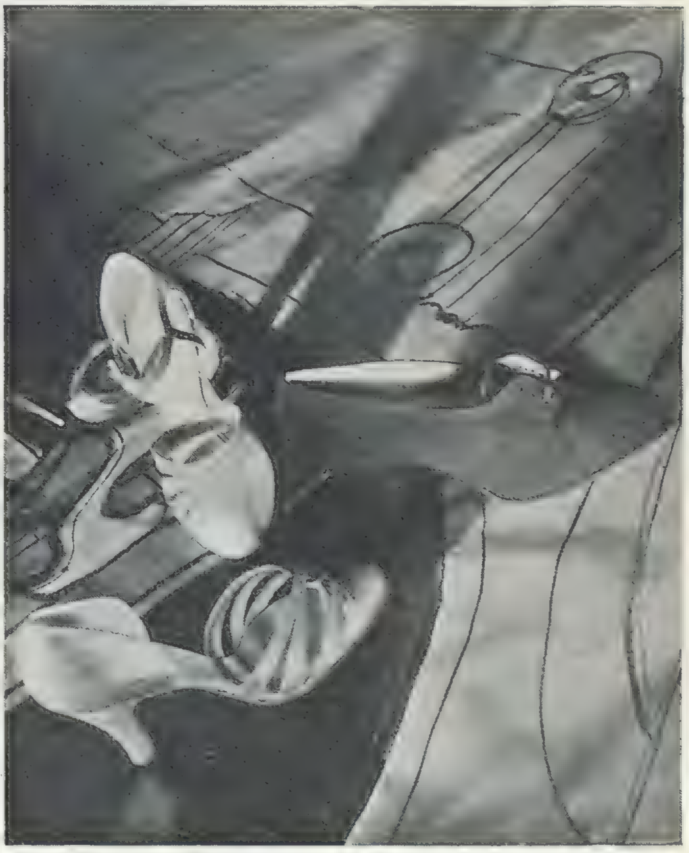


F. J. Gutman

IN the centre of the group at the left is a lace-up walking shoe in two tones of brown. It is lightly brogued and has a moderately high Cuban heel. The price is 25/-

ON the extreme left is a pretty Court shoe in mushroom coloured kid which has a Louis heel and a smart brown and white pleated bow. Price 25/-

THE third shoe is a really reliable country shoe of heavy brown calf with the new rounded toe decorated with stitching. It has a low leather heel. Price 25/-



A BLACK suède Oxford shoe is laced up high on the vamp and has unusually attractive broguing. It has a moderately high Cuban heel and costs 25/-

THIS white satin sandal shoe with the ankle strap can be dyed to match any dress. It has a slender heel and the unevenly shaped bands around the vamp are very becoming. Price 16/9

A SILVER sandal which is so well cut that it never slips at the ankle is a perfect shoe for evening wear and one which will go with any dress. Price 25/-

Over 80 m·p·h in third gear!

what a car!

Think what this performance means in traffic — think how you can flash by those long-drawn-out processions of charabancs and camber fiends, and — more important still, think how smooth, how effortless, and how almost inaudible this performance is, faster than most so-called sports cars, but with none of their awkwardness.

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4½ litre

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16/80 Saloon	**£650**
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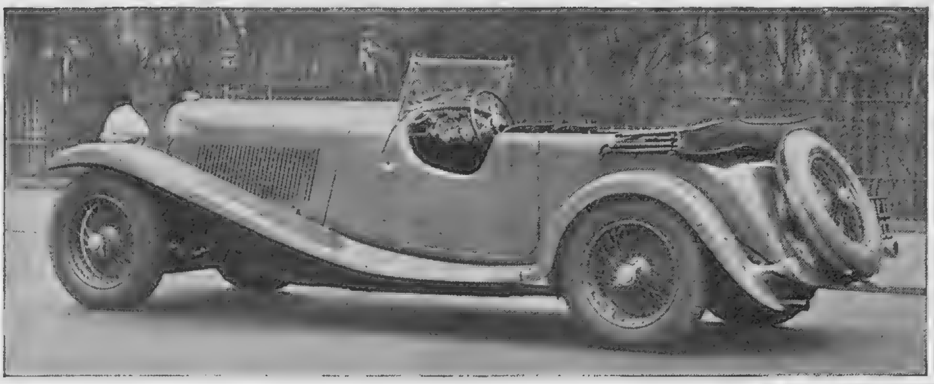


A Sports Car *for* the ENTHUSIAST

The 4½ Litre Lagonda

By the Earl of Cardigan

THE 4½ litre Lagonda tourer which the Earl of Cardigan used in the road test. This car was supplied by Messrs. Warwick Wright Ltd. (Lagonda distributors for London and Home Counties)

IN the 4½ litre sports tourer there can be little doubt that the Lagonda company has produced easily the most remarkable car of its career. Here, for less than £800, we have a machine which is able to hold its own, for sheer performance, with anything on the road, which is flexible, not unreasonably noisy, and capable of being handled, when desired, in the same "confidential" manner as the ordinary small runabout. For truly enjoyable motoring, there is little left to be desired.

Since no car, however, is perfect, I may as well state immediately my one and only criticism. The driving position, to my way of thinking, is not quite ideal. It follows common sports car practice, but is designed for the rather tense, close-up position at the wheel which not every driver wishes to adopt. The steering column, happily, is adjustable for rake, and no doubt provision is made for gratifying other individual preferences; certainly there is no lack of the main essentials, space and leg-room.

On the open road, and even in thick traffic, all criticism is disarmed forthwith by the irreproachable behaviour of the 30 h.p. engine. This, in design, is a perfectly straightforward unit, but it has the delightful quality of being perfectly "happy" either at 10 or at close on 100 m.p.h. Indeed, it is possible to slow down almost to a walking pace in top gear, without disturbing the smoothness rightly associated with six-cylinder construction.

As to mechanical noise, a most admirable compromise has been reached between the quietness which most people desire under normal circumstances and the eminently gratifying sound, suggesting an indefinite reserve of power, which the enthusiast likes to hear when he opens the throttle. When running at a steady speed, the Lagonda is almost as quiet as any luxurious saloon. When the accelerator is depressed, on the other hand, a deep, rumbling exhaust note breaks out which is as music to the keen motorist's ear.

The gearbox is of especial interest, having a top gear ratio of 3·6 and a third gear of 4·75 to one. "Lower ratios are available," states the catalogue; and indeed, with a 7·35 second and an 11·49 first gear, the standard ratios must be regarded as unusually high. None the less, I personally should have the poorest opinion of anyone who asked for the alternative and lower gearing. The Lagonda gearbox, as normally fitted, seems to me ideal for its purpose. It is a joy to use, albeit no foolproof device is incorporated, and it puts into the hand of the skilled driver a wonderful means of achieving high, safe and impressive average speeds.

In third gear, for instance, 80 m.p.h. can be reached. Now, this is as fast as the average man ever wants to go. It follows that, *at any time* during a day's run, he is able to slip in his third gear, thereby bringing into action the engine's full power of acceleration. As to the standard second gear, this enables the car to be accelerated from 10 to 50 m.p.h. within eight seconds—in other words, to "get off the mark" with a really striking burst of power.

Perhaps, however, it is in its wonderful range of top-gear performance that the Lagonda remains most impressive. With a strong cross-wind blowing (as usually seems to occur when I have an exceptionally fast car to test!), I did not attempt to reach the 100 m.p.h. mark. I did, however, exceed 80 m.p.h. with consummate ease, and for long stretches cruised at something over 70 m.p.h. To the Lagonda, this was obviously very easy going indeed. With the throttle barely two-thirds open, I was able to skim along at a speed better than that of most express trains and without any of the usual sensations which accompany fast travelling.

Road-holding, under rather difficult circumstances, proved to be very good indeed. The steering seemed to provide just the right degree of self-centring action, and the hand controls for the front and rear shock absorbers were of real value. It was possible, at speed, to increase, as required, the firmness of the springing, without ever having to remove one's eyes from the road ahead. Good and steady braking was another valuable feature on such occasions, and I understand that, by the time this article appears, actual braking power will have been increased still further.

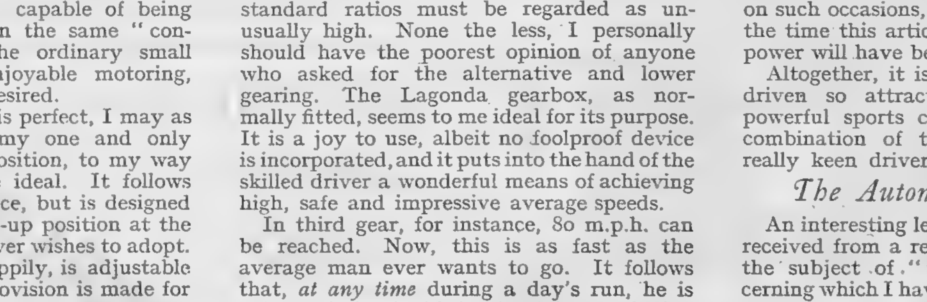
Altogether, it is a long time since I have driven so attractive an example of the powerful sports car, or seen so striking a combination of those qualities which the really keen driver appreciates and seeks.

The Automatic Car Again

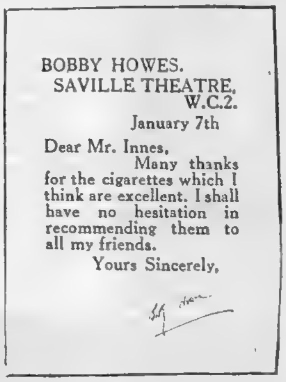
An interesting letter, which I have recently received from a reader in the U.S.A., recalls the subject of "the automatic car" concerning which I have occasionally ventured to make prophecies. My correspondent evidently agrees with me in thinking that the simplification of controls is one of the most striking tendencies in modern motoring development.

"The automatic clutch is a common thing here," he informs me. "Hand-controlled gear changing is also being conquered. The ——— has what they call a 'self-shifter,' and works on the principle mentioned by you—that is centrifugal weight." He goes on to mention several other instances of simplification as seen in America.

It is satisfactory to think, however, that English cars are by no means backward in this branch of development. As an example, one may quote the new Austin system of transmission. I have not yet had the opportunity of testing this; but the information available proves it to be of genuine value. Very briefly, gear changing is made automatic, and continues so over a very wide and infinitely variable range of gearing. It is perhaps needless to add that the new device has been fully tested, and can thus be relied upon to detract in no way from the traditional dependability of Austin cars.



THE Lagonda 4½ litre saloon as supplied by Carr's Ltd., of 9, Albemarle Street, W., the well-known Lagonda agents



BY KIND PERMISSION OF
Mr. BOBBY HOWES

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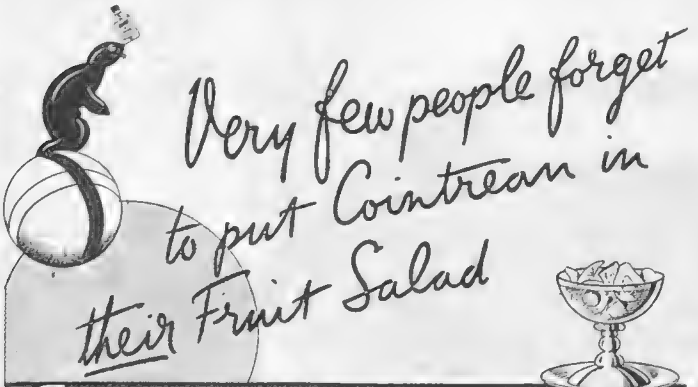

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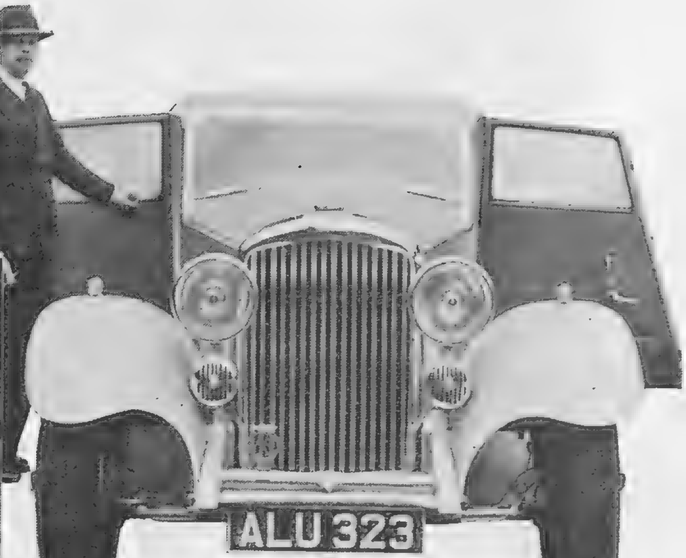
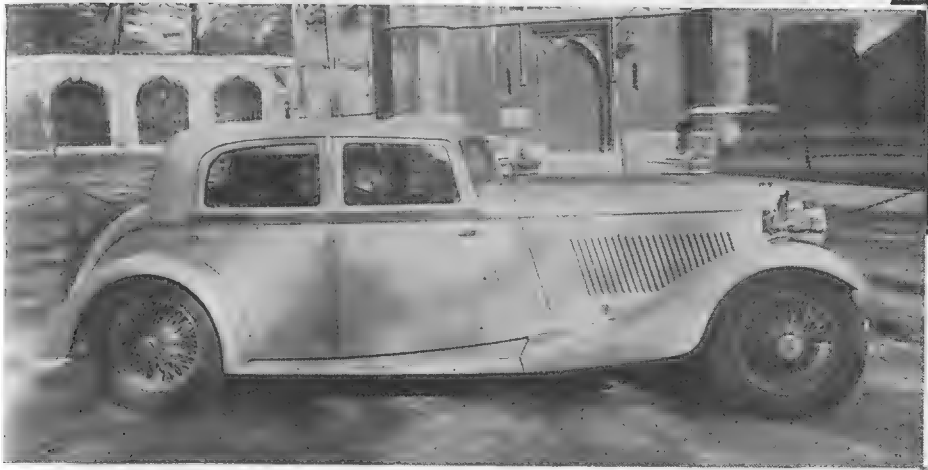
The New BENTLEY *arrives*

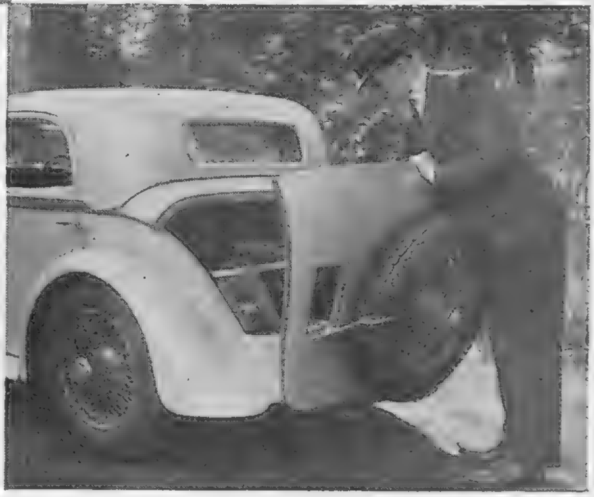
A 3½ Litre "Six"



FEW cars have so imposing a front view as the new Bentley. In spite of the low build of the car, there is ample head-room within, and the front doors are of generous width



IN addition to its excellent road performance the new Bentley has the advantage of being exceptionally good-looking. It would be hard to improve on the "lines" of this saloon



THROUGHOUT, the coachwork is thoroughly practical. Under the back panel is ample space for light luggage. A separate aperture gives access to the petrol-filler cap

TO describe the arrival of the new 3½-litre (25·3 h.p.) Bentley as an event of prime importance in the motoring world—of indirect interest even to the 7 h.p., 30 m.p.h. motorist—is no mere polite turn of phrase. In the first place, it would have seemed to many almost a calamity if Bentley cars, with their wonderful record of international successes, had been allowed, owing to the recent depression, to disappear from our roads.

Secondly, it is a matter of common knowledge that it was the Rolls-Royce company which stepped in to avert this disaster by assuming financial control. At once speculation was keenly aroused as to the type of car which this amalgamation would produce. That it would possess remarkable qualities seemed certain. Has not the name of Rolls-Royce been a synonym for Success, both apparent and financial, for over a quarter of a century?

I can now reveal that, in the two years during which this new Bentley was being developed, at least one complete car was built and subsequently scrapped *in toto*, so firm was the determination of the designers that nothing less than a certain "winner" must be placed upon the market.

If my opinion counts for anything, a "winner" the new Bentley certainly is. Although comparisons are odious, and broad statements usually misleading, I think the best "nut-shell" description of it is as follows. In traffic, it achieves Rolls-Royce-like standards of smoothness, flexibility and silence. On the open road, it is a true Bentley, with flashing powers of acceleration and an exceptional capacity to "sit down" firmly on the road at speed.

The engine is perfectly straightforward in design, but possesses a very wide range of speed, up to 4,500 r.p.m., throughout which vibration is conspicuous by its absence. Normally this engine runs completely noiselessly—even the air intake being silenced—although there is an exhaust cut-out which may be used, if desired, to ensure a deep, powerful exhaust note. It is a moot point which is the more gratifying—to open the cut-out when one is disposed to do a bit of speeding, or to sail along at almost racing pace without any increased noise or sensation of mechanical effort. The new Bentley owner is permitted to take his choice.

As to speed, it may be said that the Bentley, in top gear, has a maximum not far short of 100 m.p.h. In third gear, similarly, it does just on 80 m.p.h. The truth of the former statement was not, I admit, put to the test by me. There was a strong cross-wind blowing during my trial run, and I was therefore well content to reach about 85 m.p.h.—obviously with a very considerable reserve of power in hand. I do not doubt that there is an extra 10 or 12 m.p.h. available "for them as likes it."

This cross-wind, however, was helpful in showing up at least one of the Bentley's virtues to advantage. Under trying conditions, the car's road-holding qualities remained exceptionally good. The steering (which has an excellent lock for cornering) proved admirable for speed work, and the springing seemed equally comfortable and effective at all rates of travel. As a cruising speed, 70 m.p.h. appeared quite a modest figure; indeed, the car did not seem to have got fairly into its stride until 60 m.p.h. had been well exceeded!

As regards acceleration, which must play so large a part in maintaining high *average* speeds, the new Bentley once again deserves high praise. With top gear engaged, a very smooth, rapid get-away can be made even from the most cautious pace—only the quickly mounting hand of the speedometer showing how speed is being gained. Naturally enough, however, it pays to make use of the admirable third gear: and this may be engaged, with absolute ease and certainty, by means of synchro-mesh mechanism.

A good point of the Bentley gearbox is that, in addition to synchro-mesh third and top ratios, there is also a silent and constant-mesh second gear. The latter, if not completely foolproof, is at least very simple to engage, so that the driver, in practice, finds three out of his four gears to be devoid of noise and free from any awkwardness.

As to coachwork, there must be very few cars of really sporting character so thoroughly well planned as the new Bentley four-door saloon. Thus, for something less than £1,500, the discriminating motorist may enjoy a combination of speed, all-round comfort and practical, ample accommodation, such as almost to justify that sadly misused word "unique."

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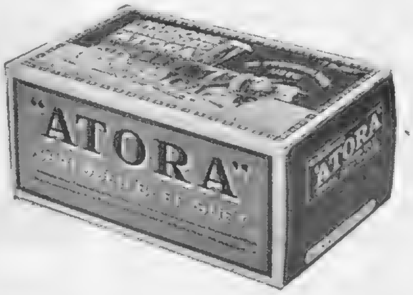
"ATORA" Shredded Beef Suet has, on sheer merit, become a household word. It is made of pure refined beef suet and rice flour, is free from all preservatives and is ready for immediate use.


"ATORA"
ATORA

THE pick of English orchards are bottled by Hartley's for our tables, and a delightful Christmas surprise for the harassed housewife would be a selection of their delicious conserves.

SCHWEPPES' aerated and mineral waters need no introduction, and scrupulous cleanliness and purity in their manufacture have undoubtedly greatly contributed to their popularity. Their wines, including ginger, orange, raisin, cowslip and elderberry, maintain the high standard always associated with this famous name

FRESH English vegetables can now be included in the menu at any season. Gathered and packed the same day, every vegetable canned by Chivers & Sons, Ltd., is rich in flavour and vitamin value, and their table jellies and canned fruits solve many dietetic problems.

NOVELTIES at cocktail parties are always much sought after, and Carr's Cocktail Dainties, a splendid assortment of savoury biscuits, well merit the popularity they enjoy. They are sold in attractive tins at 1s. 6d.

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THEIR own model egg and dairy farms ensure the absolute purity of "Ovaltine" products, and the natural stimulative properties of malt, milk and eggs have been scientifically blended into that delicious tonic food beverage, "Ovaltine." Of similar nutritive value are the "Ovaltine" Rusks and chocolate.

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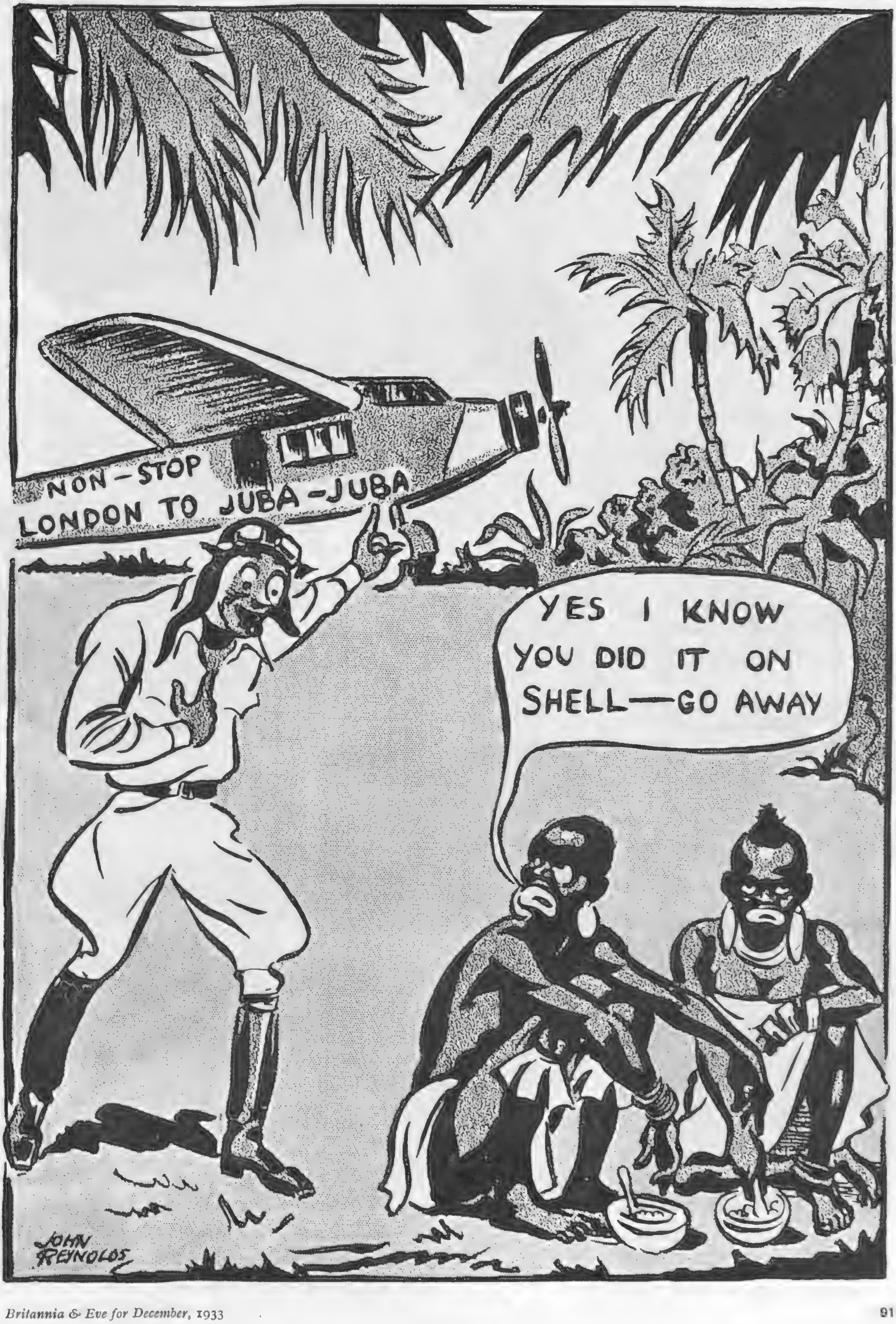
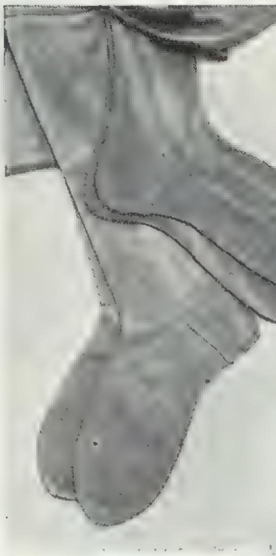

NON-STOP
LONDON TO JUBA-JUBA
YES I KNOW YOU DID IT ON SHELL—GO AWAY
JOHN REYNOLDS

Here *are the* Answers *to the* Questions *posed on* page 51

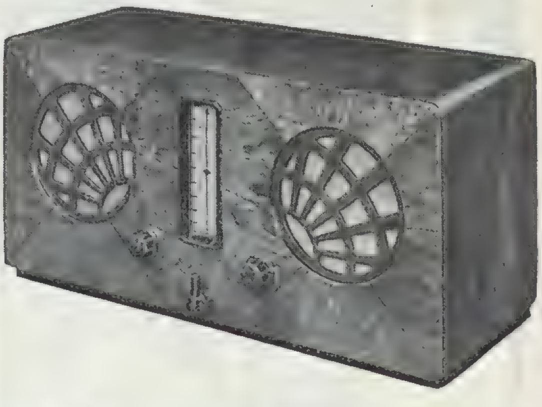
1 Grant's Cherry Brandy, really warming and convivial-inducing. The very thing to complete the Christmas feast

6 Both the famous "Black and White" whisky and "Buchanan's Liqueur" whisky may be obtained in specially packed Christmas hampers containing 2, 3, 6, or 12 bottles



5 Yes, silk stockings which look like gauze, feel like a film, have the new dull finish and which cling like the proverbial ivy. Aristoc stockings in every shade at 4/11 the pair, from all high-class stores

3 A shoe which will "go with" all dresses! A 'Mayflowa' sandal shoe of silver kid from Abbotts, price £1 15s. 0d.



8 The McMichael Radio guarantees years of perfect radio reception. All firms will let you test this wonderful set either in their showrooms or in your home. Write to McMichael Radio Ltd., Slough, Bucks, for details of their excellent and inexpensive range of models

10 The "Britannic" watch bracelet is the last word in perfection, and the expanding links are guaranteed for five years. The model illustrated here costs £6 10s. 0d.

11 The "Handy Andy" dining-table on wheels is possessed of 100% shock-absorbing wheels, has collapsible flaps, two trays underneath and costs, when made in oak, £4 10s. 0d. Other models from 23/6. All high-class stores

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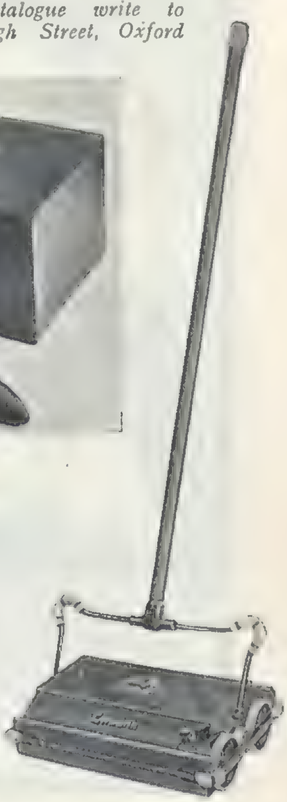

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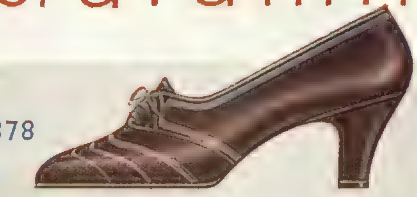

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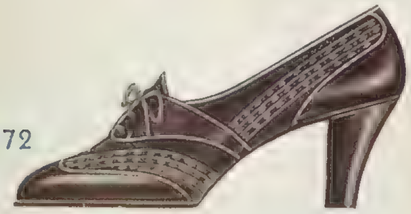

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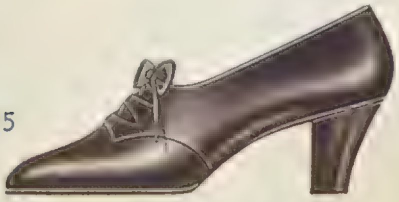

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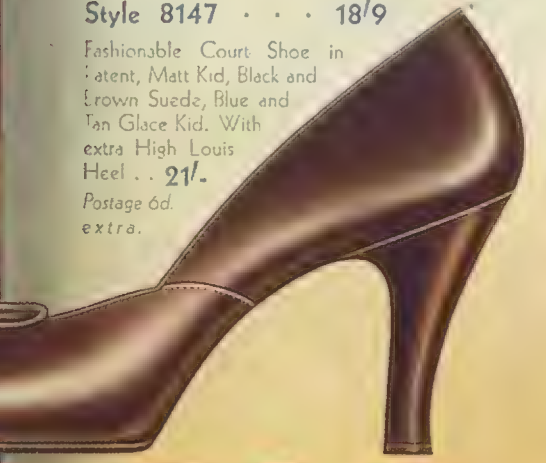

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What *lies ahead of* Europe's Young Royalties?

(*Continued from page* 23)

between him and the throne of Savoy. The one fly in the ointment is the absence of a family as a result of his union with King Albert's daughter several years ago. In a country where Mussolini maintains a constant national "birth drive," this is felt rather severely. Otherwise Humbert has been trained ever since early adolescence to wear and respect the black shirt the while his father takes much of a back seat. However, it has been remarked that the Crown Prince usually dons army uniform for ceremonial occasions. He lately removed to the Royal Palace at Naples, it being the Duce's idea to have the House of Savoy adequately represented north and south alike. A keen outdoor man, Humbert shines at winter sports, which he has done more to popularise among the youth of Italy than any other person. It may be said, in sum, that this heir's future is definitely consolidated with the most stable régime that the Continent currently possesses.

CROWN PRINCE OLAF, who is not far off thirty, shares with his neighbouring heirs-apparent of Sweden and Denmark the good fortune of being popular and welcome in distinctly democratic lands. From time to time one hears of socialist movements against these Scandinavian dynasties, but they invariably peter out. The monarchies of the North lands are pretty well on a par with the constitutional variety in this country. The least "royal" of the three capitals is undoubtedly Copenhagen, where even the King may be seen walking as an ordinary citizen, and an occasional hat lifted. At 75, Sweden's King a few months ago made a speech signifying that henceforward affairs would be left increasingly with his eldest son. The three Scandinavian thrones resemble hereditary presidencies, and unless the unforeseen transpires they stand a good chance of going unmolested even should social disorders follow in the wake of the depression that has hit all the Baltic lands severely and over a long period.

The Prince of Wales is so senior to all the others—not to mention secure—that he does not belong in this general picture; rather might speculation be reserved for an important little lady named Elizabeth, who, with Princess Juliana of the Netherlands, represents the feminine side of our canvas. It is doubtful if the Prince can even be called "young" any longer, though it is hard indeed to think of him as forty. Be that as it may, he is pre-war, the only one of the company to have lived an adult life prior to 1914.

The future of Princess Juliana cannot be written down as quite as certain as Dutch royalists would like. A lot will depend on whom she marries. At present the indications are that she intends waiting on "the dictates of her heart." An active student of social affairs, Juliana spends much of her time at the University of Leyden. Holland is in restive mood and there are powerful political sections that make no secret of their preference for a president instead of another ruling queen. As a dear "gold" country living mainly by exports and services, Holland is gravely hit after many years of plenty and the régime is naturally being blamed. However, as mentioned, a great deal should depend on whom this Crown Princess marries; and desirable princes are so rare these times.

Crown Prince Michael of Roumania, the most advertised boy since Jackie Coogan, is another case that has to be followed by a question mark. Michael is in the unique position of having already been king for three years. He is seldom out of the news: now growing abnormally fat, now wanting to pilot his own aeroplane at 11 years of age, now smashing busts of himself that, he thinks, do him scant justice, or being corporally punished by his father for not being top of his class (of five). Michael has a hectic enough life for one so young and he is rarely out of uniform—his kingly parent designs them specially for him. The boy also shoulders a baby musket on parade, and senior officers have to salute him. Roumania is in an indifferent state of health as a nation, being as good as bankrupt and not paying her debts any longer. Her spreading frontiers are very vulnerable; her army has yet to show that it can live up to its splendiferous uniforms and gadgets; and other countries are looking longingly at Roumania's swollen territory, result of her having been overrun at lightning speed in 1916. A considerable question mark must hover over little Michael, in no small measure because of the uncertainty surrounding his flamboyant parent.

With the Duke of Brabant we return to firmer ground. This Belgian prince, married to a Swedish princess, is following in the footsteps of his honoured father as a necessary institution in the land of his birth. He works untiringly and is probably the nearest approach to the Prince of Wales that the Continent can show. As a boy, he knew the trenches round La Panne, where his father and mother spent the war, and, though most of the time at Eton, in this respect the Duke also approaches the Prince's experience in France and Flanders.

Concerning the two remaining prospective heirs, one is an unknown schoolboy in Belgrade and the other a baby girl in Sofia. Around the latter was much fuss when she was baptised outside the Catholic Church contrary to an alleged promise to the Pope. Touching the realm of the Slavs, Croats and Slovenes (and a few more), it would hardly be correct to list it among the more certain royal successions.

And so we arrive at half a dozen pretenders. What are their chances? Shall they swell the number of occupied thrones in future years or are they destined to remain out in the cold?

Senior among them is the 21-year-old Otto of Habsburg, who has recently been running foul of Mussolini with a manifesto addressed, perhaps a little previously, to certain centres of Lower Austria. In one instance the young man "absolutely rejected" Fascism for Austria. In a second, he said he was resolutely set against all Putsch attempts such as proved fatal to his father. In a third document Otto announced he would only consent to rule again jointly over Austria-Hungary provided the province of Burgenland were returned by the former to the latter; while he would also require the South Tyrol back from Italy. As "successor of those emperors which had defended Austria for 650 years," he hoped soon to be summoned back. While there is no doubt that the Dollfuss Government is in part favourable to such a return, Otto's sudden entry on the scene after so many years of tactful silence imposed by his strong charactered mother, Zita, was something in the nature of a *gaffe*, inasmuch as France (not to mention Britain) is far from certain about the advisability of allowing a rebirth of the Habsburgs. Personally, Otto is a good-looking and serious-minded young man who has taken a degree of philosophy at Louvain. His troubled youth has been cast in many lands: Roumania, Gibraltar, Switzerland, Madeira, Spain, France, Belgium, and he is now studying in Italy, where it is said he may become betrothed to King Victor's youngest daughter. In all likelihood Otto does stand the best chance of remounting a throne, and if he does, he will have his mother largely to thank. Zita has made the return almost an article of faith.

Of a second possible future king, at present in exile, little is known. Juan de Bourbon is serving in the British Navy in the East and at 18 has been chosen to return to Spain as sovereign should the Spaniards, while wanting a king back, hesitate at taking the ex-King. As long ago as 1927, when the writer was in Seville, this matter of the choice of Juan was under discussion because of the organic condition of the two elder brothers. Of these, the Prince of Asturias, as we know, abdicated for love of a Cuban lady who has since, by the way, consequent on the Cuban troubles, suffered considerable loss in fortune, her family having owned sugar plantations. The second son, Jaime, is the victim of a defective articulation. As one who periodically visits Spain, I may perhaps be permitted to hazard the opinion (*a*) that the ex-King has not much of a chance of ever returning as sovereign, he being too definitely associated with past errors and obscurantism; (*b*) it is too early yet to pronounce one way or the other in regard to Juan, but that his chance is a real one if the Right and the women obtain the voting ascendancy following a breakdown in Socialist rule now still being tried out.

A juvenile pretender of the future about whom little is known is Prince Vladimir Romanoff—and yet his father Kyrill, alias the Tsar of All the Russias, has prepared the young man minutely for the possibility of his one day ascending the throne. Vladimir lives with his parents in a stone fisherman's house at St. Briac, in Brittany, when he is not studying in Paris. He is keen on golf and yachting and is well known to the Dinard British colony. For my part, I cannot see the remotest chance of Romanoffs ever again ruling in Russia.

Another young man who hardly "stands an earthly"—if the slang be permitted—must be Prince Napoleon, who, at 20, is a student in Brussels, where he has lived all his life with his mother, the former Princess Clémentine. Except with a diehard section of the army, Bonapartism is as good as dead in France. Once a year there is a ceremony on the great Emperor's death day, and that is all. True enough, recent biographies have done something to rehabilitate Napoleon III, yet the very name is too redolent of tragic adventure for republican Frenchmen to stomach it again at this time of day.

IT is a different matter with the other youthful pretender-to-be, the Comte de Paris, who has married a "Princess of France" and already has an heir to the "forty kings who in a thousand years made France." The young son of the Duc de Guise (Jean III) lives in exile near his father, who has the Manoir d'Anjou outside the Belgian capital. Monseigneur the Duc has never got over having had to leave his Moroccan estates, where he had settled, and now spends much of his time closeted in his library poring endlessly over past battles in which the Tricolour triumphed. His Duchess and her daughters may visit France; not so the Duc or his son and heir. All the royalist propaganda that exists in Paris is concentrated on this Bourbon-Orléans branch, which has strong Church, army, and noble backing, finding outlet in the press and on the platform, though in Parliament royalist deputies have dwindled almost out of sight. Nevertheless, we are living in such unexpected times that it would not be correct to rule out *all* possibility of another king coming to Paris. Did that ever supervene, the choice would very likely settle on the young Comte.

Finally, and perhaps the most important of the lot, Louis-Ferdinand of Prussia, who has assumed the position vacated by his elder brother, Wilhelm. The latter has retired to manage his father's estates and prefers to be with the lady of his choice than a candidate for the throne of the Hohenzollerns. In regard to a return of a monarchy in Germany, a great deal must depend on how long Hindenburg lasts as President, for the old warrior is still dead set on getting the ex-Kaiser back and the Nazis are said to be equally determined to have no such thing. Spoken of as an agreeable, intelligent and modest young man, Louis-Ferdinand looks to stand the next best chance after Otto of occupying a vacant throne. It depends chiefly on whether Hitler, as Supreme Power, wants anyone at all in the way of a dynastic figure-head.

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"Dobson of Market Harborough"

(*Continued from page* 35)

Road and amused himself by looking at the snakes, civet-cats, hornbills, parrakeets, and monkeys that were exposed for sale. A blue-faced monkey was the means of an introduction to a young lady who swopped giggles with "The Rat" as they stood before the window.

Mr. Craney asked the young woman to have a drink. She accepted readily. He thought her a bright "skirt."

The young lady was impressed with William. He bragged of London, a city she had never seen. The fact that she hadn't seen it amazed "The Rat." It was the first time in his life that he had spoken to a person of either sex who had never seen London. Her ignorance took the hobbles off his imagination. He lied in a most appalling manner. In "Lunnon" he lived in the West End. "Wiv' the nobs," he affirmed. Sure, he had seen the Queen! "An' the King too," he growled. "See 'im every dye ridin' roun' 'Ide Park. Tips me 'at to 'im when he looks my wye."

They had more drinks and Mr. Craney confessed that he bore a fine grudge against the police force. Also against all the other trappings of Justice. The young lady spilled a secret. Her brother, "as nice a boy as one would wish to meet," had been tripped by one of the Hindu police. Yes. Lagged for six months. He was just out.

Mr. Craney showed amused astonishment. To think of one of those Hindu cops catching anyone! It was ridiculous.

"They're jes' ragheads!" he cried. "Jes' ragheads!"

"One of these days I'll introduce you to my brother," said the girl. "You know most everything, so you might put him up to a point."

"Pleased to," said Mr. Craney. "'Ave 'nother gin. Got annythink on termorrow?'

The girl hadn't. If Mr. Craney liked she would show him around a little. There were lots of pretty places around Singapore. There was the drive to The Gap by Buona Vista Road. And Tanjong Katong with its beach bathing. And the Botanical Gardens at Tanglin.

"You're de guide, kid," said Mr. Craney genially. "Termorrer you an' Hi step out."

DOWN below Cape Krawang, Professor Verhagen and Mary Dobson probed at mysteries. Red-eyed from watching atoms through the microscope. Waiting breathlessly on experiments. Seizing upon everything around them and squeezing out knowledge from everything they clutched. Verhagen delighted with his mate.

"If you hadn't corrected me regarding *Porospora gigantea*?" he would murmur lovingly.

"If you hadn't written the article?" Mary would whisper.

They pondered over the value of small happenings. Infinitesimal happenings. Those little affairs were like the bacilli. Small, dreadfully small, but of immense power. They knew nothing of a coloured poster in Cockspur Street, of a cold wind from the Thames, a bit of jingle, a handy piece of pavement that could be used as a weapon to floor a man who carried one hundred and thirteen pounds thirteen shillings. Knew nothing of Mr. William Craney, nothing of a humorous monkey in Rochore Road, who made an introduction between Craney and a young lady named Sari Jones, whose brother had done a lagging and who yearned to learn points from a second-story man from London Town. Poor Verhagen, poor Mary! Labouring through tropic days and tropic nights to find the secrets of Life, while Life was carelessly moving human pieces in the manner of a chess champion playing against five hundred.

PRETTY was Sari Jones. Way back there was a drop of ink in the Jones blood. Made Sari more attractive to Mr. Craney. The pounds were going, but it was nice to be with Sari. And that brother of hers hinted at "something" that might be pulled off with the help of a high-class crook from London Town. Life was good. There was warmth, a friendliness that one never found in London, and the cops were "jes' ragheads."

Mr. Craney had one pound left in his pocket on the evening that he and Sari Jones's brother decided to do the "job." It was a bungalow on River Valley Road, sitting in a little clump of casuarina trees. The occupant, a retired major, seldom came home till the early hours of the morning.

"A cinch," said Mr. Craney. "Watch me, boy, an' see 'ow we do things in Lunnon."

Unfortunately for the pair of housebreakers, the major on this particular evening was suffering from a bilious headache, and the Garrison Club had no attraction. He was in bed, wide awake, when Craney and young Jones crept in through the window from the garden.

The major challenged, got no answer, and promptly fired. The bullet winged Jones, and Mr. Craney dived through the window and called on his legs to do their best.

A police whistle stung the night as William fled across Ord Bridge. A "raghead" cop was in pursuit. "The Rat" had a fleeting glimpse of the Hindu policeman as he steamed in the direction of Pearl Hill. Beyond Pearl Hill was the Chinese cemetery, and beyond that again was Keppel Harbour and the wharves. Dark wharves and unlighted hulks were what Craney longed for at the moment.

The Chinese cemetery was a scary place. It gave Bill Craney what he termed "the willies" as he ploughed through it. At one turning he came upon an oil lamp burning on the grave of a recently defunct chink, the light having been left by kind relatives who wished the spirit of the dead to eat in comfort the funereal viands left for the journey to the celestial paradise.

The burning lamp startled Craney. He sped away from it at such a speed that he dropped winded behind a small pagoda. He wondered if the "raghead" cop was still pursuing. He listened breathlessly. From the rear came the stinging whistle. It was answered by another, and another. Craney gathered himself up, fled down a slope into Kampong Bharu Road and on to the docks. His lips dripped curses as he ran. Crimson ragheads!

There was a dark schooner tied to a wharf. Craney dived into the hold. A monstrous odour of green hides fell upon him, pinching throat and nostrils, but he fought it. He burrowed under a pile of filthy sacking and lay quiet.

Hours passed. Light crept through the sacking. Craney heard voices. Feet beat a tattoo on the deck. Then to his great surprise the vessel moved! He was leaving Singapore!

MR. WILLIAM CRANEY was hungry and thirsty. He had been twenty hours in the hold. He pushed the sacking away and looked up through the uncovered hatch at the stars. Where the devil was the boat going to? He was sick from the dreadful smell that filled the place.

Carefully he climbed the ladder and peered at the deserted deck. The schooner was waddling along under a spread of canvas, an eerie creaking of blocks and tackle from above. Voices came from a distance.

Craney's nose, true nose of a rat, sniffed food. He knew little about ships, but he reasoned there must be a cookhouse where food was prepared. On his stomach he wormed himself along the deck, keeping to the shadows. The food odour became stronger. Craney's mouth drooled. He told himself it was a stew. A stew from which came delicious whiffs of onions, garlic, saffron, and fragrant spices.

It was a stew. A most glorious stew. Craney took it, pot and all. It was the next-day ration for five healthy men. . . .

On the second night (*Continued on page* 98)

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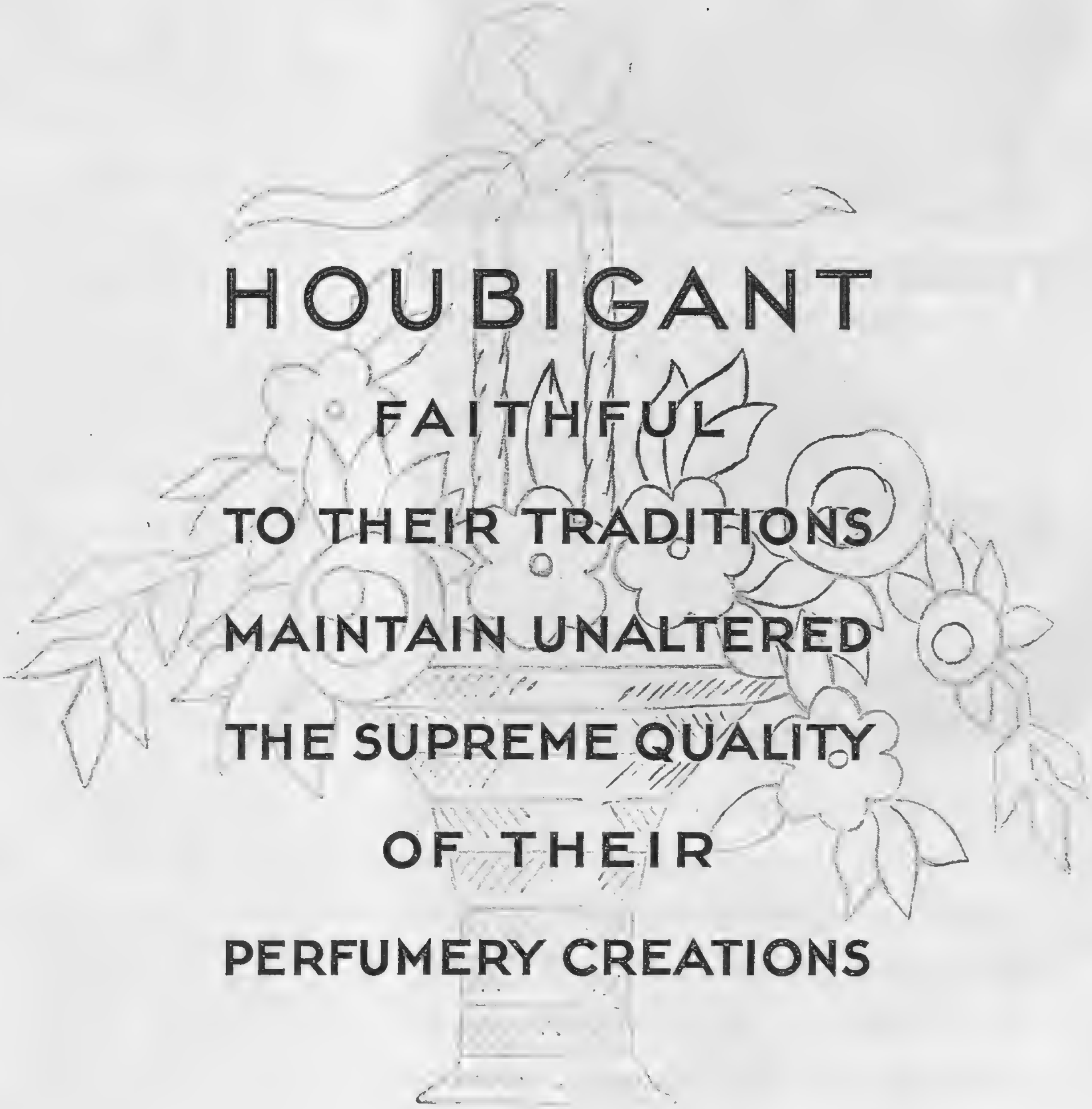

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Craney again raided the cookhouse. He knew nothing about the suspicion and hate bred in the fo'c'sle over the theft. Each of the five sailors was convinced that one of their number was a thief. Tough lads were the five.

The schooner rolled southward under full sail. Down through Berhala Strait, by Banka Island, into the Java Sea. Holding a course south-east along the lean strip of land that is Java itself. Somewhere over to starboard were two scientists, red-eyed from peering through microscopes at bolshevik bacilli.

On the third day the five decided that the thief was a stowaway. They searched the hold and found William Craney. They dragged him on deck. They held a quick court-martial. No officers around. They told Craney they were going to hang him. The theft of sailors' rations was a crime punishable by death.

"The Rat" broke away from the man holding him. Fear-stricken, he made a leap at the shrouds, missed his footing and slipped into the sea.

An officer standing aft shouted a question as Craney struck the water. "What's the matter forward? Someone overboard?"

There was a moment's tense silence; then one of the five answered, "No, sir. Just the cook, sir. Dumped some slush, sir."

The schooner ploughed on.

IT was Professor Verhagen who saw the black head of Craney against the sunset. Verhagen and Mary were out in the motor launch hooking up great hauls of Cephalopoda for experimental purposes. They had shut off the motor and were drifting lazily landward.

Verhagen tried to start the engine, but his hurry upset his efforts. He swung the crank wildly, his eyes on the black head outlined against the western sky. He shouted words of encouragement.

The engine defied the efforts of the scientist. He sprang to his feet. He was dressed only in a singlet and shorts. Before Mary Dobson could protest he dived overboard and struck out for the black head of Craney.

Mary then tried to start the engine. With frightened eyes on her husband she wrestled with it. Verhagen had reached Craney, had taken him in tow and turned for the launch, but the launch was drifting shoreward. Drifting at a speed equal to that of the Professor's stroke!

The black wings of tragedy were sweeping down upon that stretch of darkening water. Brave was Verhagen. No letting go of his grip on the unconscious Craney. Facing death courageously. His breed faced it every day in the interests of science. Battling microbes. Well, what matter?

He quickened his stroke. Mary was watching him. Mary was encouraging him. Standing up in the drifting launch, powerless to help, but encouraging.

Closer now. Mary fighting the drift by using a dish for a scoop. Yards away yet, but the distance growing less.

Mary wished to shout to him to drop his burden. Wished, but couldn't. He wouldn't have obeyed. Poet, fighter, scientist, was Pieter Verhagen. Using the high trestles over the abysses that face mankind. Riding the peaks.

"Catch him!" he gasped. "His collar!"

Mary had the collar of Craney. Craney of Whitechapel. She dragged "The Rat" inboard with all her strength. Over the gunwale. Doubled. Her back to the sea, she gave a final pull. Craney rolled into the bottom of the launch.

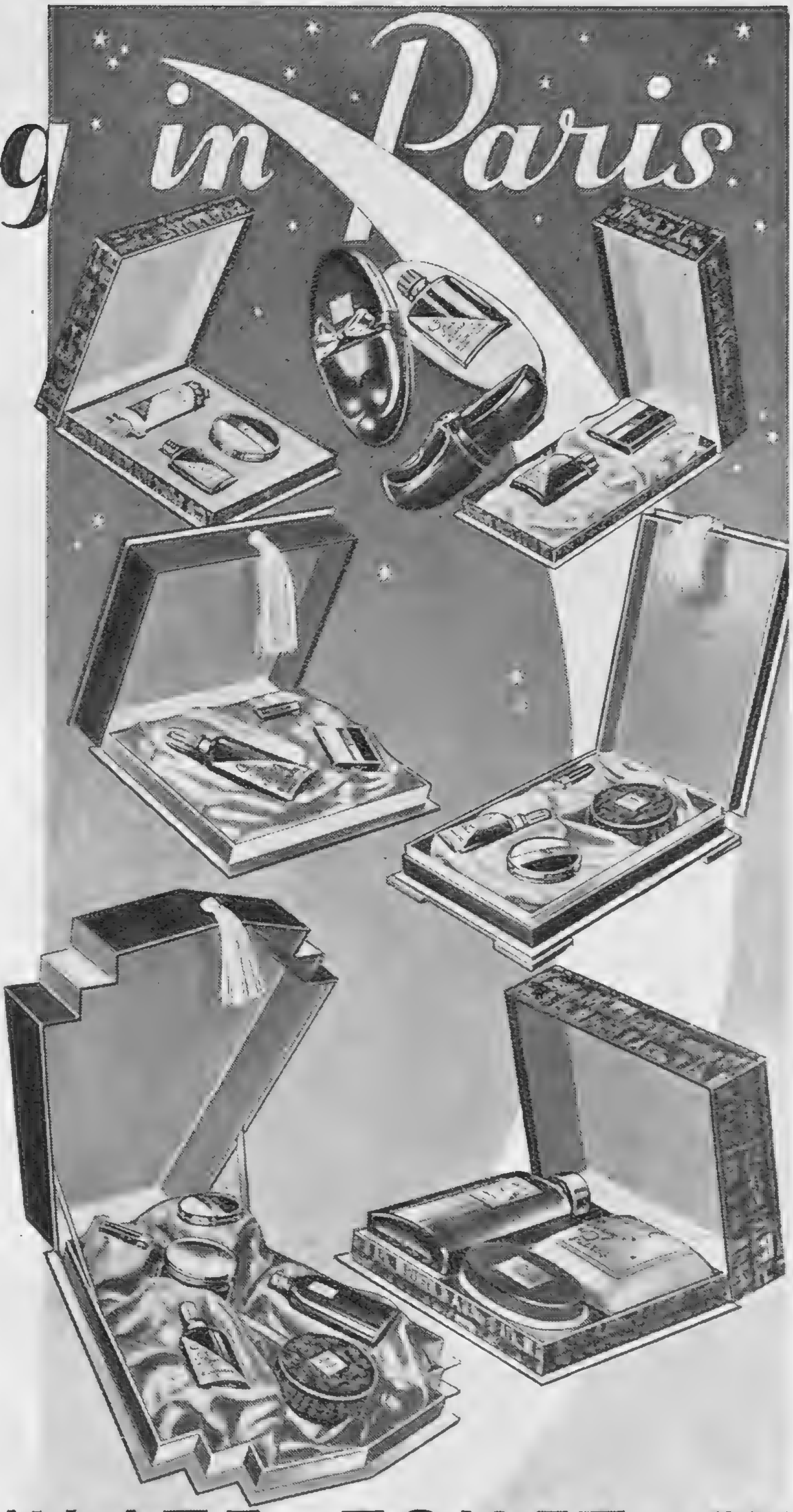
Mary Dobson turned to look for her husband. The sea was bare. She cried his name. There was no answer.

The effort had been too much for Verhagen. He had sunk quietly while she turned her back on the sea to roll Craney into the bottom of the boat. The Java Sea had claimed Pieter.

MARY DOBSON VERHAGEN never knew for certain how many hours passed before the launch struck the shore. Her brain refused to function after the disappearance of her husband. A paralysing stupor was upon her.

(*Continued on page* 100)

Evening in Paris



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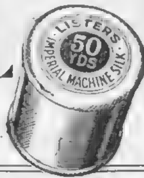

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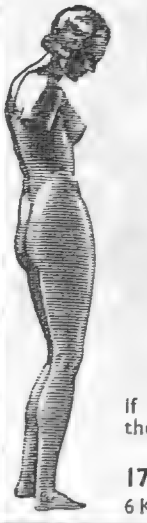

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"Dobson of Market Harborough"

It must have been hours. Many hours. The launch struck a reef of coral half a mile below the camp. The reef tore a hole in the bow; the boat sank in six feet of water, leaving Mary and the now conscious Craney to struggle to shore.

It was the voice of Craney that brought Mary Dobson back to her senses. On staggering feet he questioned her on the rescue. What happened? He had an idea that someone had seized him and swam with him for a thousand crimson miles to a crimson boat. His blasphemy was startling. A crimson white man whoever the crimson fellow was! Where was he now?

Slowly he understood. Understood that a life had been offered for his. His lower jaw dropped. He cursed lengthily.

"Your mate, Jack?" he gurgled, addressing Mary. "Your mate, Jack? 'Ell's blazes! I'm sorry! Jack, I'm that damn sorry wy—wy—— Jack, I jes' can't tell yer 'ow that hits me in the guts!"

Dimly it dawned upon the mind of Mary that this wretched weed that her husband had fished out of the sea at the cost of his life thought she was a man! Of course her costume would lead him to this conclusion. Mary was dressed in shirt and pants, and the mahogany wash brought to legs and arms by the tropic sun helped the belief.

As he continued to curse she became certain. She could not believe that anyone, even a Whitechapel rat, would use such profanity in the presence of a woman. His every word was blasphemous.

A protest that she was on the point of making was choked back hurriedly. She had a fear of this strange wet thing that had come out of the sea. A great fear. He was, to her, curiously unclean. His looks, his manner, his voice and the continuous stream of blasphemy brought a great terror.

A prayer ran through her troubled brain. A prayer of thankfulness. The homeliness that had worried her through long years was now a protective cloak. The flat bosom, the strong features, her height and male stride had been given to her by a Providence who foresaw this predicament!

"Forget 'im, Jack!" continued Craney, as they staggered along the beach. "'Ard luck, Jack, ole boy, but it's a rotten world."

They reached the camp. In the larger hut there were two beds. Craney looked from one to the other and asked a question: "Which was his'n?"

Mary braced herself. This human microbe, more dangerous to her than all the bacilli in the world, had to be faced. Her fear and disgust of the man was overwhelming, but she had to be brave. "Listen," she said, "you cannot sleep here. There's some bedding in the store hut. Go there."

"Wy the 'ell?" began Craney. "Wy the——"

"It's my camp," interrupted Mary. "Go and sleep in the other hut! Get!"

"Say," snarled Craney, "you're a bit o' a bully, ain't yer, Jack? 'E's not wantin' the bunk to-night, so——"

"Get out!" cried Mary. "At once!"

Mr. William Craney, grumbling and cursing, went off to the second hut, and Mary Dobson Verhagen was left alone to fight the sorrow and pain that clutched her. The tropic night sighed and moaned about the camp; a startled moon peered at her. Once there came to her ears the sound of Craney's voice. He was singing. She listened to the words. They were strangely frightening:

"*Her petticoats were yaller an' her little cap wus green.*"

She prayed for strength. Softly she put questions to a spirit that she felt sure hovered around the camp. What would Pieter Verhagen have her do? She whispered the queries and listened intently for answers. She was certain that the spirit of Pieter was there. That striving, fighting mind that tried to rip the secrets out of life for the benefit of his fellow man would cling to the spot where his experiments were still in progress. Would stay with her, the woman he loved.

(*Continued on page* 102)

Are you getting **FRESH-FRUIT JAM** or pulp jam?

FULL FRUIT STANDARD
Wm P. HARTLEY'S
STRAWBERR

There's a little difference in the price, but there's a world of difference in the contents of the jar! You may have wondered why Hartley's strawberry jam is not so brilliant a red as a cheaper strawberry jam. The reason is that a pulp jam *has* to be artificially coloured. But *Hartley's* jams are made of fresh fruit only, with no pulp, no preservatives, no colouring save that which nature gave to the fruit itself.

HARTLEY'S

JAMS — *made from fresh fruit only*

Would she carry on? Continue with the experiments that he had began? Would she go on piling up proofs in support of the audacious theories he had put forward? They, the scientists who lacked the aerial trestles that carried Pieter Verhagen over the gulfs, would want proof.

Gently, pleadingly, she argued with the soft night which held his spirit. She stroked the piles of notes made by her dead husband. They were alive! They responded to her touch! The words of Paul to the Thessalonians sprang into her mind: "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good."

Prove all things! Those tremendous startling predications of Verhagen had to be built up! A scientist who was also a dreamer might see what Pieter saw, but scientists as a rule were not dreamers. They screamed for proof. And Mary must supply that proof. Supply it in overwhelming quantities.

In the soft light of the dawn Mary Dobson Verhagen collected some tins of food, a pound of bacon, some biscuits and a flask in which to carry water. She waited the awakening of the strange wet thing for which her husband had given his life.

He staggered out of the hut, stared for a moment at the figure of the woman and spoke. "The last night that I sleep there, Jack," he growled. "T'night Hi 'ops the spare bunk."

Mary pointed to the pile of food. "Come and get this and clear out!" she said firmly. "There's a village along the shore to the west. Thirty miles or so. Keep to the beach. You can make it in two days."

Craney showed his astonishment. "Naow look 'ere," he began. "Don't get nawsty wit' me, Jack. I'm not a bloke that'll be run outer camp. I'm goin' to sty right 'ere——"

As he talked he approached the door where Mary sat. He was a swaggering red-eyed rat, his thin hair on end, elbows crooked, fists shut. Mary Dobson reached within the doorway, and Craney halted. A revolver covered the man from Whitechapel.

"Quick!" said the woman. "Get this stuff into the bag and go! I'm busy. No more talk. I'll give you five minutes to get out of sight around that clump of mangroves!"

As Bill Craney stuffed the provisions into the sack, Mary repeated those words that had slipped into her head during the night: *Prove all things; hold fast that which is good.* Over and over she whispered them. They gave her courage. Great courage.

When "The Rat" disappeared behind the belt of trees Mary turned to the work. Those beliefs that Verhagen had picked out of the tropic sunshine had to be proved.

WORK. Work from dawn till the tropic night came down like a camel-hair blanket. Slipping the mortar of proof into the crevices of Verhagen's assertions. Mary knew them to be true. Anyone who heard the Professor expound them would know them to be true, but the Java Sea had forever closed the lips of the scientist, so proof had to be thrust forward to convince those who would never listen to that compelling voice.

It was on the tenth day after the Professor's death that Mary made a discovery. *Someone had made a raid on the stores!*

The discovery brought a queer horror to her. She stood transfixed and stared at the surrounding jungle. The thick-matted silent jungle that hemmed her in.

She knew. She was certain. The wretched rat that she had run out of camp was concealed in the trees! He hadn't made for civilisation as she thought he would. He had hidden himself in the trees to spy on her. To watch her.

The jungle was a million-eyed thing now. As she worked she watched it. At moments she wheeled suddenly, feeling certain that the human microbe was behind her. She couldn't sleep. The slightest noise that came from the massed trees brought her, fearful and perspiring, into full wakefulness.

She fought the fear. The work went on. In spite of Craney creeping around in the underbrush the labour of checking up on the findings of Professor Pieter Verhagen did not stop. She steeled herself. What was the wretch in the brush to do with her? He was no more than some small marine animal that she examined to find proof for her husband's statements . . . .

On the eighteenth day Craney declared his presence. Sometime in the early afternoon he thrust his head from a mass of nipa palm and shrieked at her.

"Yah!" he screamed. "I got yer! You're a molly! You're a skoit! Tried to fool me, didn't yer! Comin' down to-night to 'ug yer! Yah! Hoo hoo!" He began to sing:

"'Er pettycoats were yaller an' 'er little cap
wus green
An' 'er nime wus Superyawlat jest the sime as
Theebaw's queen."

He didn't appear that night, but she heard him tramping around in the trees. Heard him singing. The revolver was at her hand. . .

Building up the startling theories of Verhagen. Feverishly. Putting trestles under the words. Back in Europe they wouldn't believe unless she brought proof. Wouldn't believe Pieter of the Royal Academy of Sciences who was that rare animal, a poet and a scientist in one.

She whispered to Verhagen, who was somewhere out in the Java Sea swinging to the deathless tides. Whispered to him with tear-blurred eyes. Death was nothing. The fight was the thing. The tearing off of the husk to see what was at the root of everything. Death was the reward.

Now and then a shout would come from the surrounding trees. "Hey, Molly! Want me to come down an' help yer cut up the jellyfish? Hoo-hoo! Molly de skoit!"

More abusive now. Making improper suggestions. The loneliness was affecting the brain of William Craney of Whitechapel. Mary Dobson Verhagen tried to shut out the filth of the fellow. Tried to close her ears as she worked steadily to establish theories so slim, so finely poised that she thought they would fade into nothingness unless she grounded them on proof.

IT was on a sweltering afternoon that Bill Craney took the warpath. Mary had entered the hut with a rack of test tubes when she heard the crash. "The Rat" had hurled a stone to announce his approach, and the stone had landed on a table of the outdoor laboratory.

It made a sickening mess. Jars, tubes, slides and pipettes were smashed to pieces. A second rock landed on the same spot. Another and another. Bill Craney was advancing under a barrage. He broke from the trees, shouting and cursing as he came forward.

He was going to boss the camp. He was going to sleep in the camp bed of the "dead geek." He was going to play blazes with everything. She was a "skoit." No female could keep him in the bush.

"Stop!" shouted Mary. "Get out of this! Quick!"

"What the hell?" shouted Craney, hurling a rock at Mary's head. "I'll show yer! Yer silly skoit, d'yer tink dat——"

The revolver ended Bill Craney's speech. He dropped on the sandy slope, and his dying gasps had as an accompaniment the soft tinkle of shattered glass swept from the laboratory table by streams of escaping alcohol.

THE Dutch are a careful people. When Mary Dobson Verhagen stood her trial at Batavia for the killing of William Craney of Whitechapel the officials of the High Court of Justice on Waterlooplein were amazed at her recital of the facts. Quietly, carefully, she told her story. Not once did she raise her voice.

In a silence profound she told of the drowning of Professor Verhagen while saving "The Rat," of her decision to run Craney out of camp, of the discovery that he was still in the neighbourhood.

She told of his abuse, of his filthy language, of his proposals. Ears strained, the court listened as she approached the climax. In fancy they saw the half-crazed wretch coming out of the jungle, heard the crash of the stones, the shouts, the report of the revolver.

There was silence as Mary paused. Her counsel approached and spoke. "And these photographs?" he demanded. "Did you take them at once?"

"Yes," she answered. "I took the photograph of the body from three different angles, and the photograph of the laboratory table."

"And then?"

"I searched the body, found the man's passport, a photograph of a nude girl, three skeleton keys, and an address in River Valley Road, Singapore."

The counsel spoke to the judge. "The Singapore police believe that the dead man was concerned in an attempted burglary on this house some few weeks back," he said. "He was pursued but escaped to the docks."

The judge stared at Mary Dobson Verhagen. "And what after that?" he demanded.

"I put all his possessions into a large envelope, wrote a full statement of the happening, buried the body and went on with my experiments," she answered. "I was very busy searching for proof to support the deductions of my husband, Professor Verhagen."

The judge looked at the jury. The jury looked at the judge. With an effort the foreman moistened his lips and spoke. "We are convinced that the lady killed the man in self defence," he said gently. There was a soft sigh in the court.

As Mary Dobson Verhagen was leaving the court a representative of the *Straits Times* politely asked if she would tell him what part of England she hailed from.

"Market Harborough," answered Mary, and she spelled it slowly for him. "It is a small town in Leicestershire, you know."

Savants are connected with their home towns. We bracket them with the cities where they were born or where they have established themselves, and it was strange how the reporter of the *Straits Times* headed his story of the trial. A prophetic headline maybe. Mary's personality so impressed him that his report appeared under the words: "Dobson of Market Harborough."

END

Bed Socks

(*Continued from page* 58)

left on needle at end of a purl row. Knit across these 19 stitches and pick up 14 stitches down the side of the heel. On next needle knit across the 29 stitches on the two front needles. With 3rd needle pick up 14 stitches on other side of heel. Take off 10 of the stitches on 1st needle on to 3rd needle. (23 on 1st needle, 29 on 2nd (front of sock), 24 on 3rd.)

1st needle, K. 19, K. 2 tog., K. 2. 2nd needle, K. across 29. 3rd needle, K. 2, K. 2 tog., K. 20.

Continue decreasing in this manner on 1st and 3rd needle every other row till stitches stand 11, 29, 12.

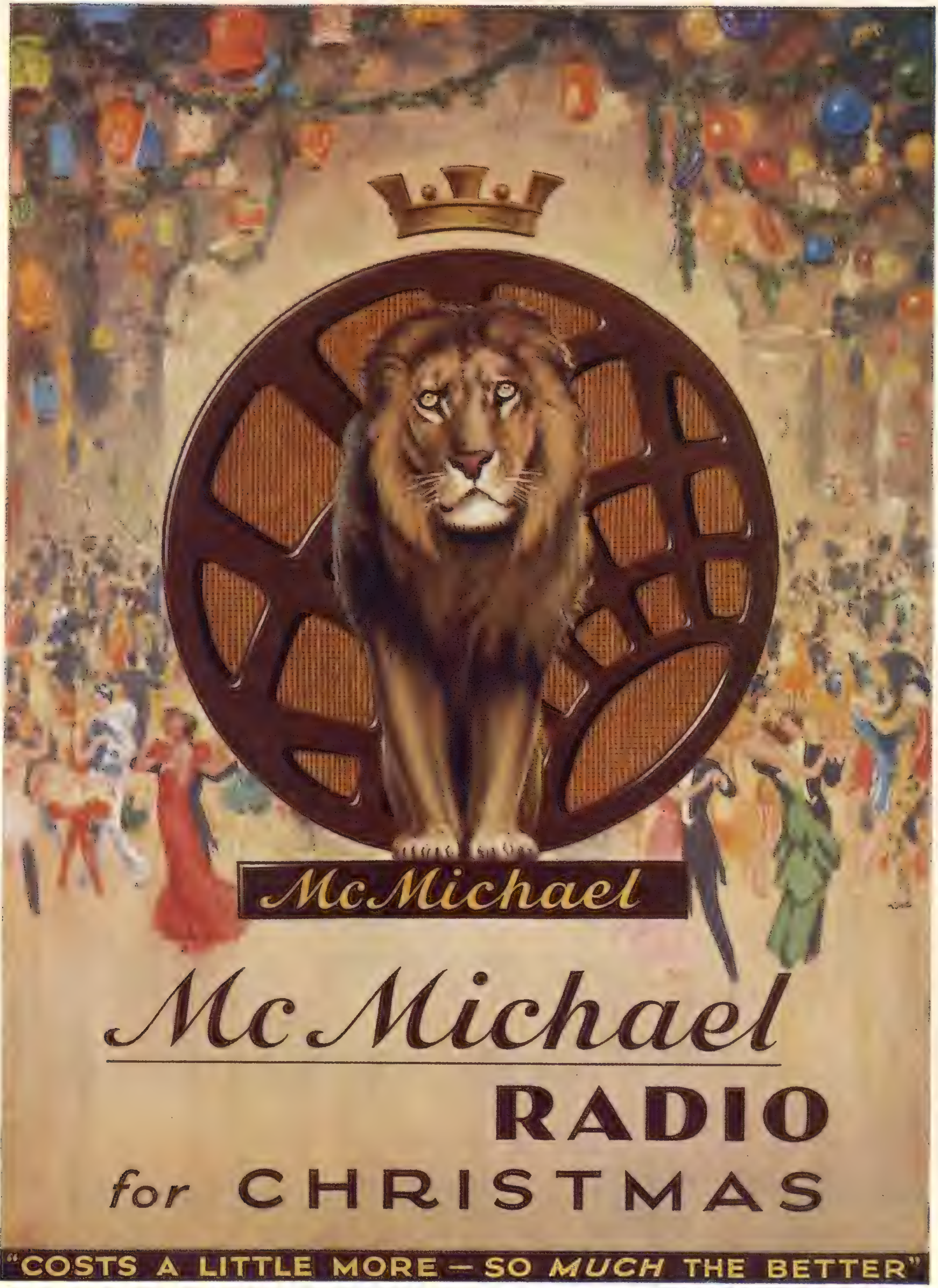
Next row, 1st needle, K. 11. 2nd needle, K. 2, K. 2 tog., K. 21, K. 2 tog., K. 2. 3rd needle, K. 12. Continue decreasing on the 2nd needle in this way every other row till stitches stand 11, 19, 12.

Change to rib of K. 1, P. 1, and continue without decreasing for 16 rows. Ribbing ends here.

Next, 1st needle, K. 7, K. 2 tog., K. 2. 2nd needle, K. 2, K. 2 tog., K. 11, K. 2 tog., K. 2. 3rd needle, K. 2, K. 2 tog., K. 8.

Continue decreasing in this manner every other row till stitches stand 5, 7, 6.

Cast off and sew toe neatly together.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WHITBREAD'S PALE ALE

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The Innkeeper *of* Bethlehem

(*Continued from page 21*)

to have him slain as he had slain his two brothers before him. Still the malicious chatter continued. Herod protested that he was a friend of Cæsar—Cæsar's staunchest friend in the whole Jewish nation. Their aim and ambitions were identical. Now these Bethlehemites with their pretence of a royal lineage. . . .

Quirinius divined Herod's intention. He was trying to inflame his mind. The men of Bethlehem all considered themselves kings. They traced their descent from this mythical David. They treasured a prophecy which made them hostile to authority—that one day they would give a ruler to Israel, whose goings forth had been from everlasting. To harbour such a hope was seditious. He drew nearer, his twitching hand covering his mouth. One way of settling the situation for all time would be to repeat the incident which had occurred in Cilicia.

Quirinius was tired of dancing-girls, tired of wine, tired of cruelty. Rising without excuse, he stepped into the silent night and summoned his centurion. Stars looked down. Pacing through darkened streets in which the clank of his feet sounded hollow, he went the round of his sentries. Twice he passed the carpenter, still wearily knocking at closed doors in the House of Bread. Approaching the square again, for the third time he saw the tired woman, the tired ass and the dejected carpenter. He was making a despairing appeal to the innkeeper, who was excusing himself brusquely. No room. How could there be room, when for the first time in centuries a king had deigned to sleep in Bethlehem?

Quirinius shrugged his shoulders. The fault was not his. And yet an emotion of pity for the outcasts moved him.

THE innkeeper had barred the door and spread his rug before the threshold. The last torch had been extinguished. Only the tramp of sentries in the courtyard broke the silence. But he could not sleep. His dream had come true. Because it would never happen again, he wished to fix every detail in his memory. The walls of his humble inn glowing with tapestries; the floors heavily padded with rich carpets. The music. The rejoicing. The jugglers and the dancers. Never had he thought to shelter a Roman governor and at the same moment a king of Judah. Yet his joy was shadowed by foreboding. Quirinius knew Micah's prophecy. Did he know that other prophecy of Jeremiah? "In Rama was there a voice heard, lamentation, and weeping, and great mourning; Rachel weeping for her children and would not be comforted, because they were not." All evening Herod had sat secretly whispering.

As he lay awake reflecting on the honours that had been showered on him, the tramp of feet in the courtyard halted. He heard hoarse voices—excited inquiries. The language spoken was his own. Unfastening the door, he found three shepherds striving to make themselves intelligible to a fair-haired legionary.

"Good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people," they were saying.

Turning to the innkeeper, in exalted mood they began breathlessly to recount their strange experience.

"Keeping watch over our flocks by night. An angel of the Lord. The glory of the Lord. We were sore afraid. But the angel said, 'Be not afraid. I bring you good tidings.'"

The innkeeper rejoiced. This news would flatter Herod, that angels should have announced his presence in Bethlehem. But at the shepherd's next words he trembled.

"'For unto you,' the angel said, 'there is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you ——'"

In his panic the innkeeper permitted the shepherds to proceed no further. Their urgent voices had roused at least one sleeper in the inn behind them. The harsh face of Quirinius was gazing down on them.

Plucking at their cloaks, the innkeeper led them away from the camp-fires. In a conspirator's whisper, now that none could overhear them, he bade them finish their recital.

They had been surrounded by a multitude of the heavenly host, they asserted, who had praised God by saying, "Glory in the highest." And this was to be the sign: they would find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger.

The innkeeper stared at the starry heavens, completely sceptical. Why, he asked, should angels have appeared to them, men who did not even own the flocks which they tended? If angels had had such news to impart, would they not have come first to a man who was important—himself, for instance; or to Quirinius of Syria, or to Herod, King of Judah, both of whom were his guests this night? And why in the House of Bread, famed for its hospitality, should the Saviour, the long-expected Messiah, be found lying in a manger? A ridiculous invention. Becoming angered, he poured contempt on their errand.

"Go back to your flocks."

Almost with blows he assailed them. And to have chosen this night of all nights to create such a disturbance! The one night in centuries when they could work most mischief. If Herod, ever jealous of supplanters, were to hear of this Saviour, sleeping Bethlehem might well be given to the sword.

The shepherds shook their puzzled heads, unconvinced by arguments. They had talked with angels. They had obeyed them. They had come with haste. They gazed at one another in bewilderment.

Across the courtyard the austere figure of Quirinius was approaching, his hand resting on his sword.

"Back to your flocks!" The innkeeper threatened them.

With the uncertain gestures of rebuked children, they wandered off.

The innkeeper, bending humbly, greeted Quirinius.

"It was nothing, my lord—moon-dazed shepherds who believed they had seen angels."

Quirinius surprised him by the mildness of his answer.

"Why not, on such a night? I, too, seemed to hear the beat of wings." As he re-entered, he paused on the threshold, lifting his face to the stars. "They shine more brightly here. I heard a hint of music —harps and singing voices."

He passed on to his room as in a trance.

With a prayer of thankfulness for danger averted, the innkeeper rebarred the door.

Back through the dying camp-fires the chidden shepherds threaded their way. A light glimmered in the stable of the inn. They knocked.

DAWN had scarcely broken, when Bethlehem grew murmurous. The sons of David who had journeyed from far places for the census-taking had tarried overlong; overlong for their own patience—overlong for the hospitality of their entertainers. With the opening of the city gate the first of them poured down the hill through frosty meadows and bleating flocks.

As for Quirinius, having sent his magistrates ahead, he delayed his departure. With him he kept back a sufficient number of troops to enforce his will and safeguard his own protection. He mistrusted Herod and wished to see him clear of Bethlehem. To disguise his mistrust, he made it seem a compliment; he and Herod would travel the first part of the road together.

But Herod was in no mood to hurry. He slept late. When he woke, he dallied till Quirinius became certain that he was attempting to outwit him.

That he might occupy himself, he set out on a last tour of the little city. Farewells were being taken—blessings bestowed. In groups travellers were sallying forth to meet the future; some on foot, carrying bundles and children—some mounted and attended by servants. He recalled the poetic legends to which he had listened, innocent as the imaginings of children: Ruth among the reapers; David, the harpist, who had slain Goliath. "Out of thee shall come forth a ruler whose goings forth have been from everlasting." Then to his memory recurred the carpenter in search of shelter. Among the jostling crowd he watched for him.

High noon had struck before Herod was prepared to take the road. His train packed the courtyard. His company of mercenaries armed like actors. His shameless women with their painted faces. His camels with their tinkling bells—his horsemen. Sullenly, clothed in a robe of gold, his beard stained purple, Herod climbed into his litter. Quirinius, mounted in his chariot, drove behind him. Trumpets sounded. The procession moved forward.

They were passing beneath the city's gateway. The steep decline of the hill spread before them.

"Room for the King!" the heralds were shouting, when Quirinius espied that for which his eyes had quested. A weary man, a little ass, a woman. To her breast the woman clutched a tiny bundle. Swept aside by the lordly cavalcade, they stood unnoticing and unnoticed.

He reined in his steeds. This night spent among dreamers had made him strangely visionary. Without knowing what had caused the shepherds' exaltation, he had vaguely shared it. But now he was again cynical and inclined to be ashamed of his emotion. Pressed close to his chariot by the throng, he recognised the innkeeper bent toward him.

"The two have become three." He pointed loftily to the humble family, crowded to the roadside. "'And thou, Bethlehem in Judah——.' Thy ruler, perhaps—thy long expected."

With a return of his old terror, the innkeeper shook his head violently.

"My lord, he is merely Joseph, the poor carpenter. His wife, Mary, I have known from her childhood. Harmless people. As for the prophecy, we in Bethlehem have begun to forget it."

Then, as the train moved forward, down the hillside through bleating flocks, the carpenter and his problems, the young mother and her new-born baby, passed beyond the jesting of Quirinius forever.

The innkeeper turned back from the city gate, glad to be relieved of such dangerous guests. But he was happy. He had said "No room" to travellers. A king had slept beneath his roof. He would never know that, because he had said "No room," the Saviour of all the world had been born in his stable. And so, in his ignorance, he was happy.

A Christmas Holiday

TURNBERRY HOTEL has for many years been a popular winter resort, and this popularity increases with time.

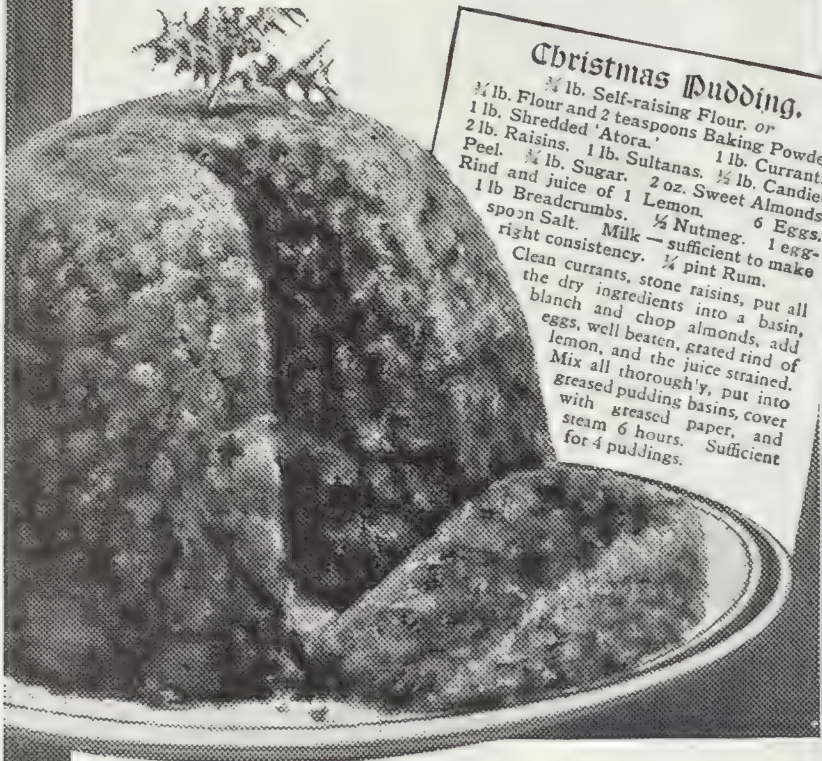
There are many reasons for this, not the least among them being the very amiable climate of Turnberry during the winter months, which is largely accounted for by the close proximity of the Gulf Stream. It is a unique experience to have snow and heavy frosts at Turnberry.

Apart from this, the hotel, which in recent years has been completely modernised and is now one of the most up-to-date and comfortable seaside resort hotels in Great Britain, caters in every respect for the holiday-maker in winter as well as in summer.

During the Christmas and New Year holidays the hotel wears a mantle of gaiety, and numerous galas, fancy dress balls, and all manner of indoor games and amusements are arranged for the entertainment of its visitors. The golf courses are always in perfect condition and the winter sunshine makes a game as enjoyable in December as it is in July.

There is also a magnificent swimming pool in the hotel, as well as hot sea-water baths; and there is dancing every week-end and—during the Christmas holidays—every afternoon and evening.

Here's the Best
Home-made Xmas Fare



Christmas Pudding.

¾ lb. Self-raising Flour, *or* ¾ lb. Flour and 2 teaspoons Baking Powder. 1 lb. Shredded 'Atora.' 1 lb. Currants. 2 lb. Raisins. 1 lb. Sultanas. ½ lb. Candied Peel. ¾ lb. Sugar. 2 oz. Sweet Almonds. Rind and juice of 1 Lemon. 6 Eggs. 1 lb Breadcrumbs. ½ Nutmeg. 1 egg-spoon Salt. Milk — sufficient to make right consistency. ¼ pint Rum.

Clean currants, stone raisins, put all the dry ingredients into a basin, blanch and chop almonds, add eggs, well beaten, grated rind of lemon, and the juice strained. Mix all thorough'y, put into greased pudding basins, cover with greased paper, and steam 6 hours. Sufficient for 4 puddings.

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The Good BEEF SUET

saves time and labour and removes uncertainty. Your puddings and mince pies will be dainty, delicious, and digestible.

Mincemeat.

1 lb. chopped Raisins.
1 lb. Shredded 'Atora.' 1 lb. chopped Apples.
1 lb. Currants ¼ lb. Citron Peel.
1 lb. Brown Sugar. 1 Lemon.
¼ lb Candied Orange Peel. 2 oz. Sweet Almonds.
¼ lb. Candied Lemon Peel. ½ Nutmeg grated.
blanched and chopped. 1 lb. chopped Sultanas.
½ teaspoonful Salt.
¼ pint of Brandy or Whisky

Dry the sultanas and currants after washing, mix all dry ingredients together after chopping. Lastly, add the grated rind and strained juice of lemon and the brandy or whisky. Mix all thoroughly. (Ingredients can be put through small mincing machine instead of being chopped).

These famous recipes are from the 'Atora' book of 100 tested recipes. Send post card for a copy, post free from Hugon & Co., Ltd., Manchester.

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Wimmin—Gur-r-rh!

(*Continued from page* 45)

school?" he asked cheerfully, her fresh sun-blonde hair against his chin, wondering how two women so unlike could be sisters.

"When shall you be going back to school?" she retorted. At which exchange of juvenile humour they both laughed.

"It was very understanding of you to realise I was fagged last night," she went on. "Are you always so considerate, or was it an accident?"

"You'll find plenty of men out here ready to be considerate to you," he said.

"Do you honestly think so?" she wanted to know.

"I'll be better able to answer that when I know you better," he told her, wondering if she'd invite his opinion if she knew the situation between himself and her sister. What a mess he had got himself into! He must get out somehow. He could not continue making love to Avril in the circumstances, and still less could he go on accepting Carlisle's friendship and hospitality. Then he had an inspiration.

He said: "As a matter of fact I'm going up to Gulmarg to-morrow to see if I can shoot a few black bear. You might tell your sister and brother-in-law."

EARLY next morning Carlisle rang him up and said:

"I hear you want to go to Gulmarg. We are going too—we've got a 'hut' up there, and Avril wants a change of air. We'll take you."

"Oh, damn!" thought Larry, now beginning to feel like a fly on treacle. But without being churlish, he could do no other than accept. On the climb up to Syrinagar's "Swiss" resort, with Avril's knee pressing his in the back of Carlisle's car, he decided to stay no more than a couple of days, but when he told her this she insisted:

"I simply cannot endure not seeing you, Larry. It's bad enough as it is with Ray and Betan in our pockets. Why be so cruel to me just for a strait-laced idea?"

Carlisle added his objections during tea on the chalet terrace where they sat looking over the pine tops to the snows high beyond the valley rim, sniffing the fragrant aroma of pine-log fires ascending in blue wreaths from other "huts" below them, inhaling air as subtle as old Rhine wine.

He said: "Avril tells me you want to go back to Syrinagar to-morrow—how on earth is that, Brading? What more can you want than this?"

Again Larry could think of no credible excuse short of the real one, and Betan followed on with:

"You'll spoil our party, Larry. What shall we do for a fourth at bridge?"

"It is easily settled," said Carlisle. "I won't lend him the car, then he can't go."

After that Larry made the best of the situation.

Because Carlisle hated walking and objected to being left alone, Larry began seeing a good deal of Betan.

One day, lounging on a drift of pine needles at the top of the valley after a long climb, Betan remarked:

"It's rather bad luck on you, Larry—having a girl wished on you as I am at present."

He dropped his hand on hers.

"My dear thing, I'm thinking it's just the reverse. What you should have around you is two or three nice subalterns, not a battle-scarred crock like me. Now, own up."

"Don't be childish. You know me well enough by now to be sure I'd do something about it if we were not fairly content with your decrepit self."

"Right," he said. "You walk like a hillman, and if you can ride down these *khuds* without me holding you on I'll see if I can raise two ponies to-morrow."

"Pick quiet ones. I haven't ridden since last season—with

(*Continued on page* 108)

MINTY CLUB CHAIR

SCIENTIFICALLY BUILT FOR COMFORT

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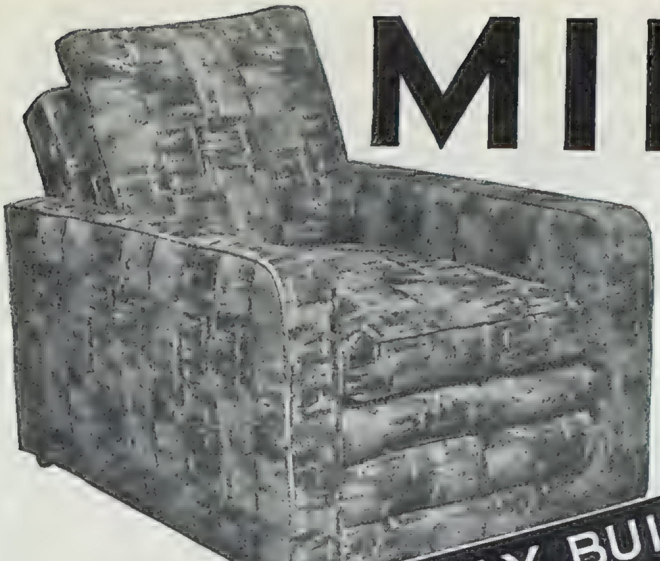

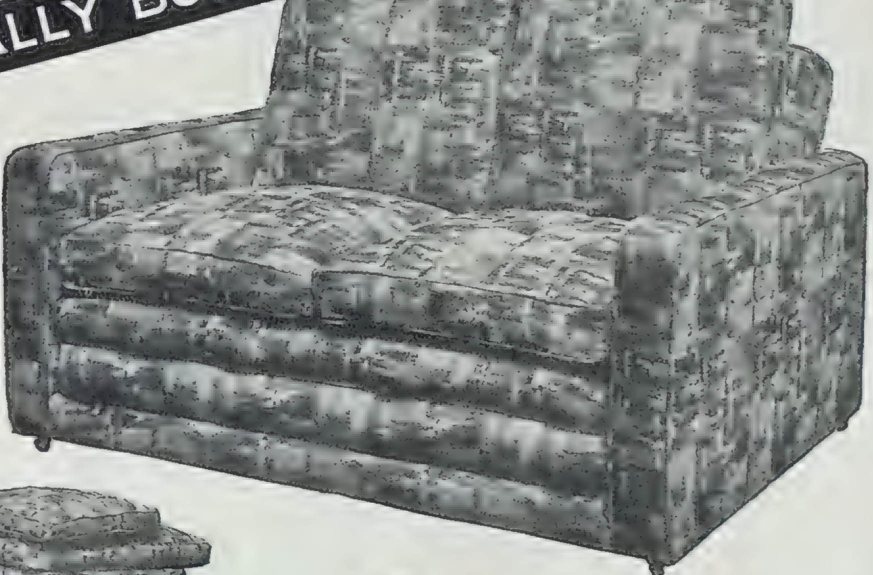

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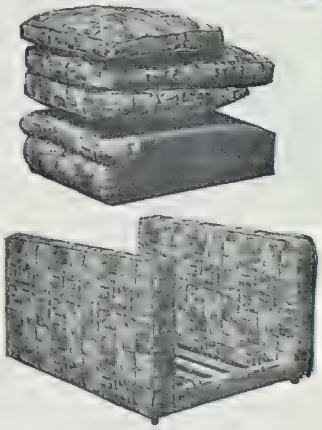
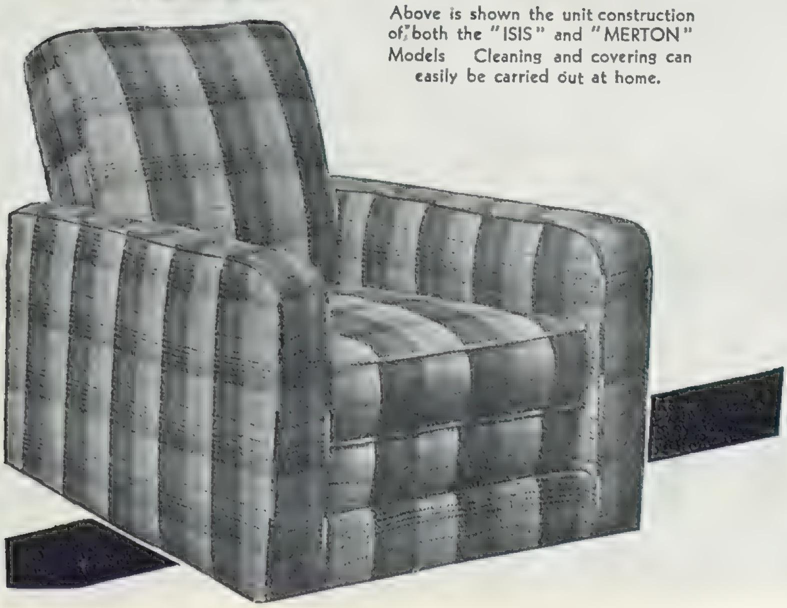
The new "MERTON" Model is shown below. It is thoroughly practical, and moderately priced. Framed in hardwood, patent springing and hair stuffing throughout. Made in three sizes with the long low seat, synonymous with Minty Chairs.

All Minty Chairs are made in three lengths of seat.

The "MERTON" ECONOMY MODEL



Above is shown the unit construction of both the "ISIS" and "MERTON" Models. Cleaning and covering can easily be carried out at home.



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Prices of "MERTON" Model
CHAIR from **£3.19.6**
SETTEE from **£7.19.6**

Deferred terms can be arranged.

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the Devon and Somerset," she added ruthlessly.

Larry grinned. He liked her brand of humour, the direct man-to-man expression of her level eyes, her ready *camaraderie*.

That night when he was smoking a final cigarette in pyjamas and great-coat on the balcony of his bedroom, vainly trying to salve his conscience as regards Carlisle with the fact that at last he was no longer making love to Avril, he turned and found her standing beside him in her night-dress and dressing gown.

"It's quite all right," she answered his protest. "Ray knows I've come. I've brought you a hot drink—on your dressing table."

Disengaging the arms she slipped around his neck, he said:

"Not under your husband's roof, Avril. Thanks for the drink. Now you must go."

"Don't be absurd, darling. I can stay five minutes."

"Not at any price," he insisted, taking her arm to urge her back the way she had come.

"Wait," she said. "I've something to ask you first, Larry. You are not getting fond of Betan, are you?"

"Betan! You are being absurd now. Of course not."

"She's a terribly attractive person—and besides—she's most awfully in love with you. She hasn't said so, of course. She's not that sort. But I can tell. Rather funny, isn't it?"

"Funny or not, I don't believe it for a moment. But that needn't worry you, so far as I am concerned—as she's your sister."

"No," she agreed. "I don't think you'd be cynical enough for that." And then, looking down the deep drop below the balcony, she said fiercely: "Larry—if I thought you'd stopped loving me, I'd throw myself down that *khud*. I couldn't bear the thought of you loving another woman." And, obeying the pressure of his arm, she left.

It was not until a few days after their return to Syrinagar that Larry realised he *had* got fond of Betan, that he *had* stopped loving Avril, that, in fact, he never had loved her. Avril and her husband were at the Residency attending an early morning committee of the Amateur Dramatic Society, and Larry took Betan shopping in the Residency *shikara*.

SEATED side by side under the scarlet and gold sun-canopy of that romantic mixture of punt and state barge, they watched for a time in silence the six scarlet and gold Kashmiri paddlers bend to rhythmic strokes. There was a nip from the snows in the air, and across their outstretched legs was spread a *kaross* of grey-fox.

Turning his head, he watched sun-dappled shadows of the *chenar* trees play on her face, glimpsed the frank delight in her eyes. Glancing from gay houseboat to *doongas*, listening to the antiphonal chant of a bronze poling crew on a heavy barge as they invited the help of the river gods in the green depths, she turned and met his eyes.

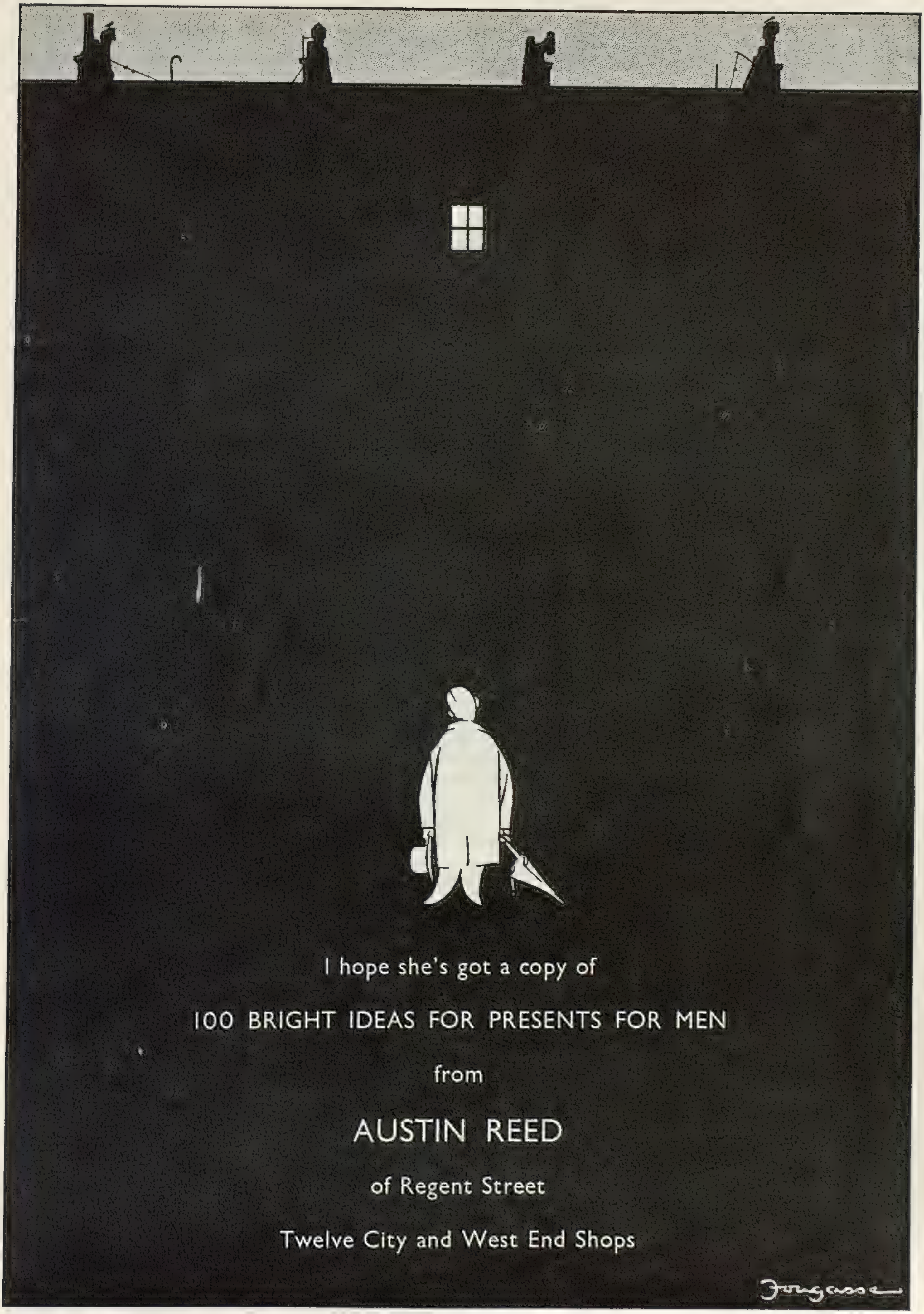
"Larry," she said quietly. "I think I came to India specially for this."

He said gravely: "I'm sure I did."

Beneath the rug his hand found hers. Her hand was still in his when the *shikara* glided between the brown teak criss-cross piles of Syrinagar bridge where the native city cuddles the Jhelum banks and looks like an old Japanese print. He had forgotten Avril, forgotten everything but that straight-eyed, long-limbed girl at his side. Nor did the shopping break the spell. Together they climbed shallow flights of steps from the agate water level of the *shikara* to deep balconies of carved cedar where white-bearded merchants smiled and bowed.

Betan was seeking presents to send home on the next mail, and she sought his advice on bowls, boxes, candlesticks of Kashmir papier-mâché;

(*Continued on page* 110)



I hope she's got a copy of

100 BRIGHT IDEAS FOR PRESENTS FOR MEN

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SEE ALSO PAGE 121

No child can resist a Noah's Ark It is so exciting to dip into the treasure ship and bring out all the wonderful animals "two by two." Hamleys arks are British made, beautifully modelled with hand-carved animals and people. This fine boat-shaped ark containing 60 large animals costs 39/9. There are a large range of different sizes and colours to be seen at Hamleys.

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necklets of lapis-lazuli; crystal pendants; draping on her slim shoulders, for his approval, skins of white fox and snow leopard.

That same night, in the club garden under the stars during a dance interval, he took her in his arms.

"If you had not done this, I'd have gone crazy," Betan said.

"It had to happen," he told her.

They asked each other no questions and made no protestations. That he was madly in love with her as he had never been with Avril, he had no doubt whatever. That she loved him he had no doubt either.

NEXT morning, shaving in his room at the Smeatons', he realised just what it was he had done. That he was genuinely in love with Betan he had no doubt. That life without her would be a deadly blank, he was sure. But, he asked his grim reflection, how could he ask her to marry him considering what he was to her sister? Impossible. To his codes, an insult to Betan. And Avril who had given him all. What kind of a shock to her? That threat of hers on the balcony at Gulmarg. She was no young hysterical girl. Why had he disregarded her warning about Betan? What a swine he had been all the way through! What was to be done now?

There was only one thing for it. He must clear out, leaving Betan to think he had been amusing himself, and Avril unhurt by more than his departure. Thank God he was due for another Medical Board that afternoon. He must get ordered to England forthwith. The wangle should be easy with two local civilian doctors and an I.M.S. Major whom he knew. As for losing Betan. Well—he'd just got to grin and bear it.

The wangle *was* easy.

"I'm not surprised you are not feeling fit," the Major said, after examining his stomach wound. "It's absurd of you sick men to try and convalesce in a giddy place like this. When would you like to go?"

"I'd like you to order me away to-morrow."

It was therefore with grim relief that he announced that night at dinner with the Carlisles the result of his Board. Both women were very silent. He dared not meet the eyes of either, especially Betan's. It was Carlisle who said:

"This is bad news, Brading. I was hoping you'd spend all your leave here. When do you propose to start?"

"At six to-morrow morning. Smeaton's taking me to Pindi in his car. I must leave you early, for I've a lot of packing to do, and can't trust it to my bearer."

"I shall come and see you off," said Avril quietly.

Betan said nothing. At ten o'clock, he said goodbye to her in the hall in the presence of Carlisle and her sister. He loved her at that moment more than ever. There was no reproach in those level eyes that looked squarely into his, and though her lips were unsmiling they were not hard. There was pluck in every line of her.

"Good-bye—Larry," she said. "Write to me when you get to England." And she turned and walked up those stairs on which he had first seen her.

Larry was not a drinker, nor did he smoke much, but that night in his room he consumed the best part of a bottle of whisky and a hundred-tin of cigarettes.

He was pacing up and down the river bank in front of the Smeatons' lawn next morning when Avril came. And then his heart gave a knock. Betan was with her.

Facing him, neither smiling, Avril said:

"Larry—we've come to ask you a question. Which of us is it you really love?"

Larry was completely nonplussed. Words deserting him, and then, as he did not know what else to say:

"What an extraordinary thing to ask a man!"

Betan said with a choke in her voice:

"Avril will tell you, Larry," and she turned and walked a little distance away.

Controlling the tremble in her voice, Avril said:

"Last night after you'd gone Betan came to my room and said she wanted to see you off, instead of me. I told her she could not, that I was more your friend than she was. To that she said, 'But I love him.' I said, 'You may do, but the thing that matters is that he loves me.' 'That's impossible,' she said. 'He loves me.' So," she added tensely, "we've come to find out who it is you really do love, Larry. You know what it is to me."

"Good God!" Larry murmured.

Avril turned and called Betan, and as she approached, Larry made his decision. If there was any humour in the situation, he could not see it. There was only one answer he could make as a decent man. That answer would damn him for ever as a cad in Betan's regard. But all the better. The sooner she would forget him. It would be less of a tragedy to her than the truth would be to Avril. And what was the good of the truth anyhow?

He said:

"I'm sorry, Betan—it is Avril."

She winced as though he had struck her, turned about, and walked slowly away, as Colonel Smeaton appeared with the information that he was ready to start for Pindi.

IN his mind Larry went over that last scene a thousand times in the next five weeks, criticising himself ruthlessly. At Rawal Pindi he had thought of turning back and denying it all; at Lahore, of wiring Betan for her forgiveness. At Bombay—suddenly—he cancelled his passage to England. He'd go back to the Border.

Larry was in the little mess of the fort at Dera when Smeaton's letter arrived with the *dak* three months later. There was one passage that he read and re-read. It went:

"Charlie has gone back to Lahore, and as regards your two girl friends, Avril is in the middle of her third *affaire* this season (you were the second of the annual batch), and her sister has just got engaged to a very nice feller in the Guides."

"I am glad to see something is amusing ye at last," said the M.O. over the top of *The Times*.

"Amusing—you call it, do you?" snapped Larry, as he slowly tore Smeaton's letter into strips.

Getting up from his chair and dropping those shreds on the charcoal fire, he stood over the M.O.

"Doctor," he said. "There is one expression of yours I am going to adopt from now on."

"'Aie," said the Doctor,' "and which one may that be?"

"Wimmin—GURR-R-R-H!" said Larry.

END

A Seasonable Gift

THE riddle of what to give a man is solved by the girl who has tracked down Ronson products. A guinea buys either this cunning chromium sports lighter, which extinguishes automatically, or the patent shave-and-sharpen safety razor

Books *(Continued from page 49)*

uncomfortable feeling that the family was breaking up. Miss de la Roche has removed my fears by writing one of the best of all her books. This Jalna saga has a real literary importance, which makes it independent of all other considerations; but it has also its local significance, for it gives a convincing but unconventional picture of Canadian life such as no other writer has even attempted. It is curious that in each of the three great Dominions the best contemporary novelist should be a woman—Mrs. Millin, of South Africa; Miss de la Roche, of Canada; and, in the case of Australia, the lady who writes under the name of Henry Handel Richardson. I am glad that I am not called upon to arrange them in order of merit.

I like the unusual seriousness (in the English sense of the word) shown by Mr. Stephen McKenna in his new novel *Namesakes* (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.). The theme is an old one—a wife fighting for her place in the life of her highly successful husband—but the author, in a mood of grave attention, gives it freshness and reality. I cannot pretend to have read all of Mr. McKenna's thirty (and more) volumes, though I have read a good many; but of those with which I am acquainted I am inclined to put *Namesakes* first . . . of the novels, anyhow. I am always looking forward to the day when he produces another account of his travels.

A posthumous work by the late Alicia Ramsey, *The Three Cocktails* (Unicorn Press, 7s. 6d.), contains three stories of that intermediate length to which the English public has, alas! so rooted an objection. Many good stories that, left to themselves, would run to some 40,000 words have been ruined by being blown up to twice that size. Mrs. Ramsey must have had courage to defy this old prejudice; she also possessed a light, easy, graceful style which might overcome it. Her tales manage to be at once amusing and exciting. Mr. Alan Thomas combines the same qualities in his *Death of the Home Secretary* (Benn, 7s. 6d.), a detective story which moves in unusually distinguished circles. The solution of this mystery never, I admit, occurred to me—but then I am notoriously loath to hear a word against the Cabinet. Mr. Thomas has written a lively thriller, and so has Mr. David Frome, author of *The Eel Pie Mystery* (Longmans, 7s. 6d.). Mr. Frome's readers will remember Inspector Bull and his friend, Mr. Pinkerton, and will accordingly rejoice to meet them again. Here also I failed to guess the answer—or rather I dismissed it from the ranks of possible hypotheses. I still think it a little too improbable to be altogether probable; but, except for that objection, the story is a good sample of its class.

As a change from highly coloured, imaginary excitements, *Wheels Take Wings* (Foulis, 7s. 6d.) is a sober account of real danger. It is, in other words, the history of Brooklands. Two authors have collaborated in its production: Messrs Michael Burn and A. Percy Bradley, and a Foreword has been contributed by the Prince of Wales. The tale of persistence and perseverance, of the gradual entry of Brooklands into the social and sporting life of the country, is one which will interest all motorists.

END

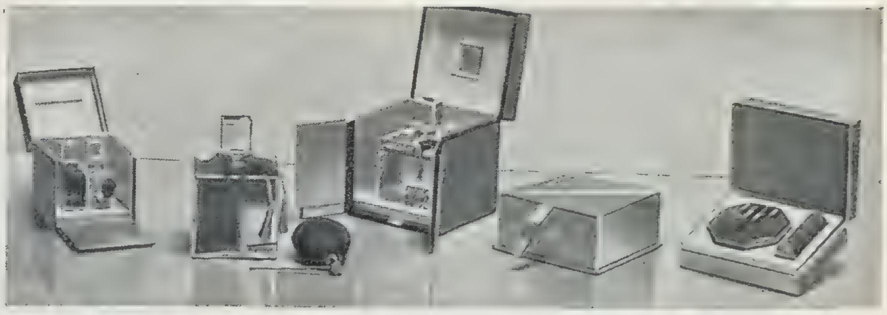
A Christmas Appeal

INSERTED in our current issue is a very attractive appeal by Dr. Barnardo's Homes. It is not an appeal for large sums, but for the gathering in of small personal gifts by means of Christmas Tree Collections.

The Homes occupy a high place in the esteem of the British public, and we hope that many of our readers may see their way to respond to the plea made by the Homes this Christmas season.

At the present time 8,500 children of all ages are in the care of the institution, and more than 114,000 have been rescued from poverty and destitution through the agency of the Homes.

Elizabeth Arden's
SUGGESTIONS
FOR
CHRISTMAS GIFTS



GIFTS THAT GIVE GLAMOUR . . . Elizabeth Arden's Perfumes . . . La Joie, Le Rêve, L'Amour, Tuberose or L'Elan . . . with atomiser included 35/- to £17 . 17 . 0. The Twin Perfumes . . . a combination of any two of these famous fragrances. 21/- Ardena Powder in fourteen shades . . the silver box of the Mat Foncé powder is illustrated 12/6. Ardenette Set . . . loose powder case and lipstick to match, in silver and enamel. Six colours 27/6

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Cads' Christmas

(Continued from page 27)

"That's funny, isn't it?" Relinquishing the sleeve-links, Andrew flopped on the side of his bed, and turned an appraising eye on Lubina. "Speaking impartially, I should say you had your share of the family good looks. And you pick up some pretty nifty rags from time to time—that purple thing, for instance——"

"Shut up," said Lubina, who had been wearing "that purple thing" on her last moonlight trip with William. "I'm frightfully beautiful, and my clothes are a dream; I know that. But he can't bear my straight hair and my lipstick and my tailored suits. Don't you know his sort of woman? Soft and fluttering and essentially useless—more Nadia's type."

"That's all right. We won't discuss it any further; I'm not going."

"Then where are you going?" asked Lubina, helplessly.

"If you want to know, I'm going to get very drunk on Pug's whiskey and—probably get Sombra to help me to see in Christmas morning. Can't you see us, Sombra and me, sitting up in Sombra's little white bed about six a.m., looking to see what Santa Claus has put in our stockings?" said Andrew, savagely. "*Can't* you get out of here?—And where the devil are my brushes?"

Lubina flinched, but stood her ground.

"Pretty cheap way of trying to forget about Nadia!"

"Can't you suggest a better?" he said, pertinently.

"Yes; go and dine with old Matthew."

"Thanks; the subject is closed."

SHE realised, with relief, that he had only kept to one half of his programme, when she came into the flat, alone, shortly after six o'clock. She had been out all day; queer, how little recollection she had of what she had been doing. A faint shrill buzz of voices and a kaleidoscope of faces moved about the back of her mind, as she stood looking down at the table where a kind of stuffed life-size marionette hung, with its face towards the floor. Presently the marionette lifted its tousled head.

"Whozatt?" it inquired, indistinctly.

"You are a pig, aren't you?" said Lubina, quietly.

"Nice being a pig"—with profound conviction. The marionette allowed its head to drop, sideways, but its eyes remained open, staring upward, with a silly expression, at Lubina. Presently one of the eyes winked.

"Verney twinsh——" it murmured. "Alwaysh shportsh—alwaysh cadsh." And it lapsed gently and obviously into insensibility. Lubina felt her body sway. No money, no friends, no lovers. Christmas Eve.

SIR MATTHEW TOLMACHE, making the best of a new servant, suffered unaccustomed fingers to twitch the collar of his coat into position. Bah! Heavy-handed, this fellow. Meant well, no doubt, but too anxious to please, too personal in his handling. Surely a considerate Providence might have spared Marchant for another couple of years? To have to get used to a new man after fifty years of the closest attendance from Marchant added injury to the insult of old age. He hated the way this fellow reminded him, by an exaggerated care, of his own feebleness, his dependence upon paid service.

"That'll do," grunted Sir Matthew, irritably. Then he remembered that one was not irritable on Christmas Eve, and with a person who was obviously doing his very best to serve one. His old mind fumbled for a phrase. He spoke as he would have done to Marchant. "Got a young chap dining to-night. Son of a great friend. A very great friend."

"Yes, sir. Young Mr. Verney, sir."

Damn the fellow! Did he imagine that he was incapable of remembering the names of his own guests?

"Of course it's young Mr. Verney. Who the devil else should it be?"

"Of course, sir. Always dines with you Christmas Eve, I believe, sir."

"What's this?" snapped Sir Matthew.

"Your monocle, sir; I've fixed a new ribbon; the old one was a little worn, sir."

"All right, all right." Might as well wear the thing. No use any longer, but it had become part of one's outfit, like a flower in the buttonhole. "Got the gardenia?" grunted Sir Matthew.

"Yes, sir. A very neat finish to a gentleman's costume, if I may say so, sir. I've noticed Mr. Verney himself, sir—he's partial to a gardenia."

"Hey?—You know Mr. Verney, do you?"

"A very well-known young gentleman about town, sir," said the valet, discreetly, "very prominent among the younger Smart Set, him and Miss Verney."

"I only see him once a year," murmured Sir Matthew, half to himself. "Nothing much in common. Nice manners. Keep in touch with him for his father's sake."

The loneliness of life. The vast loneliness of life that made one clutch at even so slight a connection as this. He knew the bitterness of the old, in outliving all their contemporaries. No one left to claim a seat at his table. Only this boy, who came because he was bidden, and concealed his boredom because it was feasible to do so. How often it had been in Sir Matthew's heart to withhold the invitation! His pride sickened, because in sending it each year he confessed to a weakness that for the rest of the year he kept sternly in check. There was malice, too, in sending it; its acceptance would mean that its recipient would have to forgo some gathering of the young and gay; would have to put his evening at the disposal of an old and tedious man whom he hardly knew; who would talk drearily about days he had never known, about a father he could scarcely remember. Why, even to Andrew Verney's father he had been an old man! In Sir Matthew's aged, suspicious mind there had come to be something indecent in young Verney's acceptance of the invitation.

He could not come because he enjoyed the experience; he came because it was expedient; because there could be but one interpretation of such an invitation from one who ignored one's existence from Christmas to Christmas. The old buffer—inevitably Sir Matthew's thoughts clothed themselves in Victorian verbiage—meant to leave him something in his will.

Very polite and very pleasant was Andrew Verney; never betraying by a moment's absence of mind that his thoughts were elsewhere; deferential and agreeable; primed with well-chosen topics of conversation. A charming fellow. And damn him for it!

Each year Sir Matthew waited anxiously for the reply to his invitation; each year his pleasure in reading Andrew's acceptance was split in twain by his bitter desire that the boy should make an excuse; should "regret" that, this time, it was impossible . . . Because by doing so, he would prove that he was not a sycophant; that he was gay, and selfish, and desirous of snatching the pleasure of the moment at the expense of the future, as his father would have done. There would have been nobility in such folly: a nobility which Sir Matthew held himself ready, from year to year, to reward in a practical fashion. But always there came the suave, damnable acceptance.

Loneliness or sycophancy; which was better? God knew. A bitter smile wrinkled the corners of Sir Matthew's lips, as he submitted to his servant's final ministrations. To-night he was going to have his revenge, his subtle and disconcerting revenge. It would be amusing to see how young Verney reacted to it!

"Tell Mr. Davenhill I'm ready to go down," he ordered.

The hands of the clock pointed to eight as Sir Matthew Tolmache crawled into his drawing-room, purblind in the shaded lights. For once, he was not dependent upon a servant for guidance. The arm that lent him support was strong and steely as his own had been, fifty years ago. His silvery head was on a level with a pair of square-set shoulders that had something of aggression in their breadth.

"What's the time?" piped Sir Matthew.

"It's just on eight, Uncle Mat," answered the other.

"Eight? Eight? Are you sure?—the clock must be fast. It's time we were dining. I asked him for seven-fifty!"

"Andrew Verney's not exactly famous for his punctuality, you know!" grinned his companion, with a twist to his mouth.

"He's never late for me," retorted Sir Matthew, drily; but, all unbidden, a wild hope had blossomed in his heart. Could it be that young Verney was proving himself not a worm, after all?

The butler, concealing perturbation, stood at his elbow.

"Shall dinner be served, sir?"

"Yes, serve it!" grated Sir Matthew; he was trembling with his triumph. He was wondering how to get Simmonds on the telephone: to make him come along to Berkeley Square to-night, with the will—the will——

"Coming, Uncle Mat?" A pair of dark grey eyes sparkled down into his own.

"Looks as if we'll have a *tête-à-tête* meal after all, my boy," he mumbled.

"Upon my word, sir, you take it very well. Young Verney wants scragging," said Bill Davenhill.

"If my society's good enough for you, yours'll do for me," grunted Sir Matthew. "Queer old boy," thought Davenhill, as he lowered his uncle carefully into the chair at the head of the table; "he might almost be pleased that that young cad has let him down. Good thing I'm here."

"It's good to have you here," said Sir Matthew, slowly, as though Bill had spoken aloud.

"I'd have been here before, sir, if I'd had any idea I'd be welcome," said Bill. "I was damned glad to get your letter; it came just in the nick of time too. I was off abroad."

"You stayed because of my letter?" The old voice was suspicious.

"Good heavens, yes. I didn't want to go. You gave me an excuse to get out of it. It was just—killing time."

"At your age I didn't need to kill time," growled Sir Matthew. "My difficulty was to find time enough."

"What for? To quarrel with your relations?"

(Continued on page 115)

His Majesty the King's Christmas Card, Henry VII Chapel, Westminster. Painted by Bernard Gribble. By gracious permission this card is reproduced and published by Messrs Raphael Tuck and Sons Ltd.

Christmas
The time for good things
Player's Navy Cut Cigarettes
Christmas Greetings
Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year
150 Player's "Medium" Cigarettes
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M"
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100 " ... 4'10
100 FIVE-20 PACKETS 4'9½
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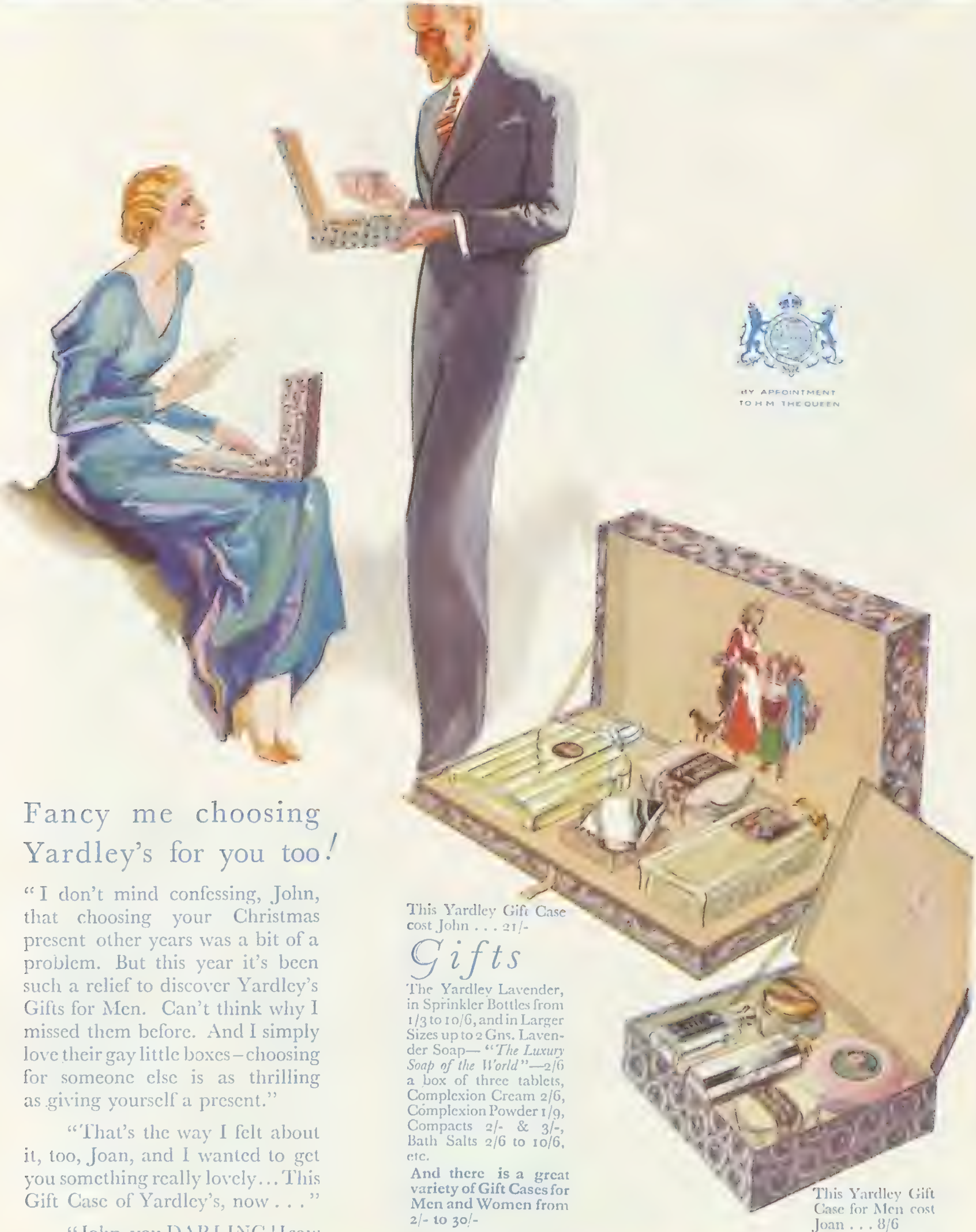
Player's
N.C.C. 187A.



BY APPOINTMENT
TO H M THE QUEEN

Fancy me choosing Yardley's for you too!

"I don't mind confessing, John, that choosing your Christmas present other years was a bit of a problem. But this year it's been such a relief to discover Yardley's Gifts for Men. Can't think why I missed them before. And I simply love their gay little boxes – choosing for someone else is as thrilling as giving yourself a present."

"That's the way I felt about it, too, Joan, and I wanted to get you something really lovely... This Gift Case of Yardley's, now..."

"John, you DARLING! I saw that when I was getting yours and thought how heavenly it was..."

This Yardley Gift Case cost John . . . 21/-

Gifts

The Yardley Lavender, in Sprinkler Bottles from 1/3 to 10/6, and in Larger Sizes up to 2 Gns. Lavender Soap— *"The Luxury Soap of the World"*—2/6 a box of three tablets, Complexion Cream 2/6, Complexion Powder 1/9, Compacts 2/- & 3/-, Bath Salts 2/6 to 10/6, etc.

And there is a great variety of Gift Cases for Men and Women from 2/- to 30/-

Prices do not apply in Irish Free State.
Of all Chemists, Coiffeurs and Stores.

This Yardley Gift Case for Men cost Joan . . . 8/6

YARDLEY
33 Old Bond Street
LONDON

YARDLEY LAVENDER

"That's about it," said Sir Matthew, delighted. So few people dared to be impudent to him! To think that, for the sake of a foolish quarrel with the one sister for whom he had ever cared, he had deprived himself for years of the society of the one person who had the courage to treat him as an equal! And how he had hated writing to Bill! Making up the old quarrel—just to spite young Andrew Verney! "I expect folks thought it was a bit queer, my having nothing to do with you?" he grunted.

"Not a bit," said Bill, instantly. "I never mentioned you were my uncle. You see, mother's second marriage, and my being born and brought up abroad, put them off the scent, as it were. I didn't see any reason, when I came back, for washing our dirty linen in public."

"Well, well. No need to do it in front of the servants, either," said Sir Matthew, drily, as the butler returned to the room. He came up to the side of his master's chair.

"Mr Verney is here, sir."

Another figure was on his heels.

"I'm really *frightfully* sorry, sir," Andrew was saying, in a low voice. Sir Matthew edged himself round in his chair.

"So there you are," he said, coolly. He held a finger out to be shaken. "Didn't keep our elders waitin' in my young days, y' know; but the old order changeth . . . Sit down and eat yer soup. You know my nephew, Bill Davenhill, I hear."

"Hello, Andrew," said William, nonchalantly.

". . . Well? Are you going to keep Hardwick waiting all night?" snapped Sir Matthew. "There's your chair."

"Traffic jam, I suppose?" Bill Davenhill's voice was light—almost exaggeratedly so.

"Couldn't get through at all," mumbled Andrew. He was sitting, staring down into his plate, as though he had never seen soup before.

"Sherry, sir?" murmured Hardwick, at his elbow. He had to say it three times before Andrew paid attention, in the form of a violent start, which caught Sir Matthew's eye.

"Dammit, sir! I don't know what's happened to you, but pull yourself together!" flared the old man. His heart was sick, because Andrew had betrayed his risen hopes. He snatched at the rags of his hospitality. "Well? How's your sister?"

"Oh—Lubina's all right, thanks," came hoarsely from Andrew.

"Still wears men's clothes, I suppose?—and gets her hair cut at a barber's?"

"Oh, yes—more or less—all that."

A slow, unexpected drawl came from Bill's side of the table.

"Suits her style rather—that masculine stuff."

"Pshaw, balderdash! I never yet heard of any girl looking the worse for dressing like a lady. You've been drinking, sir!" he suddenly fired at Andrew, who had dropped a fork. "Confound you, sir, how dare you come into my house in an inebriated condition?"

"I'll go," said Andrew. He thrust his chair back from the table, and stood, tall, thin and elegant, looking down at his host. "I apologise, sir. I had, as you have done me the favour to point out, no business to come to your house——"

"Ha! You admit as much as that, do you?" The butler and Bill both looked apprehensively towards the old man; Hardwick moved a little nearer his master's chair, accustomed to these ominous fits of passion. Bill interposed quietly.

"Convivial season and all that, you know, Uncle Mat."

"Hold your tongue. Been wining already with your friends, have you? But you left 'em, to keep your engagement with me. Very handsome! Very gentlemanly indeed! You're a cad, sir!"

"So I've been told," came coldly through stiff lips. "I don't know what you expected me to do, sir? I've already apologised for being late."

"It did not occur to you to be any later? In fact, not to appear at all."

"I don't understand you. Having accepted your invitation——"

"Yes! 'Having accepted my invitation!' You weren't refusin' that, were you? Worth while humouring the old man—the *rich* old man who held you to a tiresome engagement each Christmas Eve!"

Silence; a trembling silence. Bill Davenhill sat looking down at his plate. Hardwick stood, a stone figure, behind the old man's chair.

The tall, elegant figure bowed stiffly, from the hips.

"I take it you dismiss me, sir."

"Get out!" gasped Sir Matthew. "And take this information with you. There's my heir, sittin' opposite you; he's going to get every penny of mine. For all your boot-licking, young Verney, I'll leave my money to my own flesh and blood!"

Young Verney transferred his little satirical bow to Bill Davenhill.

"Congratulations," he said briefly; his shoes clicked sharply across the polished floor as he went towards the door, which Hardwick was now holding open. A chair was flung back. Bill Davenhill was on his feet, gesticulating violently.

"Damn it, Uncle Mat! I can't stand for this! It's not——"

"Hold your silly tongue!" came cracklingly from the door.

"I'm not holding my tongue! Uncle Mat! Can't you see——?"

"All right," said the figure at the door, and jerked a dismissive head at Hardwick, which, for a wonder, the latter obeyed. He was not used to taking orders from other people than Sir Matthew, but it seemed to him that some explanation was due in the kitchen for the unwonted delay in the second course. The door closed softly behind him, and after a brief hesitation young Verney thrust his hands in his pockets and came back, slightly swaggering, into the circle of the candle-light. "I clean up my own messes, thank you, William Davenhill. You've made a mistake, Sir Matthew. Andrew did not mean to come to-night. He hasn't come. I'm Lubina."

"What the devil——?" began Sir Matthew.

With a wild hand Lubina scattered her ordered hair. She at once looked feminine, a girl masquerading in boy's clothes.

"It was my fault. Andrew hadn't any intention of coming. He's what you said I was—drunk. I came in his place, because—because——"

"Because you thought you'd make certain of the legacy for him, I suppose?" sneered Sir Matthew.

"That—partly," she answered in a low voice. "But there were other things as well. You see—you're the only decent person we know, now." She gave a hard little laugh, and dropped again into her chair. Mockingly she raised her glass towards Bill Davenhill. "*Salut*, William!—You'd better tell your uncle the truth about the Verney twins."

The sound of Sir Matthew's heavy breathing alone disturbed the silence. Lubina drank thirstily, and set down her glass. She raised both hands to her head, and ran her fingers through her hair, so that it fell like short coppery rain that the candlelight turned to a red mist before Sir Matthew's eyes.

"Why didn't you look after us, when our parents died, instead of just having Andrew to dine, once a year?" she asked. "You might as well have done. You hadn't any children. Then you wouldn't have been alone on your Christmas Eves."

"Mind your own business!" snarled Sir Matthew.

"It's nice here." Her eye ran appreciatively about the room. "Nice—and quiet. I knew it would be. That's why I came in Andrew's place—oh, I won't say I didn't think of the legacy; especially now, when—— What are you doing here, William?" she broke off, abruptly. "I thought you'd gone to Egypt?"

"Changed my mind—that's all," drawled William.

She caught her lower lip between her teeth, and then, thrusting aside the silver and cutlery, set her elbows on the table. The corners of her eyes crinkled in a little, diabolical, Andrew-ish manner as she looked at William.

"Now, that's a great mistake, William. Diana Baird is a frightfully nice girl."

"Is that so?" said William, transatlantically.

"Sure," answered Lubina, picking up his tone. "*She* doesn't throw wild parties, or dress up in her brother's clothes, or drink too much, or get into debt, or belong to clubs that get raided. Diana Baird's a lovely girl, William. You ought to see a lot of her."

"Confound it, when am I going to have my dinner?" exploded Sir Matthew. The hoarse, too-deep voice of Lubina was confusing his tired brain. Young women nowadays were out of their minds; what the devil did Andrew Verney's sister mean by coming here, dressed disgracefully, and breaking into one's dinner-hour? Lunatics and barbarians, the lot of them! "Ring the bell!" he snapped at Bill Davenhill.

Bill rose to obey, walked to the fireplace; paused with his finger on the button.

"I say, hadn't we better finish this before Hardwick comes back?"

"I'm still master in my own house, I suppose?" said Sir Matthew, giving Bill what the latter afterwards described as a dirty look. "Ring that bell; and you, sir—confound you,

(*Continued on page* 116)

An Enterprising Effort in Newfoundland

A DETERMINED effort to remedy the distressed condition of the inhabitants of Newfoundland has been initiated by the Hon. Harold Mitchell, M.P. for Trinity Bay, who defeated Sir Richard Squires at the by-election last year.

Newfoundland has been hard hit by the collapse of fish prices in the foreign markets. Fishing is the colony's principal industry, but for the past two years prices realised have been insufficient to defray even the cost of fishing gear.

Last year barrelled pork to the value of 500,000 dollars was imported by the colony, and Mr. Mitchell, convinced that the whole of this could easily be grown at home, has set about the establishment of pig breeding as one of the island's principal industries.

The "Nugget" Pigs

With the co-operation in England of the manufacturers of Nugget Boot Polish, a number of pedigree Large Black Pigs were shipped to Newfoundland to form the nucleus of the breeding stock.

Until the arrival of the new stock from England there was not a single black pig in Newfoundland, and very few of the inhabitants had ever seen one. Naturally their arrival and distribution aroused the liveliest interest. They were instantly dubbed "Nuggets," and by this name the breed will be officially known in future.

NICE?
MEN WEREN'T SURE UNTIL

a Drastic Change
made her look
more like herself!

NICE eyes, yes. But men took one look at her mouth . . . and asked themselves what was wrong. *Were her lips common, conspicuous . . . or simply over-painted?* . . . Luckily she settled the question for herself. She gave up her ordinary lipstick. Why? Because she found a lipstick that suffuses the lips with warm, natural colour . . . ending that painted look!

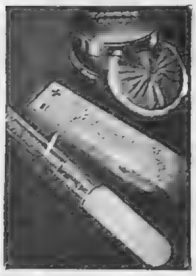
A surprising lipstick

So many women . . . nice women, too! . . . have a painted look without knowing it. You've tried different lipsticks yourself. But did you ever stop to notice how often they coat the lips with paint? Now try Tangee! See how this surprising lipstick brings out the natural colour of your lips . . . without painting them.

That's because Tangee isn't paint. It's different. In the stick it's orange. On the lips it's *your* shade of blush rose . . . for Tangee changes to the one perfect colour for you!

From all Hairdressers, Chemists and Stores.

New medium size Tangee Lipstick now obtainable, price 2/6



Tangee Rouge and Powder Natural, too!

Both Rouge and Face Powder blend magically with individual complexion. Face Powder available in popular shades. Trial sizes of Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact and Powder are obtainable everywhere at 6d. each

LUFT TANGEE LTD.,
JOHNSON'S PLACE, PIMLICO,
LONDON, S.W.1.

TANGEE
World's Most Famous Lipstick
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

BRITISH MADE

miss!—go upstairs, brush your hair, come down and eat your dinner, and keep your mouth shut!"

"No," said Lubina, quietly. "I'm going, thanks. I've got this to square with Andrew. Good-night—Sir Matthew."

"Good-night," mumbled Sir Matthew, without looking at her. He was sick of the whole situation, which outraged his Victorian proprieties and confirmed his opinion of modern youth in general.

"If Miss Verney is going, I'd better see her home, Uncle Matt," said Bill Davenhill, hesitatingly. Before Lubina had time to give her view on this suggestion, Sir Matthew lifted his head and laughed unpleasantly.

"She looks as if she needs seeing home, doesn't she, in that outfit? Sit down and don't make a fool of yourself."

"Sorry—I'm going," said Bill.

"Oh, you're going, are you?" The old man's voice was now steady, quiet as Bill's, and vicious. "Very well—go. But you need not trouble to come back. And let me tell you one thing. I am telling it in front of her so that she need be under no misapprehension as to the position so far as I am concerned. If you marry Andrew Verney's sister you don't get a farthing from me."

Laughter came from Lubina, high, shrill laughter. The ungallantry of the old man had emancipated her from decent behaviour; she thrust her hands in her pockets and swaggered at him.

"Good heavens, Sir Matthew! You need not have committed yourself to so violent a statement. Bill Davenhill's the last man in England I'd marry, if he were to ask me."

With which final touch of bravado, mistrusting her lips, her eyes, everything about her, Lubina went out of the door.

She had stuffed her hair away under Andrew's Gibus; she was standing on the doorstep, looking up and down the deserted square for a taxi. Her hand explored Andrew's pockets absently, for the hoped-for cigarette-case. Hugging her rage against William; trying not to feel a fool.

"Get you a taxi?" said a voice behind her. She spun on her heel in the opposite direction.

"Get to hell out of here!" muttered Lubina. She was aware of a taxi, which had obeyed some unseen summons, crawling up to the curb; she descended the steps, got in, flinging herself in the farther corner, ignoring the driver's question.

"Where'd you say to go, sir?"

The same voice gave the address of the Verneys' flat; the doorway was blocked up by a heavy figure.

"Get out of this, William Davenhill," hissed Lubina. "I'm not going home with you, thanks."

"Push off," said William laconically to the driver. He sat down next to Lubina. "Cigarette?" he inquired casually. She was avid for one; she snatched it from him, and the lighter out of his hand.

"I suppose you're pleased with yourself?" she sneered, filling the taxi with a puff of smoke. "It's Christmas Eve—do you know that?" she added, inconsequently. "'Christians, awake, salute the happy morn!' Go on: Why can't you bring a little seasonable spirit into it?" Her laughter cracked in the darkness; William had difficulty in refraining from putting his arm round her. "You *fool!*" she added, with sudden, concentrated bitterness. "What did you want to muck it all up for? Why couldn't you leave the Verneys to wallow in their own caddishness?"

"Don't be silly; you know you couldn't have kept it up," said William evenly.

"I'd have kept it up well enough if you hadn't been there!" she retorted, and bit her lip upon the admission. "Have you got any other relations among our mutual acquaintances that you're keeping in with on the sly?" she asked bitingly.

"I didn't realise

(*Continued on page* 118)

CONCERNING BABIES

BABIES are the chief concern of the Treasure Cot Company—they cater for every phase of their little lives. Before *your* baby comes call at the Treasure Cot shop in Oxford Street—it is just filled with the most delightful little baby-things imaginable. Every mother-to-be should send for the Treasure Cot Catalogue "A"—it is a complete list of everything that will be needed for baby's birth and early days.

Complete Layettes from 7 gns.

THESE CATALOGUES SENT FREE

Choose those you require.

- M. **MATERNITY WEAR** (*Frocks, Coats, Belts, Corsets, etc.*).
- A. **EVERYTHING FOR THE EVENT** (*Layettes, Cots, Baths, Baskets, Accouchement Requisites and Baby Clothes* **up to 12 months**).
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HANDY ANDY *with the shock-absorbing stepping wheel.*
BRITISH MADE

If you have a HANDY ANDY your tea cannot be spilt, your china cannot be broken. The HANDY ANDY moves easily and smoothly as the specially constructed wheels automatically lift it over all obstacles (door-steps, carpets, etc.). The HANDY ANDY models are designed especially with a view to usefulness and beauty. Ask to see the heat-resisting washable models. HANDY ANDY wagons are obtainable from all the leading stores.

Handy Andy models *from* **23/6** *to* **£5.5.0**
HANDY ANDY SALES COMPANY,
168, Regent Street, London, W.1.

The Special Vauxhall system of No-Draught Ventilation. Each occupant can individually control the ventilation in his or her portion of the car.

Draughtless Motor Cars

Vauxhall gives the lead to Healthier Motoring

EVERYBODY who rides in a car—man, woman or child—will welcome Vauxhall No-Draught Ventilation. It is the greatest advance in motoring comfort since the introduction of the closed car.

Ever since the first saloon car was built engineers have been experimenting with the ventilation problem. Louvres and ventilators have been tried in every conceivable position, but with little success until Vauxhall came along with No-Draught Ventilation.

Like all great inventions, Vauxhall No-Draught Ventilation is very simple.

Ordinary cars are ventilated by brute force. When you open the window the speed of the car sends air whirling inside in uncontrollable gusts. That's why you get draughts.

Vauxhall No-Draught Ventilation works by suction. When you open a No-Draught Ventilator, used air and tobacco fumes are sucked out from the rear of the ventilator, while fresh air gently flows in at the front.

BUT the great charm of No-Draught Ventilation is that every passenger can control the supply of fresh air. You can have as much, or as little, fresh air as you want, without interfering with the comfort of other passengers. Rain cannot beat in. Draughts are unknown.

There are four No-Draught Ventilators, two in the front windows and two at the rear. If you are sitting in front and open the ventilator by your side, it doesn't send air whirling around the rear seat. The fresh air enters and leaves by your ventilator. Light a cigarette and you will see by the path of the smoke.

WINTER motoring is a pleasure, thanks to No-Draught Ventilation. No longer is there any need to choose between sitting in a "fugg" or a draught. You can adjust the ventilators to prevent mist forming on the inside of the screen. While in really hot weather you can turn the ventilators round so that they act as a scoop and give you a delightfully vigorous breeze.

No-Draught Ventilation is fitted to the new Vauxhall Big Six Saloon and the Vauxhall Light Six "De Luxe" Saloon and Coupé models, details of which are given here.

If you would like further particulars write for the No-Draught Ventilation book to Vauxhall Motors Ltd., Edgware Road, The Hyde, London, N.W.9. It will be sent post free. No salesman will call on you unless specially requested. Please mention this magazine when writing.

Vauxhall No-Draught Ventilation was definitely an outstanding feature of the Motor Show. Your local Vauxhall dealer will be pleased to give you a demonstration.

The New Vauxhall Big Six

A NEW Vauxhall made its debut at Olympia. It is the 20 h.p. Big Six, the successor to the Vauxhall Cadet.

The Big Six is a larger, more powerful and more luxurious car than its famous predecessor. A wheelbase of 111 inches with a forward mounted engine give exceptionally roomy coachwork. Five big men can sit comfortably in the Big Six. The tax is £20.

There is, of course, Vauxhall Super Synchro-Mesh easy change gear box with four forward speeds and silent third gear. Vauxhall were the British pioneers of Synchro-Mesh. The Vauxhall Super Synchro-Mesh system gives a faultless change no matter how quickly the gear lever is moved.

Vauxhall No-Draught Ventilation is fitted to the Saloon. Other new features are completely automatic chassis lubrication, pedomatic starting, and down-swept tail with concealed luggage compartment.

The Big Six Saloon (illustrated below) has really modern lines—the price is £325. There is a wide range of other models with special coachwork.

There is also a luxurious seven-seater limousine on the Vauxhall Big Six Long Chassis (130 inch wheelbase). This has a 27 h.p. engine and with coachwork by Grosvenor costs £550.

Deliveries of the new Big Six will commence early in 1934.

Best Seller in Four Months

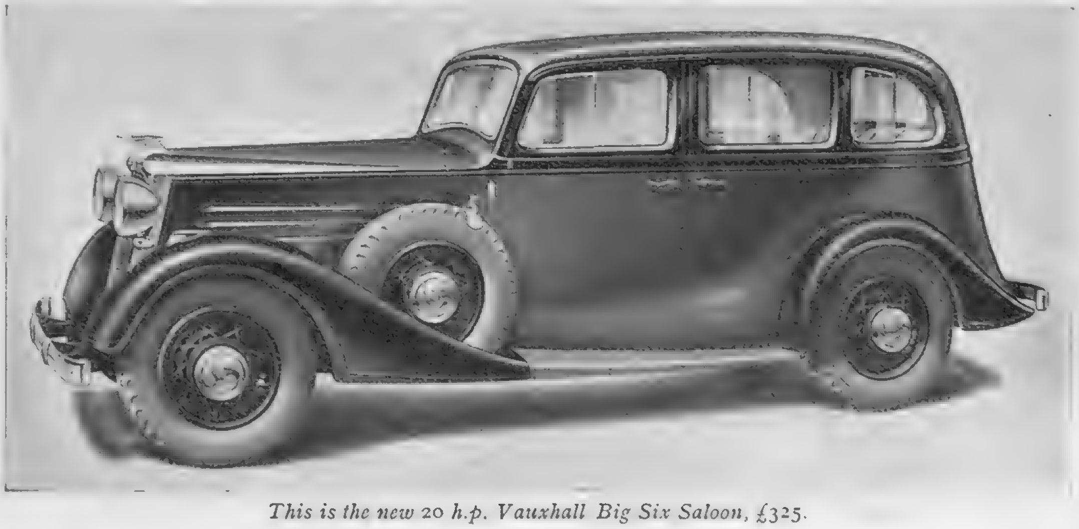
12 and 14 h.p. Vauxhall Light Sixes

FEW cars have had such an enthusiastic welcome as the Vauxhall Light Six. In less than four months some 5,000 Light Sixes have been sold.

There are two horse powers. The 12 h.p. models for those who want Vauxhall performance at lowest operating costs. The 14 h.p. model for an extra reserve of power and turn of speed. Both models have Vauxhall Super Synchro-Mesh easy change gear box.

The Standard Saloon (12 h.p.) costs £195. The "De Luxe" Saloon (12 h.p. or 14 h.p.), with Vauxhall No-Draught Ventilation, sliding roof and other refinements, costs £215.

A new Fixed Head Coupé, with Vauxhall No-Draught Ventilation, will be available early in 1934, price £230.



This is the new 20 h.p. Vauxhall Big Six Saloon, £325.

I was supposed to hand you my family tree," retorted William, adopting her tone. "No, I don't happen to have any other relatives 'on the sly' or otherwise. I don't quite see how I was supposed to know that you knew Uncle Matt. He doesn't seem——"

"Quite our line of country!" finished Lubina. "No, I quite see that."

"I didn't mean that," muttered William.

"And why so bashful about the august relation, William? I should have thought such a connection would lend you prestige among all the *nice* people you are so friendly with," pursued Lubina.

"Simply a case of not washing dirty linen in public. He quarrelled with my mother; I didn't care to pick up the relationship when I came back to England." William's voice was distant as a cloud. "Besides, quite a number of my friends knew we were related——"

"But not, of course, those rather on-the-line people, the Verney twins! Of course not. Oh, God, how my head aches!"

"Will you marry me, Lubina?" asked William.

"Don't be silly. Do you think Andrew will be able to wear these trousers without sending them to the dry-cleaners? Because he'll be so furious if he can't. He probably won't be able to pay for them!" She began to laugh again, as if this was a hard and bitter joke. Then she lifted her legs defiantly and placed her feet upon the opposite seat. "There's one career definitely open to me: male impersonator on the halls! How amusing that will be for you, William! You'll be able to tell your friends: 'I knew all about Lubina Verney's trouser stunts long before she went on the stage. I once was at a party——'"

"Did you hear me asking you to marry me?" persisted William, imprisoning the hand that held the cigarette.

"Bad joke, William!" she whispered unsteadily. "Didn't you hear me politely overlooking it? The Verneys aren't cads all the time, you know!"

"Lubina——"

"Not even when they go to parties in each other's clothes and drink too much and make themselves vulgarly conspicuous! There are still one or two things the Verneys are sound on: Andrew's sound on not sucking up to people who wouldn't want him if they knew what he really was like; and I—I'm sound on not accepting—accepting proposals when they stand for—when they stand for——"

"What do they stand for, my sweet?" urged William, crushing her hand in his. A wild sense of victory was drumming in his veins. She jerked her head away from him, pressing her cheek against the upholstery of the taxi-cab.

"For quiet," whispered Lubina, "and decent company, and early nights, and honest dealings with tradesfolk. . . ."

The taxi had come to a standstill; neither moved; they remained in the little house of silence as though they feared, each of them, to expose themselves to all that lay outside. A small boy came down the street, whistling a carol. Suddenly William got up and opened the door. She stood on the pavement, feeling like a carnival figure, watching him pay the taxi-driver. The cab drove away.

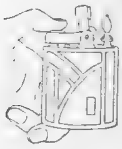
"Well, good-night, William. Happy Christmas."

"I'm coming up," said William, "to shove Andrew's head under the bathroom tap."

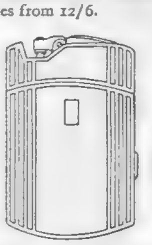
She looked at him, and turned her head away quickly. They mounted the stairs in silence. Her head had stopped aching; a tremulous kind of half-security was taking the place of terror inside her. She had forgotten her key; they rang—rather hopelessly. While waiting for Andrew to come stumbling to the door her eyes met William's—and the last uncertainties vanished.

END

Attractive Presents
WITH ACTIVE FUTURES



Simple press-action lighters. Never a fumble. Very smart. So convenient. All models have enduring finish in chromium and enamels. Prices from 12/6.

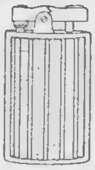


The marriage of lighter and cigarette case. This *is* a smart affair. Richly enamelled in various colours and designs. A memorable gift but not costly . . . 52/6 to you.

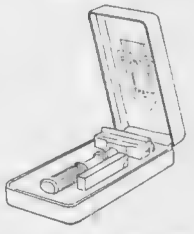
WHAT A GIFT!

A Lighter that really works always. A flip—and it's lit. Release—and it's out. Fascinating, isn't it? And sinfully attractive. Indeed, one is altogether too tempted to keep it oneself. As for the Ronson care-free Razor which is sharpened with a flick and cleaned with a swish from the tap—*no more* . . . what man can resist it? Oh yes, Ronson gifts *must* go on your list this Christmas

Ronson Products Limited, 376/379, Strand, W.C.2



Sports Model for Cave Men. Something nicely different in shape and finish. 1 guinea. Chromium engine-turned model, 21/-. All good class dealers stock these lighters.



The Ronson Razor and strop in one. Chromium plated. Rustless blades. The last razor you need ever buy. Price 1 guinea, with 3 blades. A year's supply. BRITISH MADE.

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The world-renowned NATURAL Mineral Water
Bottled as it flows from the Spring.

THIS famous NATURAL Mineral Water is invaluable in affections of the LIVER. Owing to the Salts and other mineral elements which it contains, it flushes the system and repels liverish tendencies. The unique properties of VICHY-CÉLESTINS are recognised by Physicians throughout the world.

VICHY-CÉLESTINS may be taken at any time during the day, but it is most effective when drunk half an hour before the three daily meals.

Obtainable everywhere.

CAUTION.—See that the label on the bottle bears the name of the *Sole Wholesale Agents:*
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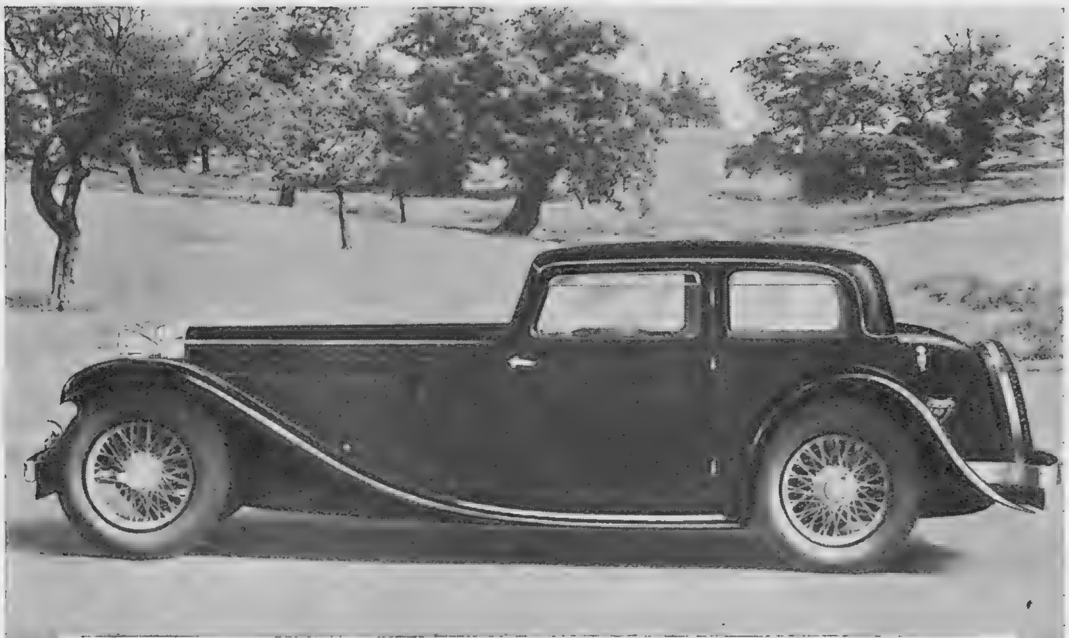

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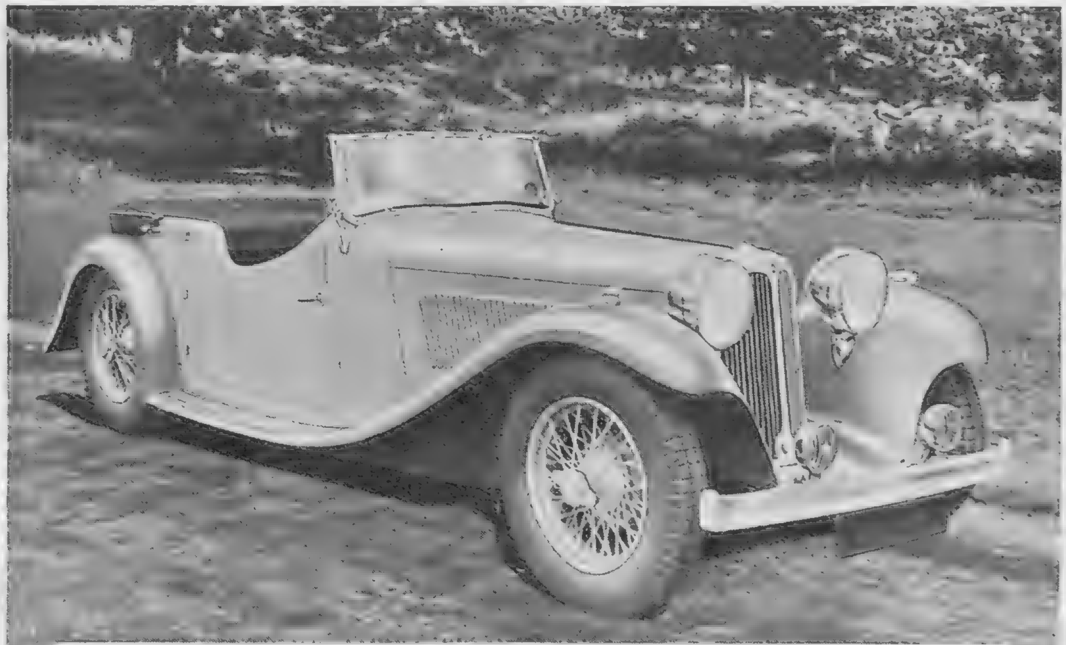

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How One Woman Lost 33 lbs of Fat

Flattened Out Chubby Hips—Took 5 Inches Off Bulging Waistline: 4 Inches Off Oversize Bust: Yet Still Eats The Food She Fancies Most.

Breathlessness, palpitations, profuse sweating, difficulty in rising from a sitting position, embarrassing flushing of the face—the suffering of fat folk is plain to see. Yet it excites very little sympathy. Fatness has so long been humorously associated with over-feeding—with the profiteer. The association, of course, is based on ignorance. Fat marks down the poor for its victims as readily as the rich. And it often invades the body of the most moderate eater. On the other hand, you may be fond of your food and never put on a pound of superfluous flesh. Here is a woman who watched 33 lbs of ugly fat dissappear without penalizing herself by any drastic diet. She is one of the thousands of women who have Kruschen Salts to thank for a remoulded, more attractive figure. To-day, she provides living proof that Kruschen Salts, besides being a *safe* reducer, is a splendid aid to superb health. Read her letter:—

"I feel I owe you such a deep debt of gratitude that it is only fair you should know the result which is highly satisfactory, as I have reduced my weight from 12 stone 7 lbs. to 10 stone 2 lbs., my measurements before and after taking Kruschen Salts being as follows:—

BEFORE	*AFTER*
Bust 40 ins.	*Bust 36 ins.*
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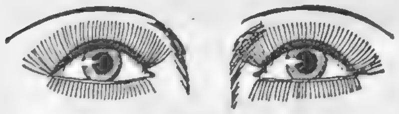
Weight 12 stone 7 lbs.	*Weight 10 stone 2 lbs.*

The reduction in weight and girth has been of the utmost importance to me, enabling me to move about much more quickly and to breathe more easily. Your helpful food selection chart enclosed with the bottle is the greatest help possible in weight reducing, as it does not deny one the little etceteras that make one's food more inviting, but I most decidedly think that Kruschen Salts plays the biggest part, and helps to keep one fit while weight reducing goes on. I cannot express my delight at this, as I feel fitter than ever, and all my friends remark what a very great improvement there is in my health and appearance. I can never feel grateful enough to you, and you are at liberty to make what use you like of this letter."
1st October, 1933. (Miss) *A. P., Cirencester.*

The formula of Kruschen represents the ingredient salts of the mineral waters of those European Spas which have been used by generations of over-stout people to reduce weight. Try one-half teaspoonful of KRUSCHEN SALTS in a glass of hot water every morning—in 3 weeks get on the scales. KRUSCHEN will give any fat person a joyous surprise.

Get a 1/9 bottle of KRUSCHEN SALTS at your chemist's (lasts four weeks) and take half a teaspoonful in a glass of hot water every morning.



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Devil's Island Convict Escapes . . .

(*Continued from page* 65)

WE set off next morning. Our journey to Itachi, the Indian village where Monsieur Picot was to meet the engineer of the mine, was uneventful. We camped one night by the road and came into the village at noon next day.

Monsieur Picot did not know the engineer personally. He confided to me as we tramped along that his chief reason for coming out to Guiana was to see the fellow.

"The shareholders of a gold mining company are so much in the hands of their engineer," he said. "They have only his word to go upon about the yield of gold; if he is dishonest they may be seriously defrauded. Our engineer is an excellent fellow, I believe; he came to us with splendid references from the St. John del Rey mine in Brazil."

Now I happened to know the St. John del Rey mine, for I had been down it. It was then the deepest in the world. At the time of my visit the company were employing Spaniards to hew the quartz, and I remembered being astonished by the amazing speed at which they worked in the appalling temperature at the bottom of the mine.

As we approached the village a young fellow wearing khaki shorts and shirt came out to meet us. I thought he looked thin and ill and noticed bush sores on his knees and arms. It was not surprising, for the forest climate of French Guiana is well-nigh deadly to a white man after any length of time.

The young man came forward. "Monsieur Picot? My name is Garoux."

"Delighted to meet you, Monsieur Garoux. This is Madame Picot my wife, and Monsieur 'Meel' who travels with us."

The engineer bent over Madame Picot's hand, kissing her fingers (the national custom looked odd in those surroundings); then held out his hand to me. Our eyes met and I was conscious that I was being taken stock of from every angle. The engineer's eyes were lightish blue; they reminded me of a cat's as they looked at me unblinkingly. Right then, apropos Monsieur Picot's feelings on the importance to a company of having an honest engineer, I wondered how things were. Also it occurred to me we should be much alone in the forest with this young man who knows the paths and the Indians, which we did not, and there was no reason why he should guide us across to the Paranahibo River if he did not want to.

That evening the four of us sat down to dinner in a native hut which Garoux had ordered to be prepared for our arrival. We were waited upon by his two servants. Both men were what is called out there "bush negroes." This type of native is peculiar to the Guianas; they are descendants of African negroes who were imported to South America as slaves. Some of the negroes escaped to the bush, where they lived like wild men and founded families; their children form the "bush negro" caste. A bush negro is usually a powerfully built fellow whose instincts are the instincts of a savage; a few, who have come in contact with white, have some veneer of civilisation, but on the whole they are a wild, dangerous people, and a traveller in the interior will do well to beware of them.

"Siphon" and "Soda" Monsieur Garoux called these two rascals. It was quaint to hear him shouting for them. . . "Seephon! Seephon! Sodah! Hey! Sodah!"

During dinner we talked of one thing and another.

"I hear you were at the St. John del Rey mine," I said to Garoux.

"Yes, Monsieur; for three years."

"Do they still employ those Spanish miners?"

"Spanish miners!" Garoux hesitated, and I sensed instantly he had never been near the St. John del Rey mine. "Oh, yes, Monsieur; they are still there. Do you know St. John del Rey?"

(*Continued on page* 122)

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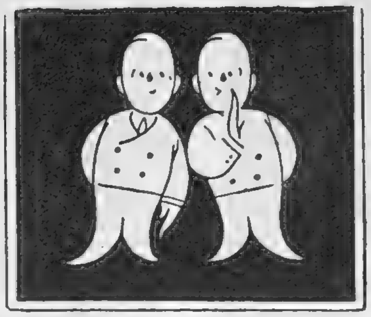

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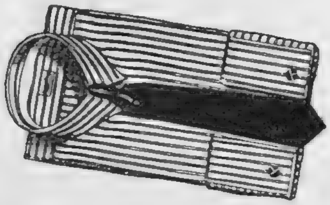

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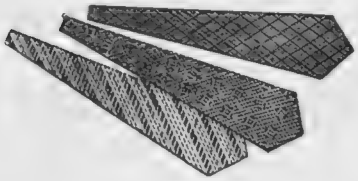

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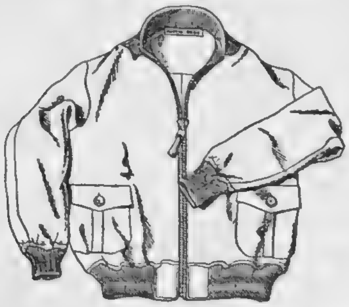

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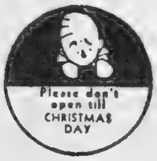

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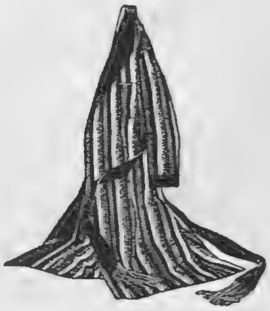

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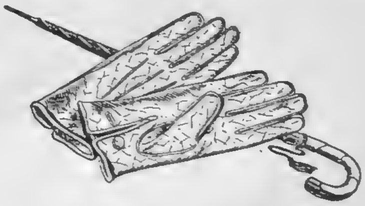

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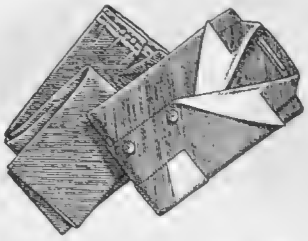

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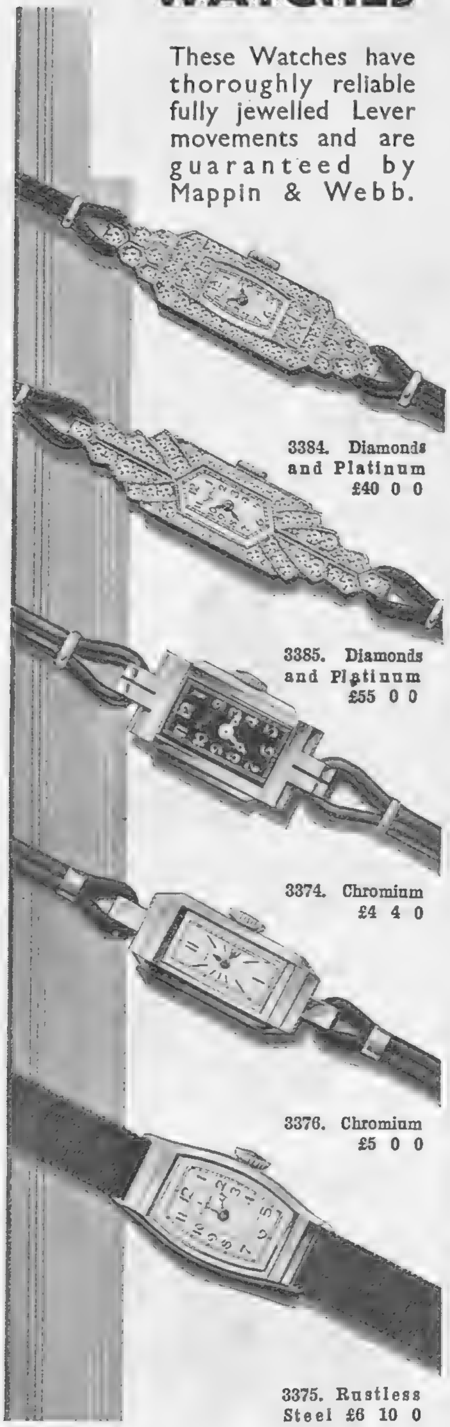
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"I was there for a day a long time ago."

Madame Picot pushed her plate away. "I have no appetite."

"My darling! Do you feel all right?" Monsieur Picot leaned forward.

"My head aches a little; if you will excuse me I will go to lie down." She got up, swaying a little, and walked to the door of the hut. Monsieur Picot accompanied her to the hut that had been prepared as their sleeping place. The engineer and myself were to sleep in the hut where we were eating.

"A man is a fool to bring his wife into the forests of Guiana," the engineer said when we were alone.

"Madame Picot insisted on coming," I said; "she has travelled in rough places before; she was attached to the nursing staff of the armies of Morocco during the war against the Riff."

"Indeed!" the engineer answered.

He did not seem in the least interested in Madame Picot's adventures; though earlier in the evening I had seen him look at her more than once in a way that made plain he was attracted by her pretty face. It would have been some time since he had seen a white woman, I fancied.

Monsieur Picot returned; he looked worried: "She has fever I fear. I should never have brought her into the forest."

"How many degrees?" Garoux asked, lighting a cigarette. He was a callous devil.

"She will not let me take her temperature. My wife was a nurse, you know, Monsieur."

"So this gentleman has been telling me. She was in Morocco."

"Yes." Monsieur Picot paced the hut. "I do not know what to do. I must get her back to Cayenne, leave her in good care, and return to you."

"The mine is only a few hours from here; we could go out and back in a day."

"But my wife! I cannot leave her alone in an Indian village."

"If you will trust her to me, I will stay with her," I said: "It does not matter to me if I see the mine."

"That is most kind of you. We are certain to get back the same day?" Monsieur Picot asked his engineer.

"Quite certain. There is no need for Monsieur to remain." Garoux looked at me in a none too friendly way. "My boys can be trusted absolutely; they shall stay."

Thinking of the villainous countenances of "Seephon" and "Sodah" I hoped that Monsieur Picot would not agree to this.

"I would rather she had someone with her that she knows," M. Picot said: "I will accept your kind offer, Monsieur. Now, gentlemen, if you will excuse me I will leave you. At what hour do we start?"

"At dawn. Good-night, Monsieur."

At daybreak I was woken by "Sodah's" coming in with tea for his master. The engineer and I had both slept in our shirts and shorts; there were no washing facilities in the hut; this mattered less to the engineer, who wore a light blonde beard He sat up on the edge of his cot, yawning and stretching himself. I noticed he had not taken off his belt when he went to bed and that a revolver hung from it in a holster.

Soon afterwards Monsieur Picot came in; he was beaming happily: "My wife is much better," he announced. "I do not think she has fever after all; she herself declares that she has not; but I shall not allow her to come with us to-day; it is more prudent. Monsieur, you are certain you do not mind remaining?"

"Not at all," I said. I happened to look across at Garoux as I spoke and saw upon his face something between a snarl and a sneer. "*Honi soit qui mal y pense,*" I thought.

I went across to Madame Picot's hut after the others had gone and found her dressed and seemingly in quite normal health.

"Is not this silly?" she said, "but André insists that I stay behind. Monsieur, I am most sorry I have spoiled your expedition."

"You have spoiled nothing, Madame; I have seen many gold mines."

We spent the day pottering about the village, in which there was nothing whatever to see except a few grimy Indians, one pig, and a score of skinny hens. At sunset Garoux came into the village, followed by Seephon and Sodah. Monsieur Picot was not with him. It is always easy to see when a man is strung up, however casual he may try to make his demeanour. The engineer looked tight lipped and grim. As for the two bush niggers, their appearance was positively villainous. I wondered if there had been a quarrel between M. Picot and the engineer when they reached the mine. Where was Monsieur Picot?

The engineer informed us. "Your husband is staying out at the mine to-night; he finds more to do than he expected; he wishes me to take you both out there to-morrow to join him; that is, if you are well enough to travel, Madame?"

"I'm perfectly all right. There, Monsieur, after all, you are going to see the mine."

The three of us had supper together. In Monsieur Picot's absence the engineer's manner towards Madame Picot altered. He had been discreet and coy before; now he looked at her with blatant admiration; he even spoke to her too, as he would never had dared to do had Monsieur Picot been there. The man was starved for the company of women. You could see it in his eyes. I waited on events. If Madame needed me I was there. To my surprise, instead of resenting the attentions of the engineer, she basked in them. Well, I thought, there is no fool like an old fool. Poor Monsieur Picot!

The three of us, accompanied by "Siphon" and "Sodah" set out next morning. When we had been travelling for five hours, Garoux said we would halt for lunch. We were going along narrow bush paths. Believing the mine to be quite near Itachi, I was surprised that we had had to come so far; also I was anxious for Madame Picot's strength; it was hard walking for a woman.

"How much farther have we to go?" I asked, as we sat down.

"Not far," Garoux answered. I noticed he exchanged a quick glance with Madame Picot. In that same instant I sensed some sort of understanding existing between the pair. I felt uneasy. I was alone with them. "Siphon" and "Sodah" squatted on their haunches a hundred yards away. The engineer had the same grim look on his face there had been when he came into the village alone the night before; even Madame Picot's pretty features were set in hard lines. What had happened to Monsieur Picot?

I took out my cigarette case and passed it round; we all three lit up; for a minute or so we smoked in silence; then Garoux said: "Shall I tell him now?"

"No; let me." Madame Picot's determined eyes looked straight into mine. "Monsieur, in Cayenne I told you about a man I had loved in Morocco."

"Yes, Madame; he was killed, you said."

"I said that he was killed; he was not; this is Emile."

I stared at Garoux.

"Something worse than death happened to him, Monsieur," Madame Picot continued. "He was court martialled and sentenced to Le Bagne. That is the punishment for striking your superior in the Foreign Legion."

"I thought you said your fiancé was in the Spahis, Madame."

"I told you many things that were not true. This is the truth. Emile enlisted in the Foreign Legion; he was my lover in Paris and when he went to Morocco I followed him; it was not difficult; I had my diploma at the hospital in Paris. After the fighting with the Riff was over, Emile's regiment came to Marrakesh; he asked for leave; it was refused; he broke camp to come and see me; he was caught and punished; he broke camp again; the second time he was handed to a Russian sergeant—a Cossack; that Russian had (*Continued on page* 124)

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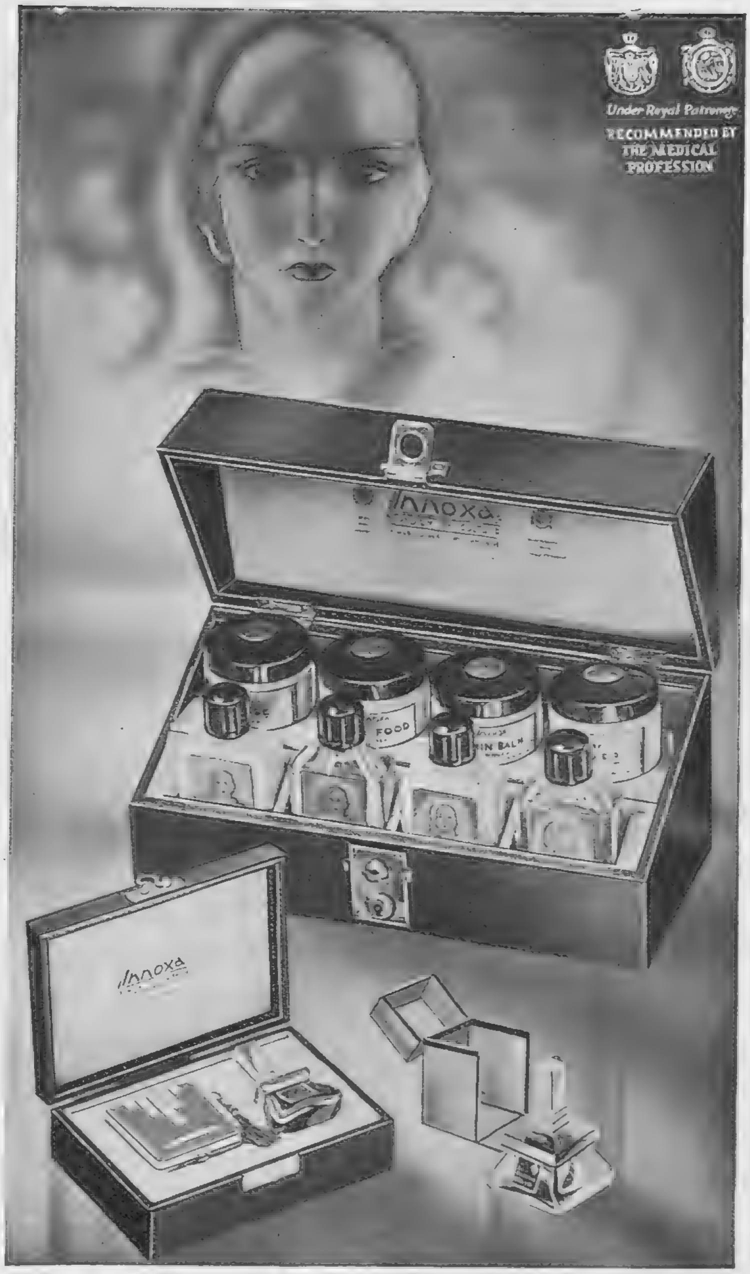

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CHURCH ARMY

a sjambok; he went into the tent where Emile lay in chains and beat him; Emile broke his chains; took the sjambok from the Cossack and gave him what he had received; they had to take the Cossack to the hospital; he was nearly dead. They tried Emile by court martial. Had the Legion still been on active service he would have been shot. He was sentenced to penal servitude and sent out here." Madame Picot paused. She was telling the real truth now, I knew.

"I swore that I would rescue him, Monsieur. I made enquiries from everybody that I knew. All laughed at me. They said rescue a man from Devil's Island!—that is what you English call it—we say Le Bagne. Impossible! But I persisted. Dr. Bougrat escaped. How had that been done? At last I got the information I needed. Someone who knew Cayenne told me about Fo Ling; they said they could get in touch with him; he in his turn could get in touch with Emile; he is the one man who knows how to find out the whereabouts of any convict.

"At the end of twelve months Fo Ling sent back the details of his plan. He had contrived the escape of Emile into the forest; he was keeping him clad and fed; I was to do the rest. Fo Ling sent a suggestion to me as to the method I should employ. I went to an enquiry agent. He ransacked Paris to discover those with business interests in Cayenne. In this way I heard of Monsieur Picot. I made it my business to meet Monsieur Picot and I came out with him, as you know. Through Fo Ling I was able to communicate with Emile. I told him the day we should arrive at Itachi and about the engineer, who was to meet us."

"Where is he?" I asked.

"The engineer?" Madame Picot looked at Garoux. "Where is he, chéri?"

"Tied to a tree about a mile from here."

"And Monsieur Picot?" I enquired.

"Tied to another tree. 'Sodah' will let them loose after we have gone."

"We are going to the launch now," Madame Picot continued, "We shall go down to Paranahibo and get a boat from there; I do not know which you wish to do, Monsieur, come with us or remain and return to Cayenne with Monsieur Picot. If you came with us you could be of great help with the Dutch authorities. Emile and I alone might arouse suspicion. But an Englishman, who had been in the interior inspecting a mine, and was returning with his wife and engineer."

"His wife, Madame!"

Madame Picot smiled. "You would have no obligations, Monsieur. Emile will look after me."

* * *

Did I go with them? Did all this really happen? I will not say. There are reasons why I cannot.

Anyway, who wouldn't help a Devil's Island convict to escape if he got the chance!

Anti-Rheumatic Treatment by Curative Metals

THERE must be few fortunate people who can boast that they do not suffer from any of those too prevalent scourges of the present day, rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, neuralgia, gout, arthritis and neuritis, due to an accumulation of uric acid in the system. One of the best methods of eliminating this acid from the system is by inducing perspiration, and by the application of a new appliance called a "Spinalette" the uric acid can be drawn out of the system through the pores of the skin. The "Spinalette" is a flexible back piece made up of small metal plates of zinc and copper, mounted on a non-inflammable base of celluloid-substitute with an art-silk adjustable belt. It can be worn round the waist, ankles or wrists and 10s. is the price of each appliance. The name and address from which they may be obtained will be sent to any interested reader on receipt of a post-card addressed to The Woman Editor, BRITANNIA AND EVE, 346, Strand, W.C.2.

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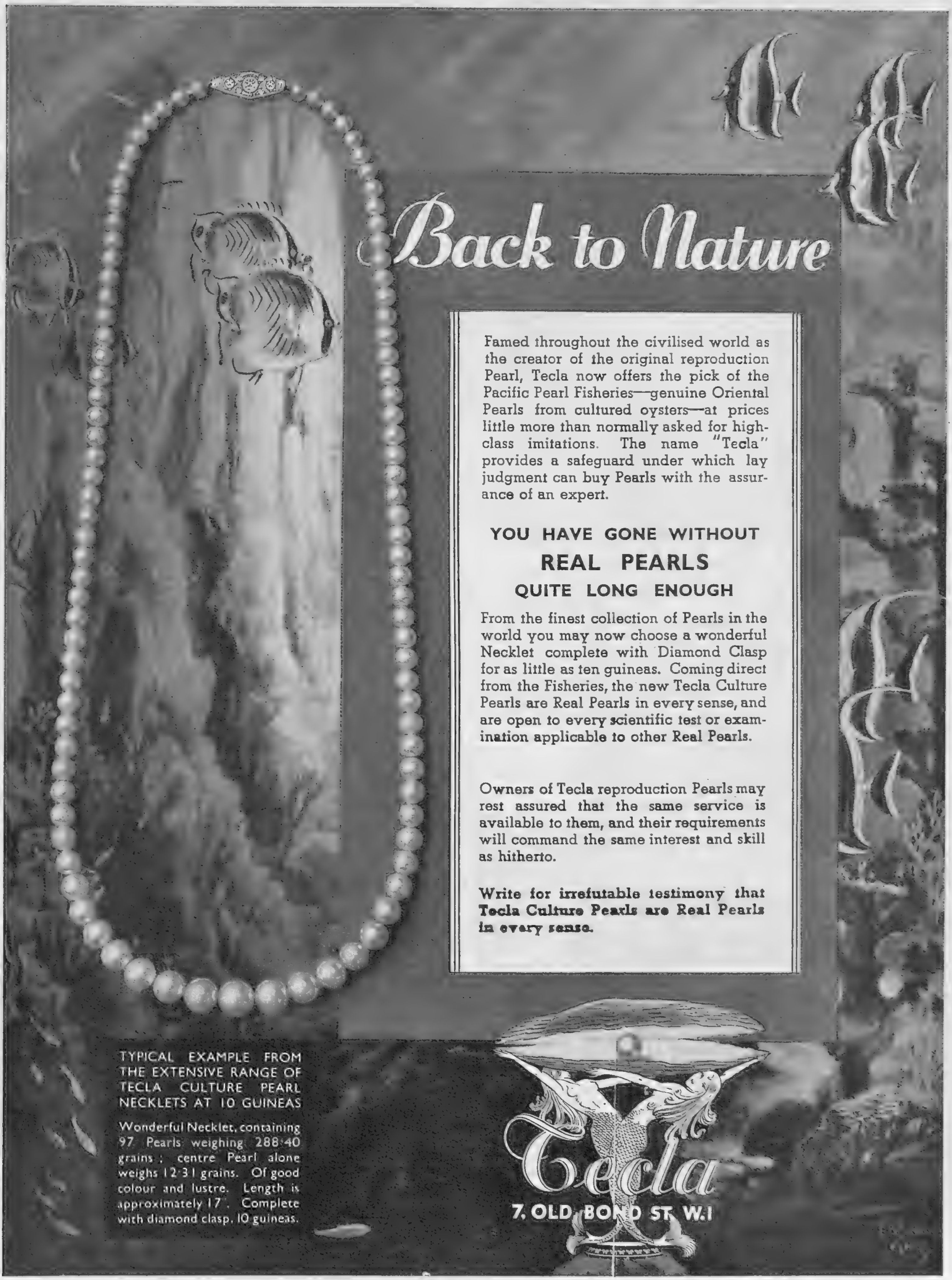

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At the Sign *of the* Wooden Dolly

(Continued from page 17)

says a bystander with blue tattoo marks showing through the hair on the backs of his hands, "Rooshia—that's where they'll go. Eat 'em raw, them chaps do. I've seen 'em. They'll get a couple o' slices o' black bread and clap a herring between, and tear 'em up with their teeth, bones, 'eads and all. Must have insides like sharks, you'd think. An' tallow. Why, I've seen the time we'd 'ave two or three pound of candles ready for working down the hold, and in the morning—gone! Nothin' left only wicks! . . . Rats? Not on your life. Rooshians. That was what it was. They don't know no better. Murderin' their r'yalty an' that. Serfs. They're nothin' more. *An'* savages . . . "

As for the gulls, they have eaten their fill for once, for they have been at it since dawn. Not so the old man whose threadbare coat is buttoned up to conceal his lack of waistcoat, if not of shirt also, prowling round like a cat after a fish barrow, with the unmistakable look—more shamefaced than furtive—of the decent but desperate poor, and picking up an undersized dab or a damaged codling from the slime and spittle of the quay stones to add to his pathetic store in a half-sheet of newspaper.

The tutelary goddess, totem, mascot, call her what you will, of the North Shields waterside is the Old Wooden Dolly, and you may find her opposite what is known as the Wooden Dolly Landing, and close to a public-house—its "company" style, so to speak, is, I think, the "Prince of Wales Tavern"—which is also known by her name. She is a waterfront landmark known all over the world, and if you were to go into any place where sailormen congregate between the Bay of Fundy and Bluff Harbour, the odds are you would find someone there who would recognise her name. The Dolly of to-day represents a Cullercoats fishwife complete with creel, but, owing to the reprehensible propensity of the North Shields youth for using successive Dollies as cockshies, she is already beginning to look the worse for wear. Her nose is gone, and her face is as flat as that of a West African idol or a Crusader in a church. Her predecessor was a figure-head, one of the victims of the Middens, perhaps, or of the breaker's yard, but time and weather and ill-usage had wrought so hardly upon her that a few years ago she came to pieces altogether, one man carrying off her head and shoulders to grace yet another place of liquid refreshment. Very likely she in her turn was the successor of a still older Dolly—and, indeed, there may have been a regular vista of Dollies leading back to the days of the Spanish Armada or earlier.

COACH HILL leads you down past the high wall of Smith's Dock—a name which, like that of Green of Blackwall, is a link between the present and the days of the frigate-built East Indiamen—to the Bull Ring and the Low Street; and perhaps a mental picture crosses your mind of the sweating teams with their heavy loads breasting the steep slope, whips cracking, curses flying, and hoofs striking sparks from the cobbles as the Newcastle coach lurched up from the town ferry, with its "insides" plunging into one another's laps with the jolting of the vehicle, and the "outsides" plodding patiently behind. The Bull Ring, too, is a reminder of the vanished times when John Wesley found the Tynesiders hard nuts to crack. It was a Cullercoats fishwife who flung her arms about the preacher when the crowd would have pelted him on the steps of the Newcastle Guildhall, vowing that "They shanna hurt ma canny maan." "Canny" is a great word on Tyneside, though it is not used in quite the same way as in Scotland, carrying no implication of "cuteness," unless it be in the affectionate sense of the term. At the Bull Ring the road takes a turn to *(Continued on page 128)*

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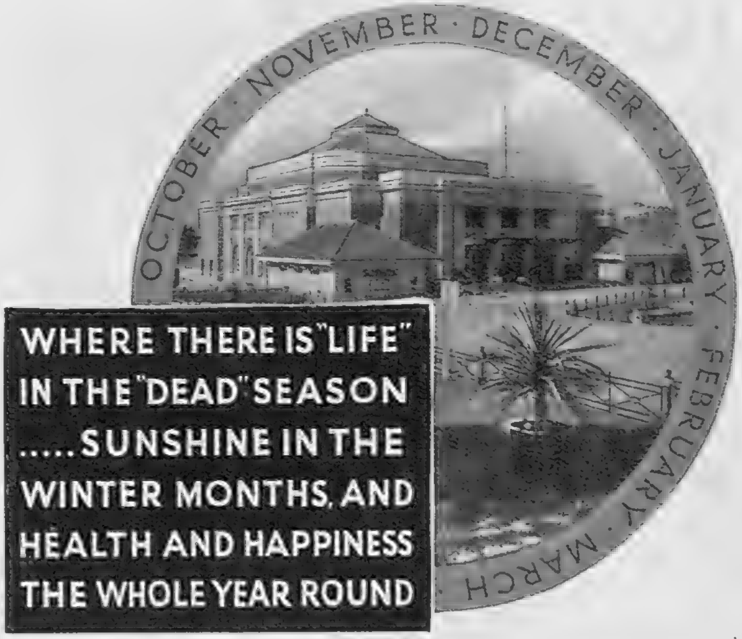

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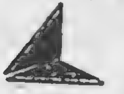

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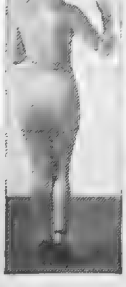

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the left, and you are in one of those long, straggling, interminable waterside streets which you find in nearly every seaport under the sun. I have explored a good many waterfronts at one time and another, and not the show bits of them either—Rotherhithe and Deptford, Wapping, Limehouse and Poplar, Plymouth and Liverpool, and Vancouver in the days when—or at least, so I have been told since—it was one of the most dangerous on the Pacific seaboard. Generally speaking, I have found their black spots a good deal less black than they were painted; and never, certainly, have I encountered anything east or west which for sheer filth, squalor, poverty, and above all a certain concentrated sense of evil and beastliness, comes within a long mile of some parts of this Low Street of North Shields.

There are tall, old, leaning houses with drunken, tottering chimneys which look as if every moment must bring them toppling down in ruin. There are places so dilapidated that one hardly believes them inhabited, until a glimpse of a furtive face peering through the grimy panes of an upper window reveals the fact of a secret underworld life going on within. There are others where a rag of filthy curtain half hides the unbelievable squalor of a fetid room, where a whole family eats, drinks, sleeps, sickens and starves. Appalling eating-houses bear grandiose names—"Continental Café" and what not—on their fly-blown windows, and through the half-opened door of a shuttered house you catch a glimpse of some kind of furtive trafficking going on within.

Nasty places, on the whole, these narrow alleys through which you catch glimpses of almost perpendicular flights of worn stone stairs, nasty even in daylight, when a keen wind comes whistling through the arched entrance and sets the dust and refuse flying from the corners of the hollowed steps. Worse still on a dark night, when every shadow may conceal a lurking figure ready with knife or sandbag for the unwary sailorman taking a short cut to the upper town with his pay in his pocket . . .

NORTH SHIELDS had to face in the shape of its Arabs one of the lesser problems of Empire. Being from Aden, they were British subjects, hence, like the Indians and Chinese in British Columbia, they could not be got rid of altogether. However, the authorities did their best, and pushed them over the water to South Shields; and, since an Arab colony is not met with every day in this country, thither I went to look for it.

You go over to South Shields by the halfpenny ferry, which sports the name of "Collingwood." Collingwood may have to play second fiddle to Nelson in St. Paul's, but in his native country he comes into his own. You meet him everywhere, on the bows of ships, on the corners of streets, and on the cliffs at Tynemouth, gazing out over the sea, rather draughtily clad in that kind of ceremonial lava-lava which Georgian taste decreed as the correct wear for the illustrious dead. Whatever Norfolk may think about it, there is probably no real doubt in the Northumbrian mind as to who won the Battle of Trafalgar; though, with that queer mixture of utilitarianism and sentiment typical of the North, Newcastle has pulled down the great admiral's birthplace in "the Side," and put up a rather atrocious bust to commemorate the fact.

But to go back to the Arab colony. You land from the ferry at a place called—Lord knows why—Comical Corner, and proceed along the Low Street of South Shields, which must until lately have been a very fair match for that over the water. Now a slum clearance is in progress, and the whole neighbourhood looks as if it had been under an intensive bombardment, with here and there a gable-end standing up defiantly amid a wilderness of tumbled bricks and mortar, patches of unutterable wallpaper blowing in the wind, and a rusty firegrate still clinging to what was once a chimney. I passed through a narrow court which had escaped destruction, and saw a queer scene—an old man, like Fagin come to life, stuffing with every appearance of secrecy a shapeless black bundle into a hole in the wall, watched the while by the most disreputable assortment of cats I ever clapped eyes on. If it wasn't a body it looked like one. On the other hand, it may have been—probably was—mere rags, bottles and bones, or something just as smelly and unexciting.

I ran the Arab colony to earth at last in a street called—again Lord knows why—East Holborn; near the Mill Dam, so I was told, though Mill Dam saw I none. There was a policeman—a big rawboned Tynesider—standing at the end of it, and he assured me that "they were quite all right." "The trouble's mostly with the white firemen. They don't like it when they sign on these chaaps, and they're walkin' the street. That's the trouble. That and the white girls."

I walked the whole length of the Arab colony, and the chief point that struck me, as in the case of London's Chinatown, was its appalling and hideous drabness. There is something about the Oriental that doesn't fit in with the English climate. Or perhaps it is the European clothes. Most of the Arabs I saw leaning up against the shop-doors, with names like "Abdul" and "Cassim"—shades of Ali Baba!—over them, wore cloth caps and greasy coats and trousers: and there is nothing quite so unbecoming as a common tweed cap over a brown or yellow face. Now and then one saw a Number One in white cotton and a braided cap with a little button on top, like the Great Panjandrum; but such were evidently only birds of passage, the patrons of the horrible-looking seamen's boarding houses kept by their compatriots.

The Arabs have perched, like invading jackdaws in a dovecote, in tall old houses formerly the home of respectable South Shields tradesfolk, and, as usually happens in the case of such invasions, the coloured folk have got it all, or nearly all, to themselves. I noticed one little shop with a Scandinavian name on the window. Its cleanness bespoke it the establishment of some retired seafaring man, a former "Chips" or "Sails" maybe; a solitary outpost of Europe in what, to all intents and purposes, might be a waterside street in Aden. "Well," I thought, "people pay much money to go and see Arab towns abroad, and rave about the mystery and romance of the 'souks' afterwards. There is precious little romance about the souks of Shields, anyway. It is all very dirty—and smelly—and drab. And, as far as I can see, not even dangerous." Presently, however, I revised my opinion a little. For I met my friendly policeman patrolling the street, and walking well in the middle of the roadway. Moreover, on this occasion he was not alone. Policemen hunt in couples in the Arab Colony, just as they did in Ratcliff Highway half a century ago.

END

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Air Riders of the Desert

(*Continued from page* 31)

should begin. And when the bartering Arabs entered the fort at Cap Juba, produced the photograph and demanded twenty thousand pounds for their valuable prisoner, they could not understand the laughter that went up from the Europeans. The Arabs muttered among themselves, shuffled their feet and condescended to bring the price down to fifteen thousand pounds. They were again laughed at. In high indignation they stalked out of the fort and went back to the desert. There they sat down and waited with their captive. They were convinced that the Europeans were bluffing.

But as time passed and no offer of ransom was forthcoming, the Arabs became desperate. Once more they entered the fort to parley, and this time offered the Kaiser for a miserable thousand pounds. The Europeans shook their heads firmly. The French officials had no use for German deserters from the Foreign Legion. They refused to pay a sou.

The Arabs could have screamed their rage. The credit of the whole tribe had been pledged to buy a prisoner who was now worthless to them. They went back to the desert, dragged the poor fellow forth, gave him another sound thrashing, and then resumed their travels. Although they now hated the sight of their captive Kaiser, they still took him along. At long last, so the story is told, they sold the German for forty francs to one of the airmen of the Aero-postale. It was the most they could get for him. That incident nearly ruined the business of banditry in the Sahara for ever.

Nowadays the regular mail 'planes that cross the Sahara usually carry an interpreter with them. It is the interpreter's duty, if the 'plane is forced down in the desert and captured by Arabs, to act as a go-between of the pilot and mechanic and the warriors of the sands. It is he who explains that a substantial sum will be paid providing the men and the mails are safely handed over at the nearest outpost.

It is not generally known that all the regular commercial pilots who fly over the deserts of Arabia and Persia carry in their pockets a special card printed in three native languages announcing that ransom will be paid for their safe delivery. It has saved more than one British pilot's life when a forced descent has brought him among warlike tribesmen.

It is so dreadfully easy for an airman to get lost in the desert. It is so dreadfully difficult to discover him from the air. Anyone who has flown over desert country will emphasise the difficulty of discerning anything moving across this interminable yellow expanse. I have known military aeroplanes sent out on manœuvres with desert convoys, which include armoured cars, flying in circles for half an hour over the convoy and not being able to see them on the sands.

Because of this pilots who make a forced descent are warned not to wander too far from their machine. It is possible to glimpse a machine with the sun glinting upon it, but impossible to see a man or beast moving below. Cases have occurred where an aeroplane has been found derelict in the desert. Days later the pilot's body has been found only a few miles away, and track marks have shown that, probably chafing at inactivity, he wandered off in the hope of reaching a village and walked unknowingly in circles.

A DESERT which has claimed more than one brave flyer smothers a good deal of Central and Western Australia. Yet, like all no-man's land, this desert has its stories of hidden gold and has appealed to diggers and the modern prospectors by aeroplane.

I have heard again and again the story of Lasseter's gold in this desert. Lasseter himself died in search of it, as also many other lone prospectors. The Australian desert has a cruel reputation. In December last year three men in an aeroplane set off to find this lost reef. They

(*Continued on page* 132)

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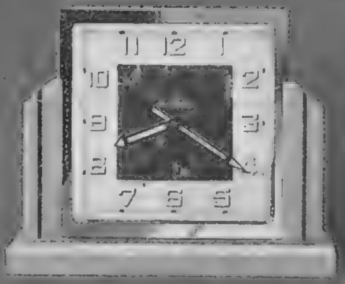
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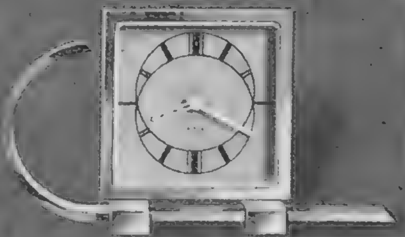
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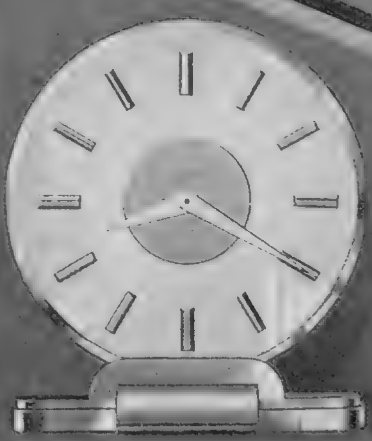
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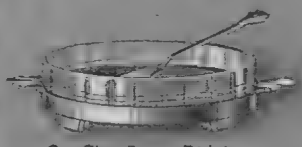
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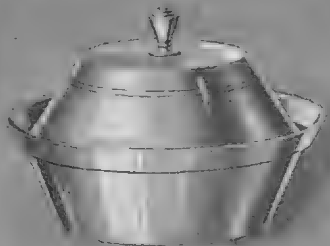
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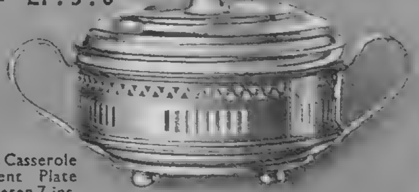
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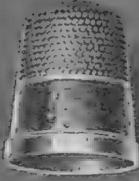
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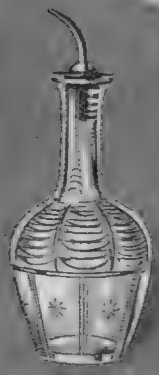
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were confident that their machine would conquer all desert difficulties.

It was more than 30 years ago that young Harry Lasseter lost himself " somewhere out there " in the Australian wilds, and stumbled upon a reef with " yellow stuff in it as thick as plums in a pudding." Lasseter died on his second expedition after terrible privations, his last hours of agony being related in messages found buried beneath his camp fires. But others were not deterred. Many other expeditions set out to find Lasseter's Lost Lode. None of them were successful. Some proved fatal.

The general opinion is that the gold reef lies in the Granites, 400 miles north-west of Alice Springs. It was to this arid area that the three men in the aeroplane set out one day last December. The adventurers were Mr. H. Baker, who was acting as pilot; Mr. N. S. Stuckey, a mining engineer; and Mr. Patrick Whelan, a veteran bushman.

Over sand dunes and salt lakes of the desert, hundreds of miles from any civilised outpost, a leak developed in the oil-pipe of the aeroplane. Baker decided to land. He chose a dry bed of a salt lake that looked easy enough for an emergency landing. But as the machine glided to earth it caught some obstruction and overturned.

None of the three gold-seekers were hurt, but their plight was desperate enough. The propellor was smashed, and, although they possessed a spare one, the aeroplane itself was too heavy for the three men to lift it and right it. After several vain efforts they sat down in the sand, exhausted, and stared stupidly at the machine which was their only means of escape from death in the desert.

After a time, however, the wind changed. It was then that the pilot noticed the machine moving. The wind was partly lifting the 'plane. He yelled to his companions, and once again they began to struggle with the machine. The wind helped them. At the end of the first day they had managed to right it once more.

Even so, the plane presented a sorry sight. The wings were badly damaged and one hung loose. It was a job for a repair shop, not for three men lost in the desert with only very limited supplies of water and food. But the job had to be tackled. It became a race between time and death. Day after day beneath the cruel sun Baker drove his two companions to work like blacks. They had to in the sunshine. When darkness came the work had to be abandoned.

This repair job in the desert was surely one of the most remarkable in the history of aviation. With nothing else available, the prospectors in desperation hacked branches off mulga bushes, and by dint of considerable ingenuity succeeded in strengthening the damaged wings. With strips cut from desert saplings and rawhide thongs from their water bottles, they completely " bandaged " one of the damaged wings. Rents in the fabric were sewn up with ordinary thread, and, in the absence of the " dope " which is normally used to tauten aeroplane fabric, Baker used some slimy mud from the bottom of a dried-up water hole.

And while they were working desperately to save themselves, these three men had the ironic experience of seeing an aeroplane droning overhead in search of them. They shouted, they waved, they ran shrieking through the sand in pursuit of that aeroplane. The pilot never saw them. Yet he had been sent out to search for them. When no news had been received of the expedition, the worst was feared, and a rescue aeroplane set out. But the rescue plane returned without having sighted the three men and their machine against the yellow sand.

The prospectors continued their struggle with the aeroplane. They had rationed themselves severely on food and water. They were nearing the end of their supplies. But they had managed to build up something out of the pieces of bush. The aeroplane was ready to take the sky.

But another terrible problem confronted them. In replacing (*Continued on page* 134)

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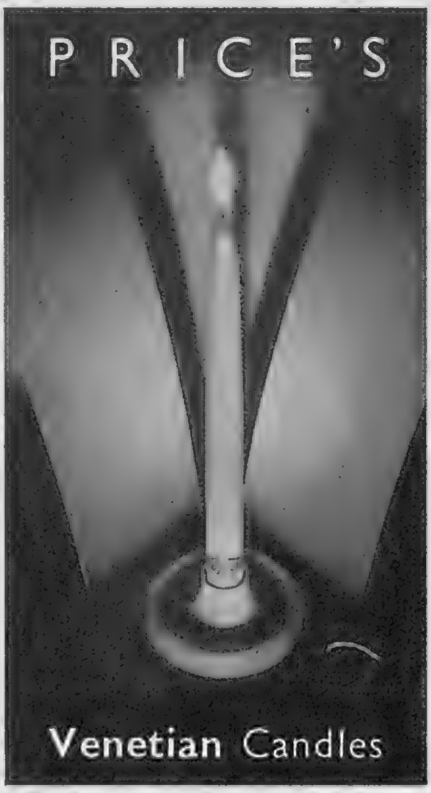

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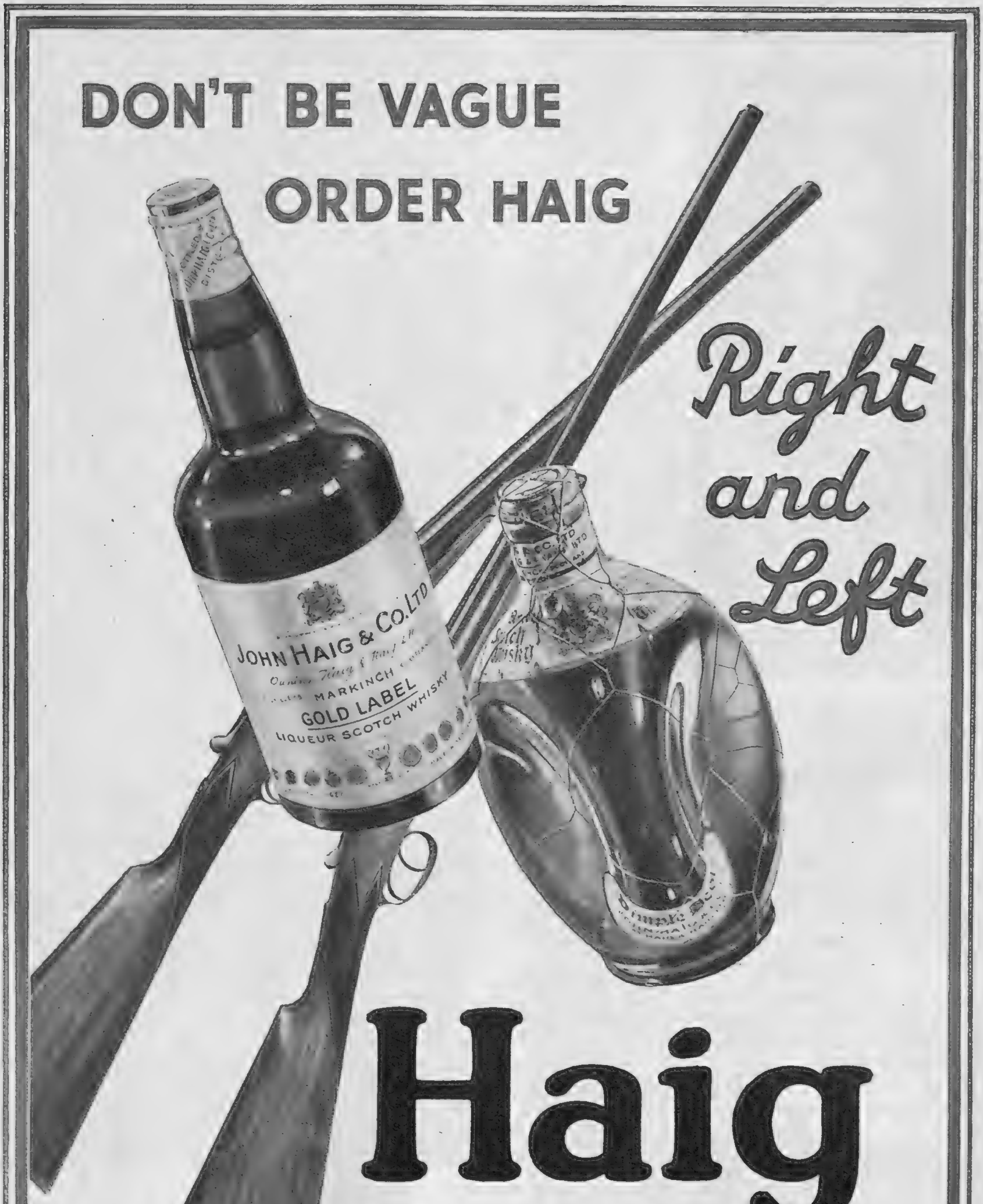
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the light hollow spars with solid branches, they had so added to the weight of the machine that it was unable to carry the three passengers. Two at the most could go. One must be pilot. One would have to stay in the desert. Two men looked at each other. It was Whelan, the veteran of the bush, who decided.

"Aw, I'll stay!" he growled. "What's another day or two in the desert, anyhow?"

It was a brave decision. Even so, the two men who were going off in the crazy machine were risking their lives. If they crashed and killed themselves, Whelan would be left alone to die slowly. He squatted in the sand while the two men climbed aboard.

A wave of the hand, a splutter from the engine and the machine began to taxi across the salt pan. Would it lift? It seemed to travel with maddening slowness. Whelan gazed anxiously. Slowly the wheels lifted from the ground. The machine was up. It swayed dangerously for a moment. The pilot was eyeing those patched wings, his face set. But they held. Baker pointed the nose towards the blue sky, circled over Whelan, and then set off for the nearest civilised outpost.

Their petrol supply was dangerously low. It was doubtful whether they would reach the town of Forrest, which was their objective. And then, after half an hour's flying, the repaired fabric of the damaged wing began to tear.

Baker could make no move to repair it. As well as piloting the plane he was pumping petrol to the engine. So it was left to Stuckey, the mining engineer, who had never been in the air until this adventure, to scramble out on the wing of the machine in midair and stuff his shirt in the hole in the fabric. The shirt did the trick. It stopped the wind from widening the rent.

Two hundred miles they flew. The people at Forrest were astounded to see a machine with wings patched with branches of trees ingeniously bound with leather and rope, gliding from the sky. The two exhausted men stepped out. In a few words they told of Whelan left alone in the desert.

A relief aeroplane was soon on its way. By good fortune the pilot located the old digger. At the time he was seen, Whelan had no food. Two gallons of water was all he possessed. Even then, the pilot dared not land. Apart from the fact that Baker had crashed when coming to earth on this salt pan, it was nearly evening and the light was bad. The pilot was able, however, to drop food by parachute. Then he returned.

The next day the aeroplane went back to the stranded digger. This time a landing was made and the pilot was able to shake hands with the man who had elected to stay behind in the desert.

"Well, how are you feeling?" the digger was asked.

"I was just getting to feel a little lonely," was Whelan's only comment, as he stepped into the aeroplane that carried him back to civilisation.

Although at least three big commercial air lines, French, Dutch and British, cross the Arabian desert to Bagdad these days, the desert sometimes wins. A year ago a French air liner, flying from Damascus to Bagdad, met with disaster. The three occupants—the Swiss president of the League of Nations Commission on the delimitation of the Irak-Syrian frontier, the French pilot and his mechanic—were all killed.

The machine encountered one of the terrific sandstorms, and was driven low and crashed into a sand hill. When sandstorms are loose in the desert, the various outposts send warning by wireless. This particular machine was not fitted with wireless, and it had been impossible to warn the pilot of the approach of the storm. When the air liner failed to arrive, R.A.F. 'planes immediately set out to search the desert. Eventually they discovered the wrecked machine and brought the bodies of the unfortunate victims to Bagdad in one of the 'planes.

But still the air riders of the desert continue the day's work. Aeroplanes are now helping in the laying of a new pipe-line across the desert from the oil wells of Irak to Palestine and Syria. Not only do the machines transport engineers from point to point, but they are also used in surveying for water.

ROYAL Air Force planes in particular find a variety of work awaiting them in the desert. They have been ordered to convey surgical aid to sheiks in the deserts of Irak, and on the inhospitable shores of the Persian Gulf. They have carried to remote villages anti-cholera and anti-typhoid vaccines. And on the borders of the Nubian Desert, the airmen of the desert have bombed the slave raiders who seek black ivory in the areas they believe unprotected.

The bane of the regular desert flyers, however, are the limelight seekers of notoriety. Pilots intent only upon record breaking are apt to take chances where no chances can be taken. I have already revealed how the French safeguard themselves by insisting upon a big money deposit by those flyers crossing the Sahara. Strict regulations are also enforced by the British authorities on those who would cross the Sudan.

Why has the Sudan such a bad reputation among flyers who wish to break records? Why do the military authorities deliberately hold up women flyers and refuse to allow them to continue except under escort?

Lady Bailey and other women flyers have more than once been outspoken regarding what they term official red tape. Moreover, two English girls flying to the Cape recently were held up for over a week in Khartoum before they were permitted to proceed. What is the reason for this attitude?

I asked these frank questions of a high official in the Defence Department in Khartoum and received equally frank replies.

"The only reason why we refuse to allow women aviators to fly south on their own," said the official, "is because a forced landing means real danger."

He unrolled a map of the million square miles that constitute the Sudan, and pointed to a network of waterways and lakes.

"That is one of the worst swamps in the world. It is known as the Sudd. If a woman flyer—or any other flyer for that matter—came down in that area they would be like flies on a flypaper, unable to get away. The woman would die a slow agonising death by insect bites.

"It is not that we doubt the ability of these women to fly or the airworthiness of their machines," went on the official. "I should like to say, however, that many of them have not had sufficient tuition, and the state of their machines is often appalling. But they are flying over territory where we use aeroplanes for military and punitive purposes. You can't expect the native below to distinguish between military aircraft and civil.

(*Continued on page* 136)

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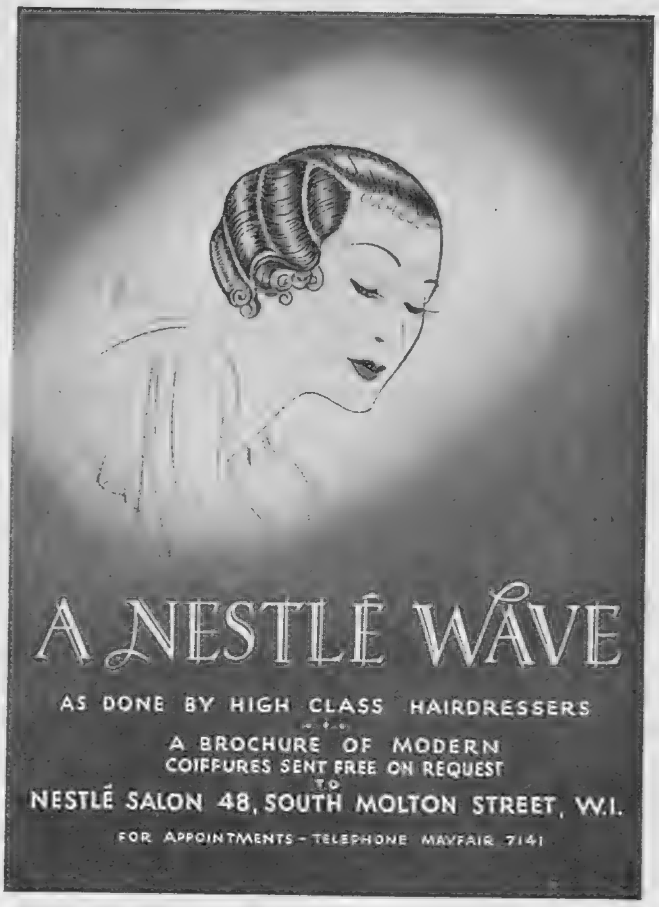

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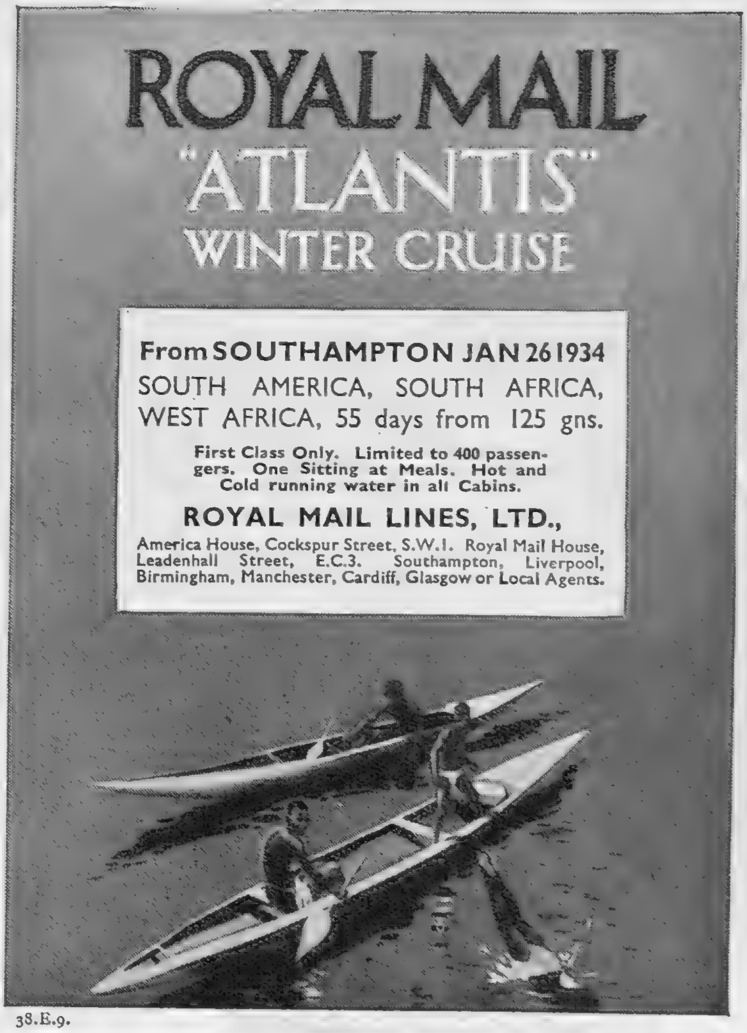

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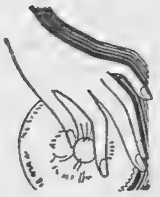

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Air Riders of the Desert

"A native in these particular areas looks up and sees an aeroplane in the sky. He immediately concludes that it is one of those machines that recently bombed his village and exacted punishment for some raid. And although I do not say that the native will fire upon the machine, should it land he will not hesitate to treat the occupant as a prisoner. In these parts a woman is worth only two goats, and would be promptly exchanged for them if there were any offers."

The official went on to point out the enormous difficulties that present themselves to the R.A.F. if they have to rescue flyers in distress. There is only one squadron of the R.A.F. in the Sudan and this one squadron has not only to police the million square miles and carry District Commissioners to outlying posts, but it is also engaged in a regular warfare with those Abyssinian raiders who cross into the Sudan in search of slaves.

To search this wilderness of desert for any marooned flyers who can only vaguely describe their position is a task of many days. Moreover, should a flyer come down in the Sudd region, he or she might as well blow out their brains. A little food might be dropped by parachute, but that is all. No machine dare land there.

"We are now preparing definite regulations regarding private flyers over the Sudan," said the official "These regulations have not yet been approved by the Air Ministry, but the fact that the Sudan has become a sort of African Clapham Junction of the air necessitates their early approval.

"Anyone wishing to fly over the Sudan has to apply for permission. As regards women flyers we insist that they either take a male passenger in their 'plane or else be escorted by an R.A.F. machine. It is not enough that they follow an Imperial Airways liner or decide to accompany an R.A.F. machine on some Government mission. The escort must be definitely arranged.

"Like certain other countries, we could tell these flyers that they cross our skies at their own risk. But we refuse to do that. In common humanity we must do our best to rescue any flier who is in distress, and because of that obligation we must insist upon our regulations being observed."

Even as we talked an application was received from a German girl flyer who wished to fly from Khartoum to Addis Ababa in Abyssinia. The girl's qualifications as pilot were excellent, but like many other aviators who come to this country she was ignorant of the terrain over which she was to fly. A huge range of mountains, several thousands of feet high, marked the frontier of Abyssinia and the Sudan. Was her machine capable of flying that barrier? Nobody knew. The official sighed, and scrawled across the document the official insistence upon an escort.

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BOTH THE SAME AGE—

BUT HE'S TEN YEARS THINNER THAN SHE IS!

. . . And yet weight is her constant topic of conversation. To-day we hear she thinks she's "taken off a bit!" To-morrow, maybe, we find she's "put on terribly." And what exasperates her is that her husband, by no means constitutionally thin, seems to keep his figure without worrying at all. She can't understand it.

We can. It's a clear case of a Mr. Can married to a Mrs. Can't. Mr. Can, as we have said, does what his wife calls "nothing" to keep thin. But what she leaves out of account is that he does just the one thing needed to keep fit. He takes Eno every morning. While his wife spasmodically doses and damages her system with harsh purgatives, he keeps on steadily with Eno—banishing poisonous waste naturally and safely every day before it has time to slow down his machinery and make him fat. Of course he's fit! And slim into the bargain. Why that wife of his doesn't *see* what Eno is doing for him—and adopt the same sensible regime—we can't think. Beware of sensational slimming methods. They do no permanent good but often do much permanent harm. There's no short cut to slimness. If you're lazy, if you don't look after yourself every *single* day, your internal machinery will slow down and fat is bound to accumulate. That's certain.

But take the trouble to take Eno every morning directly you get up—and you're on the high road to reducing and *keeping* reduced. The action of Eno is so thorough—yet so gentle. It simply washes away that clogging waste—and potential pounds with it. Eno contains no coarse mineral salts. And no sugar either. It is absolutely *safe*—as the healthiest people in England have proved for over sixty years. And when you start taking Eno, back up the good work intelligently. Don't loll about. Walk when you've time. And as you grow older don't eat a lot of sweet cakes, heavy puddings and fat-making foods. Not even Eno can help you if you do that.

We've said nothing about the clearer skin, the brighter eyes and bounding spirits that come with the consistent use of Eno. Start taking Eno to-morrow—and become a radiant Mrs. Can. Eno's 'Fruit Salt' is sold by all chemists at 1s. 6d. for the handy size and 2s. 6d. for the double quantity household bottle.

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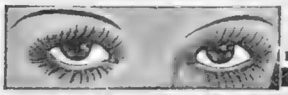

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Our Literary Competition Circle

COMPETITIONS, principally of a literary character, are set monthly in this page. The Competition Circle is an offshoot of the Children's Salon, and has been formed primarily to enable those members of the Salon whose amateur status has been lost by acceptance of their work professionally to continue to enter for competitions of this type.

These competitions are open to anyone outside the Salon, of either sex, who cares to join the Competition Circle, membership of which is secured on the payment of 1s. annually (to be sent with first entry), which will go to the Hospital Cots Fund of the Salon.

All entries should be addressed to LEVANA, The Competition Circle, "BRITANNIA & EVE," 346, *Strand, W.C.2.*

RULES.

1. The Competition Coupons herewith must be attached to entries, members being allowed to enter for all the competitions, if they please, with the one coupon.
2. A pseudonym can be used, but members' names and addresses must be written on each separate entry.

HUNDRED AND SIXTY-EIGHTH SERIES.

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best short poem.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best six quotations, from classical sources, exhibiting egoism.

All entries for the above competitions must reach the offices of BRITANNIA AND EVE *not later than first post December 15th.*

Literary Competition Circle
COUPON—December 15.

HUNDRED AND SIXTY-NINTH SERIES.

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best original carol.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best description of a naughty child at a party.

All entries for the above competitions must reach the offices of BRITANNIA AND EVE *not later than first post December 29th.*

Literary Competition Circle
COUPON—December 29

Results of 162nd Series.

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best short poem.

Awarded to Nancy Pollok.

Hon. Mention: May W. Harrison, David Holland, Elizabeth Martin, "Skerryvore," M. Wallace-Brown, May Belben, Irene Doxford, G. Rideout Rowe, M. Palmer, W. Henderson, Katie Gandy, V. A. Ralph, R. F. Pickwood, "J. A. B.," A. V. Williamson, B. Richardson.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best one verse record of a kitchen catastrophe parodying "The Charge of the Light Brigade."

Awarded to E. G. Robins.

Hon. Mention: Kathleen Nichols, "Jocosa," D. Mason, "G. G.," G. S. Ryder, A. V. Williamson.

Results of 163rd Series.

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best short story.

Awarded to N. Henderson.

Hon. Mention: D. Mason, Marie Oxenford, Edgar Pasfield, "V. C. B.," David Holland, D. Avril, Archie James, Alice Georgano, G. S. Ryder, "Lweno Notwali," G. M. Hudson, "G. G."

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best lyric entitled "To Autumn."

Awarded to "Una."

Hon. Mention: Victoria Tyrrell, Alice Georgano, M. E. Young, G. Rideout Rowe, May Belben, "G. G.," Penelope Bowers, Z. Forster-Brown.

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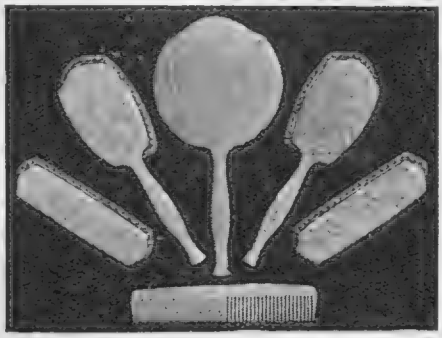

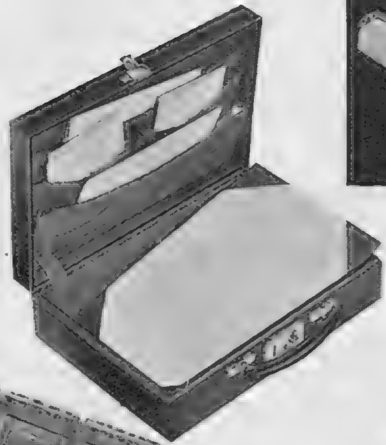

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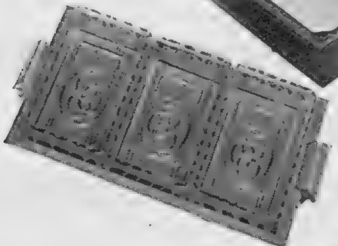

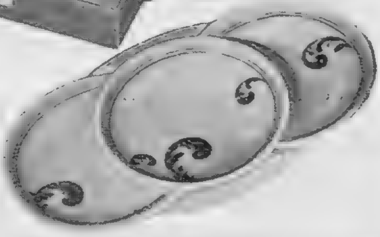

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V. 41. Hand-painted **AFTERNOON TEA SET** for two, in modern shape in Mottled Green or Blue panel with yellow flowers. The Set **14/6** *Postage 1/-*

Heat resisting and stainless tray with chromium plated handles and edges in Cellulose shades of Blue, Green, Orange or Black.

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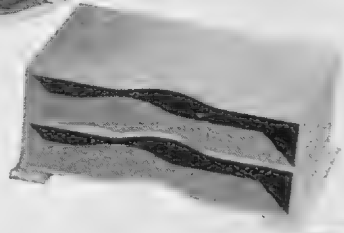
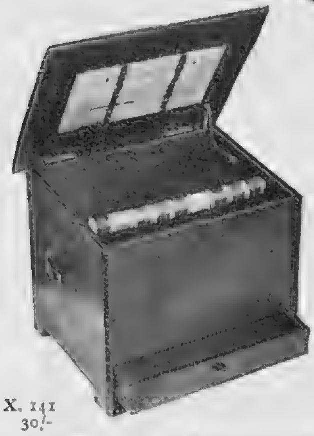
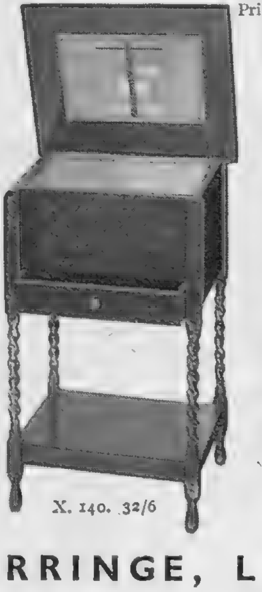


Y. 80. The New **BOX TELEPHONE DIRECTORY HOLDER**, especially suitable for the flat dial telephones, made in strong WOOD, Cellulose finished in artistic shades of Orange, Green, Red, Blue or dark antique Brown. **7/6**



X. 141
30/-



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The Children's SALON

AND COMPETITION CIRCLE

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Founded by "The Gentlewoman" in 1890.

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COMPETITION RESULTS

Award of Prizes, September 15th.

Graduates' Circle

Art Competition.—A cover for a Book of Poems. Prize 10s. Awarded to Yvonne Earle, G.C.S. 5905. Hon. Mention: G. Christabel Richens, G.C.S. 4465; A. Tresidder-Wills, G.C.S. 5841; G. B. Spencer, G.C.S. 5982.

Literature Competition.—Review a Recent Book. Prize 10s. Awarded to Elsie B. Cook, G.C.S. 5990. Hon. Mention: G. M. Kaye, G.C.S. 5784; Florence McCoy, G.C.S. 5845.

Needlework Competition.—Anything Embroidered. Prize 10s. Awarded to Mary Champion, G.C.S. 4772. Hon. Mention: Sybil Stallibrass, G.C.S. 5783; Amy G. Haydon, G.C.S. 4316.

Members' Circle

Art Competition.—A Design for a Cretonne. Prize 10s. Divided between Brenda Milligan, M.C.S. 3345, and Sylvia Reed, M.C.S. 3087. Hon. Mention: Margaret Barrett, M.C.S. 3095; Molly O'Reilly, M.C.S. 3430; Dorothy Guillaume, M.C.S. 3228.

Literature Competition.—A Lyric. Prize 10s. Awarded to Doris Jude, M.C.S. 3408. Hon. Mention: Anthony Hern, M.C.S. 3322; Barbara Heaver, M.C.S. 3304; John Gray, M.C.S. 3446; L. A. Taylor, M.C.S. 3423.

Associates' Circle

Art Competition.—A Group of Four Common Objects. Prize 5s. Awarded to Penelope Burra, A.C.S. 1422. Hon. Mention: Stephanie Weir, A.C.S. 1517; Anne Capel, A.C.S. 1590; Jean Weir, A.C.S. 1462; Rachel Cunningham, A.C.S. 1472.

Literature Competition.—Essay on "Do I Like Holidays?" Prize 5s. Divided between Leila Mackover, A.C.S. 1596, and Patricia Baldwin, A.C.S. 1524.

Award of Prizes, October 2nd.

Graduates' Circle

Art Competition.—A Still Life Study. Prize 10s. Awarded to May W. Harrison, G.C.S. 4523. Hon. Mention: Marjorie Naylor, G.C.S. 5355; Z. Forster-Brown, G.C.S. 5938.

Literature Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 10s. Awarded to Gwendoline Allen, G.C.S. 5969. Hon. Mention: Mary L. C. Roberts, G.C.S. 5603; G. M. Kaye, G.C.S. 5784; Florence E. McCoy, G.C.S. 5845.

Needlework Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 10s. Divided between Marguerite Falcon, G.C.S. 5948, and Margaret Barrett, G.C.S. 5993. Hon. Mention: Mabel Sanders, G.C.S. 4583; Margaret McRae, G.C.S. 5978.

Members' Circle

Art Competition.—A Landscape Study. Prize 10s. Awarded to Pamela Cornelius, M.C.S. 3399. Hon. Mention: Rena Recaldin, M.C.S. 3276.

Literature Competition.—A Short Story. Prize 10s. Awarded to Charles P. Davies, M.C.S. 3444. Hon. Mention: Clare Ackroyd, M.C.S. 3340; Veronica Ward, M.C.S. 3290; Ursula Moss, M.C.S. 3080; Constance Pultz, M.C.S. 3434.

Associates' Circle

Art Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 5s. Awarded to Veronica Price-Harris, A.C.S. 1281. Hon. Mention: Stephanie Weir, A.C.S. 1517; Penelope Burra, A.C.S. 1422; Betty Larom, A.C.S. 1565.

Literature Competition.—A Lyric. Prize 5s. Awarded to Sanchia Grimsdale, A.C.S. 1072. Hon. Mention: Leila Mackover, A.C.S. 1596; Patricia Baldwin, A.C.S. 1524.

Handicraft Competition

First Prize 15s. Awarded to Trixie Ford, G.C.S. 5739. Second Prize 7s. 6d. Awarded to Margaret Bispham, A.C.S. 1589. Hon. Mention: Joyce Bidder, G.C.S. 4356; B. Stallibrass, M.C.S. 3316; Margaret Barrett, G.C.S. 5993.

FUTURE COMPETITIONS

(December—January)

Graduates' Circle (over 20)

Art Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, December 15th. A Still Life Study. No. II. Closing date, January 1st. A Portrait Sketch. No. III. Closing date, January 15th. Do-As-You-Like.

The Children's Salon
COUPON

Literature Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, December 15th. Do-As-You-Like. No. II. Closing date, January 1st. A Short Leader entitled "New Year." No. III. Closing date, January 15th. A Short Poem.

Needlework Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, December 15th. Do-As-You-Like. No. II. Closing date, January 1st. Anything White. No. III. Closing date, January 15th. Anything Embroidered.

Members' Circle (over 15)

Art Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, December 15th. A Design for a Christmas Card. No. II. Closing date, January 1st. A Still Life Study. No. III. Closing date, January 15th. Do-As-You-Like.

Literature Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, December 15th. A Christmas Letter to a Friend Abroad. No. II. Closing date, January 1st. A Paper entitled "That New Leaf!" No. III. Closing date, January 15th. A Lyric.

Associates' Circle (under 15)

Art Competitions.—Prizes 5s. No. I. Closing date, December 15th. Do-As-You-Like. No. II. Closing date, January 1st. A Still Life Study. No. III. Closing date, January 15th. A Design for a Dinner Plate.

Literature Competitions.—Prizes 5s. No. I. Closing date, December 15th. Letter to a Friend Asking Him or Her to Spend the Holidays with You. No. II. Closing date, January 1st. Do-As-You-Like. No. III. Closing date, January 15th. A Short Poem.

Needlework Competition.—Prize 5s. Closing date, January 15th. Do-As-You-Like.

Open to All: Age taken specially into account

Handicraft Competition.—Closing date, January 15th. First Prize 15s. Second Prize 7s. 6d. Subject left to competitor.

Competition Rules.

1. *The name and number of competitor must be written on all Art, Literature and Snapshot entries, and firmly attached in the case of those of Needlework and Handicraft.*
2. *The work submitted must be the unaided effort of the competitor.*
3. *No professional may compete, and all work must be original unless the competition specifies otherwise.*
4. *Art and Handicraft entries will be returned if required, provided labels and postage are sent. Except where specially requested, Needlework entries are retained by the Salon for sale on behalf of the Cots Endowment Fund.*
5. *Prizes must be applied for.*
6. *Competitions and Correspondence must be addressed to "Levana," The Children's Salon, 346, Strand, W.C.2.*

The Cinderellas' Pantomime Fund

ALREADY the news paragraphs are discussing what the theatres are going to give us in the way of Pantomimes in the forthcoming Christmas holidays, and very soon I hope to hear what the play is to be at the King's Theatre, Hammersmith, where, following a now venerable custom, we hope to take all the little Cinderellas of the Salon to a matinée in January. Most of you know how eagerly this day is looked forward to all through the year by the small denizens of our pathetic London slums, just as almost all of you have in the past most warmly and generously supported the Fund we raise each year for this particular purpose. I appeal once more, therefore, with the most perfect faith in your kindness, to send me whatever you can spare for the Cinderellas' Pantomime Fund. The sum of four shillings is sufficient for a dress circle seat, her fares, and a bag of buns and sweets for each little guest.

The Children's Salon
COUPON

NEWS OF THE MONTH

The £5 Quarterly Prize

INEVITABLY I must divide the £5 Quarterly Prize for May, June and July. There have been some splendid efforts to command success these three months, as, indeed, there always are, and those who have again drawn blank should not feel discouraged. Nothing can take away from them the power which pertinacity confers. Now for the result. To Irene McCoy, G.C.S. 5846, £3, and to Veronica Price-Harris, A.C.S. 1530, £2. Next in order of merit: May McCoy, G.C.S. 5940; Marit V. Guinness, A.C.S. 1530; Olive Dwyer, M.C.S. 3151; Zenobia Forster-Brown, G.C.S. 5938; Maud Schwabe, M.C.S. 3140.

* * *

When making out your lists of gift books for Christmas do not forget to place Irene Petch's "The Waiting Room" (Blackwell) thereon. Miss Petch, as many of you know, is a Saloner who has had her poems accepted by all the leading magazines and reviews, and this slender but charming little volume of her collected verse would make a most welcome present to a poetry lover.

Enrolment Form

Please enrol me as a { *Graduate* / *Member* / *Associate* } *of The Children's Salon Competition Circle*
(Strike out words which do not apply.)

Full Name

Address

Age, if under 20

Cut out and post to "Levana," The Children's Salon, 346, Strand, W.C.2, with P.O. for 6d., being the Annual Subscription to the Salon.

CORRESPONDENCE AND CRITICISMS

(*September 15th*)

Barbara Stallibrass.—Cleverly planned in its masses, but the colour is a little coarse and the black rather harsh in effect. Still, distinctly promising and original.

Dora T. Malfatti.—In the last three lines what you mean is implied rather than said. The need the writer feels for harmony to follow anger should be more explicitly expressed. Otherwise very well done.

Anne Capel.—Charming in method and colour, but not so accurate in values. The lemon cuts into the jug and the latter is scarcely in the round. But as a whole very interesting and advanced work for your years.

Audrey Tresidder-Wills.—The figurehead might be a bit less realistic in colour with great advantage, but as a design this shows skill, control and suitability. A good entry from almost every point of view. For the purposes of a competition it would be better to consider a more solid book. Your method is all right for the one chosen, but it does not extend you!

Zenobia Forster-Brown.—Your Japanesque design is good in idea, but needs careful drawing of the foreshortened wings. Higher growth on the right would balance the design better, and the script is too undesigned. In the literature entry I see once more, as I often do, that your thoughts and ideas are in advance of your power to express them adequately. A good fault which practice will cure.

Gwendolen E. M. Moss.—A clever suggestion, quite in the Dent tradition. Good in proportion and placing, but badly needing a containing border. Excellent working sketch.

Yvonne Earle.—An exceedingly bright and taking jacket of cleverly designed and arranged repeats, admirable in every way for its purpose and very original.

Joyce Bidder.—A very graceful design for a "stick-on" panel cover. You would get a better line if the weight of the figure were more on his left leg, and, for classic type, he is a bit small below the shoulders. The very square rock is a bit severe.

Anne Burra.—Very dainty, but hardly bold enough for cretonne print. Some sort of broken background design would help to connect the repeats, and add interest. A difficult growth to use without stiffness.

Molly O'Reilly.—An excellent design, sound in colour and well connected. The foliage dances too much to be quite happy, but, in all other respects, very good and practical.

(*Continued on page* 142)

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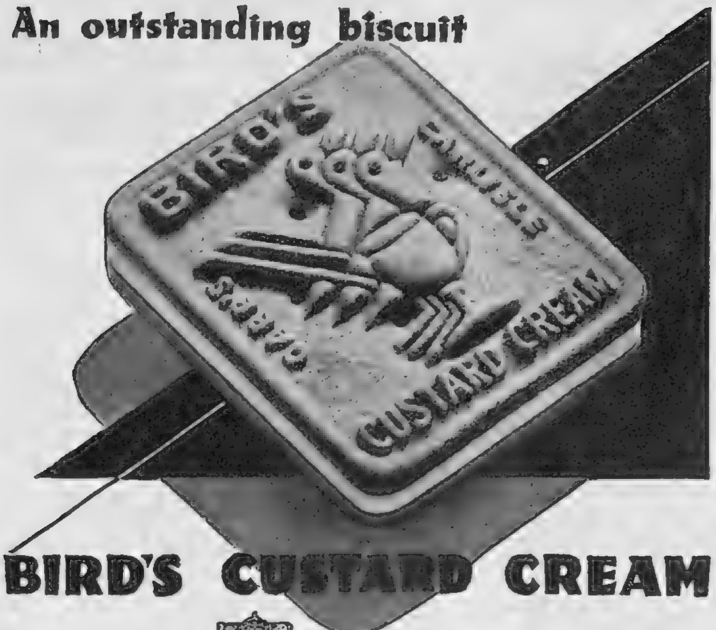

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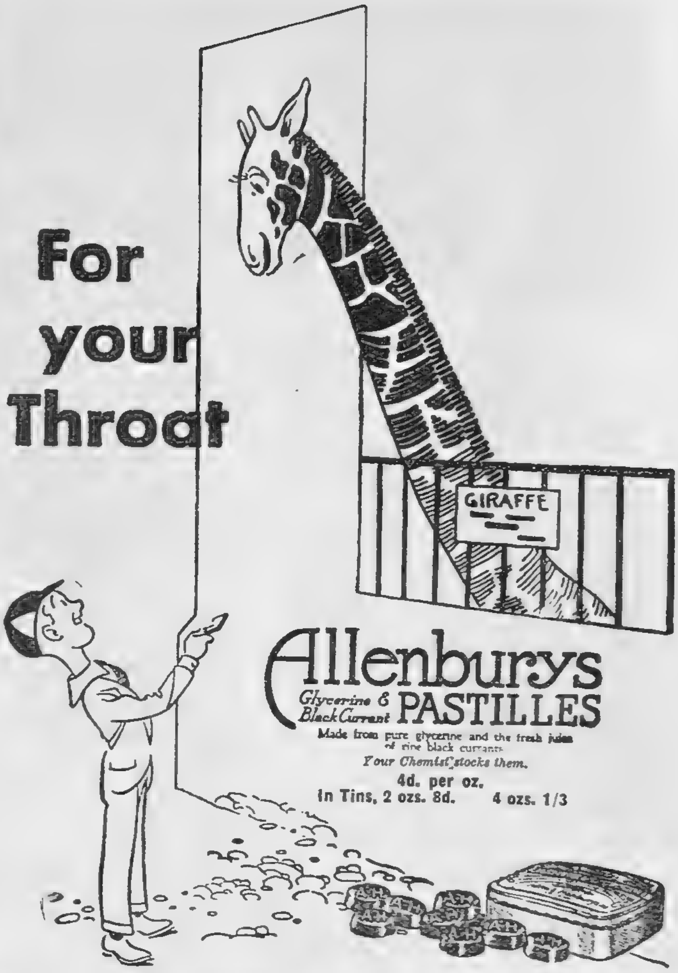

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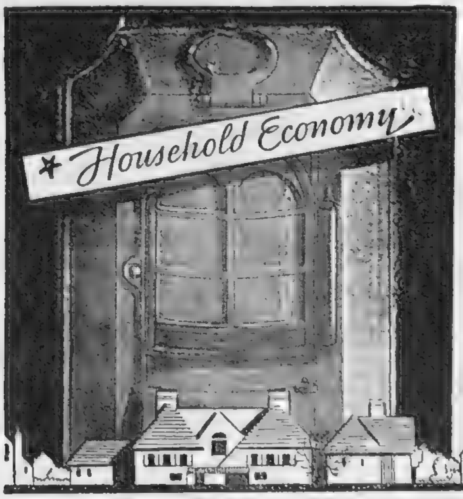

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Ivy A. Gooding.—Your futurist sketch is interesting, though the spray is almost Victorian by contrast, and I'm afraid that the "New Art" folks rather eschew cretonnes. Still, an interesting experiment.

Brenda Milligan.—Your brilliant design is most charming seen as a shadow effect, but it is extremely cleverly designed, if anything a bit sickly sweet in colour, very slightly, but of accomplished technique.

Sylvia A. Reed.—Very original and interesting. One surmises continuous horizontal bands; if so, more interlocking might be advantageous. Colour slightly morbid, but attractive.

Penelope Burra.—Unusually advanced young work, excellent in colour and tone, though the perspective of rectangles and circles is not quite grasped. Most promising and clever.

Sybil Stallibrass.—A very good entry, dainty in every respect. My congratulations and thanks.

Florence Cook.—Your spirited efforts are very attractive, but do be more careful! That plural end to the first line is not a true rhyme for the second, and a like fault spoils the last couplet of the chorus.

Doris Jude.—The one false note in this interesting effort, to my mind, is "arias," associated as it is with opera and "profane" themes so to speak. Otherwise very good indeed.

Anthony Hern.—The finish seems a little curt in expression. Earlier there is some interesting work and promising observation.

Amy G. Haydon.—A charming and most useful entry, for which my many thanks. I could have done with at least three prizes in this Needlework Competition!

Desirée M. P. Seymour.—You see colour very well and the artistic temperament is evident, but you must back these talents with sound study and above all improve your drawing.

Virginia Forster-Brown.—The second verse is much the best. If you can get the others to the same technical level you will, or should, have a charming little poem. The necessity to study form cannot be overstressed. The colour scheme of your cretonne is most attractive, but geometrical patterns should be avoided for this material.

Betty Weir.—Delightfully suggested and extremely well handled. I do not think the green line running diamondwise helps distinction, but in all other respects first rate.

Maud Schwabe.—Beware of hot colour schemes. They are very useful sometimes, but haven't the general application of cooler keys. A dull greyish background would have helped here considerably. Admirably laid in.

May McCoy.—Very sensibly tackled and well put together throughout, but a bit conventional in composition for a subject which might have gained by a more breezy treatment. Still, very good.

Barbara Heaver.—I have entered "The Swallows" for this competition. It has decided charm and is one of the best things you have done. The other is too reminiscent of its great model.

Florence E. Payne.—If intended for leather this is a somewhat difficult pattern for the craftsman to carry out successfully. The ornament is interestingly designed, but the irregular contours of the blank spaces are not so happy.

L. A. Taylor.—The substance of this is excellent matter, but the technique is too irregular. If you can improve its form it should be a charming effort. Original and very interesting work.

Leila Mackover.—If your future literary essays are as full of the truth as this one is, you should do well. At your age I do not think you could have written a better paper.

Ursula A. C. Moss.—The last two lines are a bit out of harmony with the rest, being suddenly too particular in a poem concerned so very much with the general. Also I do not think this language is in the Romany tradition. Otherwise charmingly written.

Veronica Price-Harris.—Use a much softer pencil. The draughtsmanship is good, but a little lacking in accents. Look out for the points which make the greatest impression on your eye and give them that same prominence on paper.

Margaret Barrett.—The vigorous colour scheme is most satisfactory, but the pattern is a bit old-fashioned and stiff for such a fabric nowadays. Excellently laid in. The literature entry breathes a fine spirit, but a better technique is essential for the subject. However, this can be acquired.

John Gray.—A bit unequal, but at its best distinctly promising and not without charm. This suggests that you have profited by reading the best stuff. An interesting entry. I hope you will try to compete regularly.

Evangeline Weir.—Cleverly suggested, but I fancy this might prove a bit monotonous to live with because the scale of the ornament is so much the same throughout. This is a point to remember.

Joan Guillaume.—The first three verses are the best. In attempting such a subject it is very important to get the peculiar detail just right. I feel this is a little lacking in that respect.

Florence E. McCoy.—Competently done. The résumé is particularly good, but perhaps as a whole the composition leaves something to be desired. It is more a matter of arrangement of the matter than anything else.

G. M. Kaye.—This opens interestingly enough, but is a prelude only. A résumé of the plot should have followed. You write very well. I wish you would compete more regularly. The little traycloth is charming, good alike in pattern and craftsmanship.

Elsie B. Cook.—Admirably put together. The scope of the book and its quality is very well suggested, and I do not think there is anything to criticise except that a quotation or two would have helped to satisfy the interest aroused.

May W. Harrison.—Well designed, although a geometrical pattern seems at first thought a bit inappropriate for this particular poet. The lettering, of course, needs much better drawing and placing.

Pamela Cornelius.—The red leaps a little too much from the background and might prove a bit too spotty for comfort in the actual fabric. But this is easily rectified. The pattern is distinctly good.

Patricia Baldwin.—Some indication of where the horizontal plane meets the vertical should always be given in such a group. The outline lacks the variety which would be associated with these different objects, but the careful drawing is very praiseworthy. The literature entry is excellent. There is nothing to criticise.

Dorothy Lake.—The stuff of the book is clearly indicated in this résumé, but the material you have gathered together is in need of better handling. Also at times I find your handwriting a difficulty. Legibility is very important!

Olive Fairclough.—The hemstitching is particularly well done, and I congratulate you on its attractive neatness. I hope you will compete as regularly as possible in these competitions.

Pamela Carr.—Very well put indeed. Your tendency is perhaps to be over-analytical—a rare fault—and the humorous side of life is not often reflected in your work, which, however, is always interesting and provocative. I shall be interested to see how you progress.

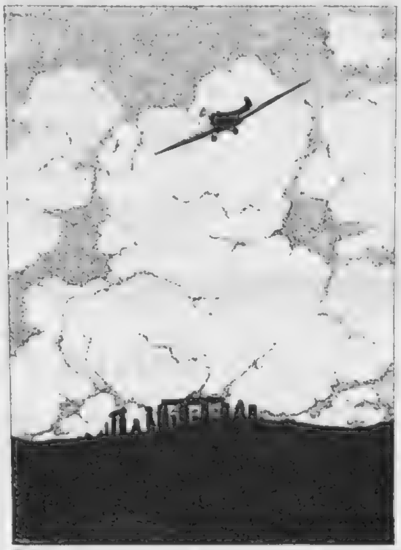
Marjorie Naylor.—Your botanical sketch of the N.Z. cedar is neatly achieved, although a monochrome study seems a little out of place unless dictated by the necessities of reproduction. Edges need to be a bit sharper and left whites would have been more attractive from the artistic standpoint.

Stephanie Weir.—A softer pencil would have helped the darker tones of this careful study, notable for its good drawing. Your inkpot, however, isn't standing quite uprightly. Particularly good work in the group of stationery.

Jean Weir.—This is a big advance on previous work. The jug and spoon are excellent and the whole group well tackled. A smooth white paper is best for a sketch of this type.

Betty Wood.—Delightfully indicated and a pleasant colour scheme. Possibly the left spaces are a trifle big for this material where, particularly in upholstery, too big a blank might look odd.

Mary Champion.—Your industry is truly marvellous and the work is beautifully done. I cannot thank you sufficiently.



"Ageless Clouds," by Betty Amorelle Metchim, G.C.S. 5507. Awarded 10s. prize in Do-As-You-Like Competition

Winifred Woodnutt.—The balance of colour is extremely well managed and the general tone excellent. The scale of everything, however, is a little too uniform, a characteristic which makes for monotony in use.

Dorothy Guillaume.—The white square bordered with blue glares a bit, but otherwise this clever scheme is very attractive and admirably suited for its purpose.

G. Christabel Richens.—The general effect could not be better. I should be inclined, though, to keep to the sharp angle throughout and avoid that rounded curve at the top centre. Very delicate and appropriate in design.

G. B. Spencer.—First-rate technique and charmingly designed, but more suitable for a paper dust-jacket than for an actual cover to a book of poems. It is this point which has lost you the prize.

Irene A. Weir.—I take it this is for tooled and stained leather, in which case rather less sketchy lines in the drawing of the tree are necessary. Otherwise appropriate in style and dainty in pattern, although for such a rebel poet something more daring might have been indulged in!

Rachel Cunningham.—The consistent method is most praiseworthy, and on the whole this is a very successful effort. The jug on the left is not standing correctly; the line on which the ellipse at the foot is built must be horizontal unless the object is tipped up. The literature entry is best towards the end. The rest only touches the fringe, so to speak, of the subject.

Mary Gordon.—One of the most polished little things you have done as far as technique goes, but the sequence of ideas isn't always quite exact.

Gwendoline Bertelsman.—I am no scoffer, but I think at the very beginning that the language is a little extravagant. To the scoffer it would give scope for criticism, a thing you would wish to avoid. Otherwise very well written.

(*October 2nd*)

Doris Jude.—Avoid those three consecutive "Then" 's which open sentences in the first paragraph. This is interestingly done, but the situation wants a little more emphasis at the beginning and the end, particularly the end.

Leila Mackover.—The first two verses are the best; in the other two you seem to have got tired of your theme and have nothing left to say. Always leave work over for another day when that happens and come back freshly to it.

Veronica Ward.—The chief objection, to my mind, in this interesting and original suggestion is the shared balcony. However much one loves one's neighbours, a balcony is the sort of thing one would like to possess to oneself. The elevation is decidedly agreeable of its kind and the whole scheme very well planned.

Maire O'Sullivan.—It would have been better as a composition to have merged the four groups into one, although admittedly more difficult to do, or you might have taken the winds from each point of the compass and described them, as this would have given you a more definite theme. However, quite good, within its limits.

Dorothy Guillaume.—A very painstaking effort, but on the whole it is better to try to represent something at first hand. However, an occasional exercise of this kind is useful. A softer pencil for the sharper accents would have assisted the effect.

Florence Cook.—You could have prolonged the end a little with useful effect, although it is quite right to avoid any particular explanation of how the vision occurred. An artistic and arresting little piece of work.

S. Curtis.—This quaint projection into an imaginary future so cleverly linked with the past is decidedly arresting. The end is a trifle tame, however. The whole thing wants tightening up a bit, but it's good stuff.

Barbara Barker.—Very neatly executed, but the pattern rather lacking in the sort of delicate design which one feels is more suited to an object of this size. That is the only criticism I have to make.

Florence E. Payne.—If the plate or mirror is on a wall, behind the vase, the line where the table on which the latter stands meets the upright surface should have been indicated. A more impressionistic method is advisable. The eye does not see things in quite so cut-and-dried a fashion. Pleasant colour.

Beatrice Little.—As a whole very well done indeed. There are one or two slips which I attribute to carelessness and which I expect you will quickly correct when reading the paper through again.

Anne Burra.—I should think your colours have dried too fast. Avoid heavy outlines which you use in place of different tones. All this is in one plane owing to false values. You have an excellent eye for colour.

Heather Strudwick.—Rather far-fetched in plot, but very well written. You have made considerable progress. I suppose you are too busy to compete regularly now, but I hope you will be able to do so again later on.

Mary L. C. Roberts.—Unquestionably very good stuff, but you must edit a bit. The last two lines of the first sonnet *must* be more graceful, and I feel that the first four lines of the last are pitched in a rather extravagant key. Then I should try to substitute another word for "loving" in the last line of the second, otherwise so very well carried through.

Evangeline Weir.—Sea and sky quite good; better definition of the houses is essential, not necessarily more detail, but such as there is demands better draughtsmanship. A very difficult subject, well tried.

Margaret Recaldin.—This promises well; proportions are distinctly good and the detail neatly indicated. Try to send in regularly again, now that the holidays are over.

Penelope Burra.—If this is from life it is an exceedingly good attempt at animal portraiture. A less abrupt finish at the base of the neck would have been better, and a smoother paper would have assisted the line.

D. M. Woosnam.—This begins well, but the rest of the plot is too far-fetched; possibly in working out at greater length you would be able to make it more plausible. Treatment is everything and it is difficult to judge so compressed a résumé.

May McCoy.—The first poem is much the better of the two and reaches a high level of achievement. But although the last line of its first verse is so charming in itself, I feel "hemisphere" isn't exactly the right word. The mat is very ingenious and practical, but craftsmanship might be a little smarter.

G. Christabel Richens.—Your rather bird's-eye group loses as well as gains from the soft grey ground; it gets atmosphere and breadth, but loses full strength, sharpness and variety. Still, very interesting as an experiment.

Gwendolen E. M. Moss.—The solid band of green somewhat spoils the decorative value of the prettily arranged leaves. A light, flat base would add value. In other respects, a pleasing suggestion.

Marjorie Naylor.—The brilliancy and force of your autumnal foliage emerge well in your pleasant woodland scene, but the bright masses are rather flat and mapped in their present state and need some reconsideration as to distance and projection.

May W. Harrison.—The delicacy and fragility of your flowers is admirable, though they stick to the background here and there. The foliage is good, but not quite as good, and the pot needs strict suppression or textural fidelity. A very well-made group.

Violet P. I. Horn.—Excellent colour, tone and drawing, but hurt by unvarying texture. Work of this size is meant to be seen at near hand and needs no textural atmosphere from rough paper.

Virginia Forster-Brown.—Sky and distance the best parts of your sketch. Tone masses of vertical and horizontal parts not clearly recorded. and many of the touches random shots. You can do much better than this, and must not go back.

Betty Weir.—There is a look of old colour print about your picture, it is the choice of soberer pigments and some deliberate stylism. Plenty of evidence of real cleverness if you will be quite simply imitative for a bit.

Isabel Jackson.—You are developing a dashing and picturesque pen style in this condensed composition. The sky is a mistake, the hat inadequate and much very vague, but there is a lot that is exceptionally advanced and highly promising in this work.

Marion Wallace-Brown.—Not a badly balanced composition, but the repetition of little curves is rather cheap. Beauty of mass, line and form are the first essentials in decorative work. Invent with daring.

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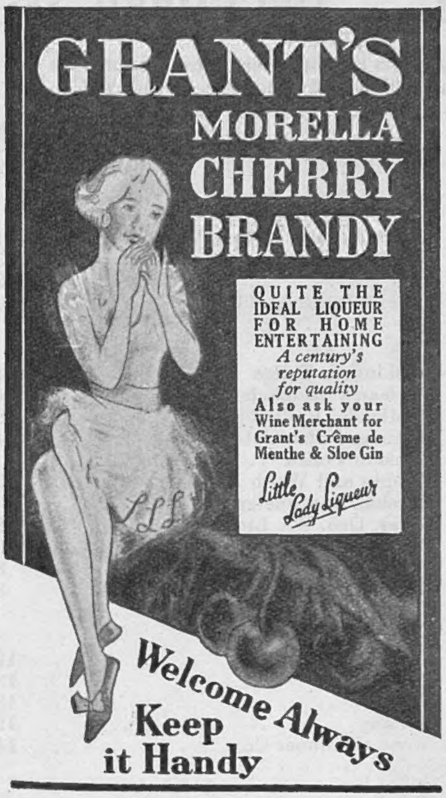

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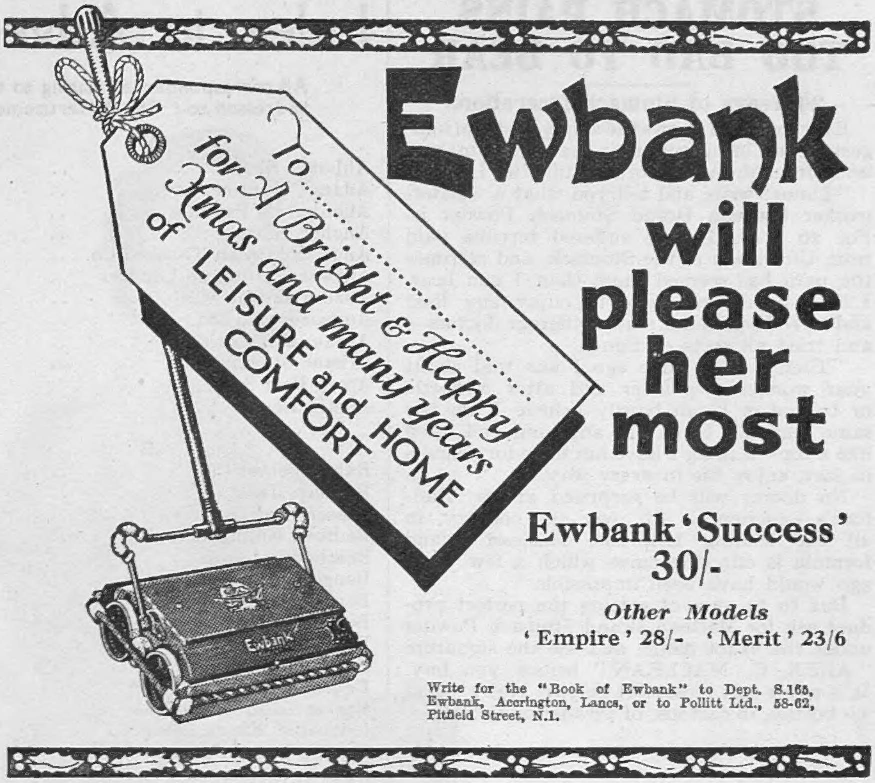

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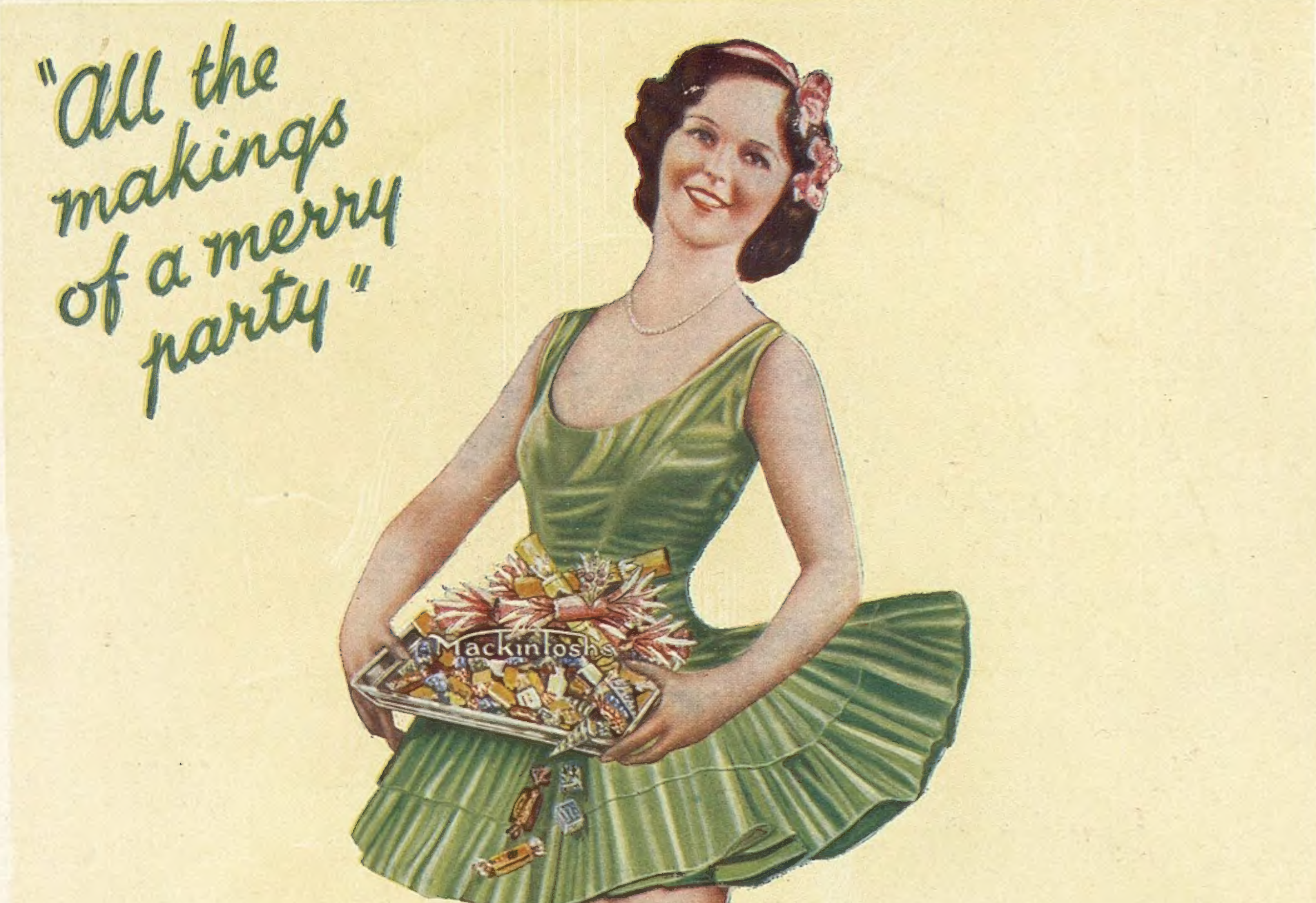
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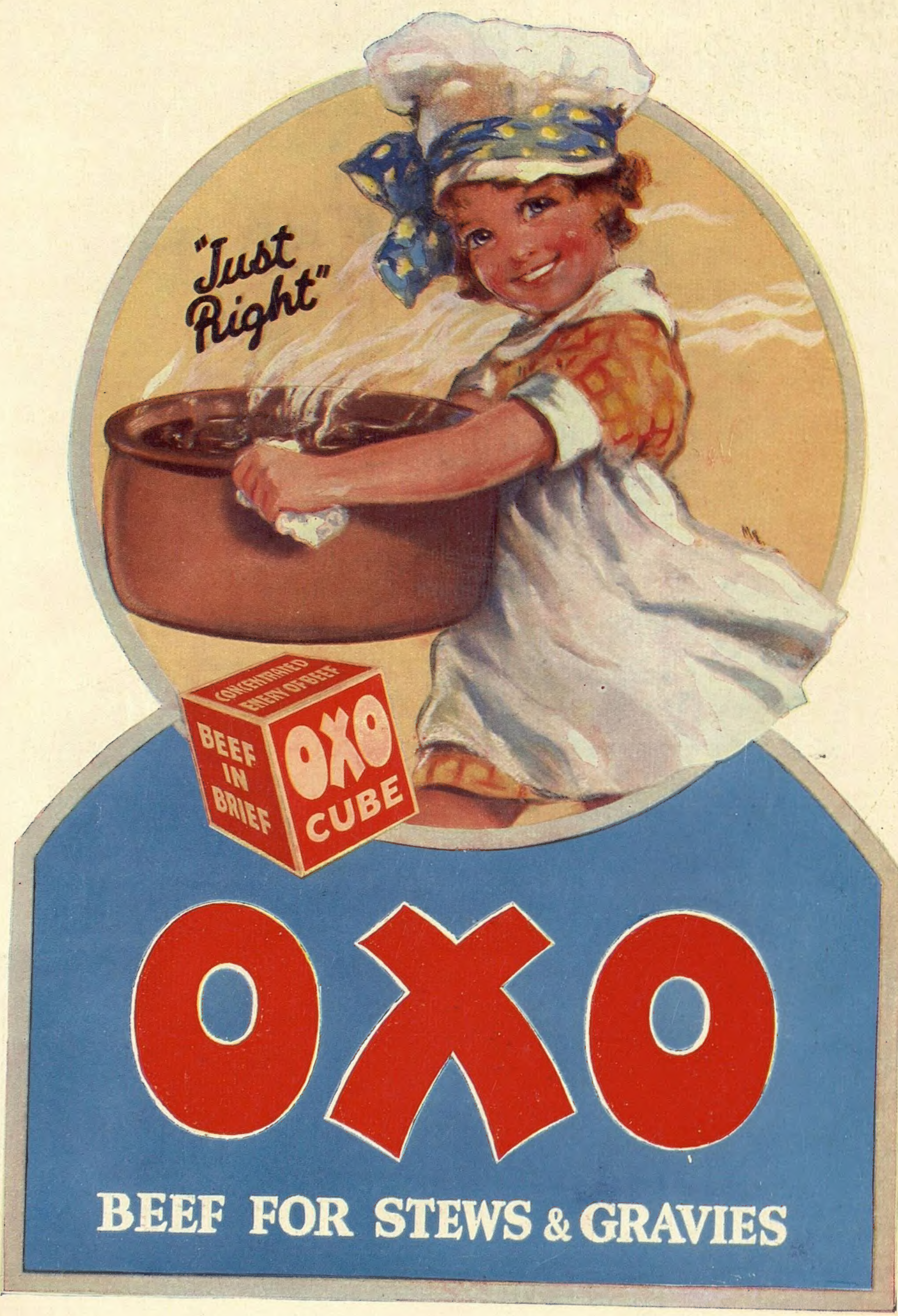
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